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AUGUST.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

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FICTION—FAIR AND FOUL.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

ON the first mild—or, at least, the first bright—day of March, in this year, I walked through what was once a country lane, between the hostelry of the Half-moon at the bottom of Herne Hill and the secluded College of Dulwich.

In my young days Croxsted Lane was a green by-road traversable for some distance by carts; but rarely so traversed, and, for the most part, little else than a narrow strip of untilled field, separated by blackberry hedges from the better-cared-for meadows on each side of it: growing more weeds, therefore, than they, and perhaps in spring a primrose or two—white archangel—daisies plenty, and purple thistles in autumn. A slender rivulet, boasting little of its brightness, for there are no springs at Dulwich, yet fed purely enough by the rain and morning dew, here trickled—there loitered—through the long grass beneath

the hedges, and expanded itself, where it might, into moderately clear and deep pools, in which, under their veils of duckweed, a fresh-water shell or two, sundry curious little skipping shrimps, any quantity of tadpoles in their time, and even sometimes a tittlebat, offered themselves to my boyhood's pleased, and not inaccurate, observation. There my mother and I used to gather the first buds of the hawthorn; and there, in after years, I used to walk in the summer shadows, as in a place wilder and sweeter than our garden, to think over any passage I wanted to make better than usual in "Modern Painters."

So, as aforesaid, on the first kindly day of this year, being thoughtful more than usual of those old times, I went to look again at the place.

Often, both in those days and since, I have put myself hard to it, vainly, to find words wherewith to tell of beautiful

things ; but beauty has been in the world since the world was made, and human language can make a shift, somehow, to give account of it, whereas the peculiar forces of devastation induced by modern city life have only entered the world lately ; and no existing terms of language known to me are enough to describe the forms of filth and modes of ruin that varied themselves along the course of Croxsted Lane. The fields on each side of it are now mostly dug up for building, or cut through into gaunt corners and nooks of blind ground by the wild crossings and concurrencies of three railroads. Half a dozen handfuls of new cottages, with Doric doors, are dropped about here and there among the gashed ground : the lane itself, now entirely grassless, is a deep-rutted, heavy-hillocked cart-road, diverging gatelessly into various brickfields or pieces of waste, and bordered on each side by heaps of—Hades only knows what !—mixed dust of every unclean thing that can crumble in drought, and mildew of every unclean thing that can rot or rust in damp : ashes and rags, beer-bottles and old shoes, battered pans, smashed crockery, shreds of nameless clothes, door-sweepings, floor-sweepings, kitchen garbage, back-garden sewage, old iron, rotten timber jagged with out-torn nails, cigar-ends, pipe-bowls, cinders, bones, and ordure indescribable ; and, variously kneaded into, sticking to, or fluttering foully here and there over all these—remnants broadcast, of every manner of newspaper, advertisement or big-lettered bill, festering and flaunting out their last publicity in the pits of stinking dust and mortal slime.

The lane ends now where its prettiest windings once began ; being cut off by a cross-road leading out of Dulwich to a minor railway station ; and on the other side of this road what was of old the daintiest intricacy of its solitude is changed into a straight and evenly macadamized carriage drive, between new houses of extreme respectability, with good attached gardens and offices—most of these tenements being larger—all more pretentious, and many, I imagine, held at greatly higher rent than my father's, tenanted for twenty years at Herne Hill. And it became matter

of curious meditation to me what must here become of children resembling my poor little dreamy quondam self in temper, and thus brought up at the same distance from London, and in the same or better circumstances of worldly fortune ; but with only Croxsted Lane in its present condition for their country walk. The trimly kept road before their doors, such as one used to see in the fashionable suburbs of Cheltenham or Leamington, presents nothing to their study but gravel and gas-lamp posts ; the modern addition of a vermilion letter-pillar contributing indeed to the splendor, but scarcely to the interest of the scene ; and a child of any sense or fancy would hastily contrive escape from such a barren desert of politeness, and betake itself to investigation, such as might be feasible, of the natural history of Croxsted Lane.

But, for its sense or fancy, what food, or stimulus, can it find in that foul causeway of its youthful pilgrimage ? What would have happened to myself, so directed, I cannot clearly imagine. Possibly, I might have got interested in the old iron and wood-shavings ; and become an engineer or a carpenter : but for the children of to-day, accustomed from the instant they are out of their cradles, to the sight of this infinite nastiness, prevailing as a fixed condition of the universe, over the face of nature, and accompanying all the operations of industrious man, what is to be the scholastic issue ? unless, indeed, the thrill of scientific vanity in the primary analysis of some unheard of process of corruption—or the reward of microscopic research in the sight of worms with more legs, and acari of more curious generation than ever vivified the more simply smelling plasma of antiquity.

One result of such elementary education is, however, already certain : namely, that the pleasure which we may conceive taken by the children of the coming time, in the analysis of physical corruption, guides, into fields more dangerous and desolate, the expatiation of imaginative literature ; and that the reactions of moral disease upon itself, and the conditions of languidly monstrous character developed in an atmosphere of low vitality have become the most valued material of modern fiction, and the most

eagerly discussed texts of modern philosophy.

The many concurrent reasons for this mischief may, I believe, be massed under a few general heads.

I. There is first the hot fermentation and unwholesome secrecy of the population crowded into large cities, each mote in the misery lighter, as an individual soul, than a dead leaf, but becoming oppressive and infectious each to his neighbor, in the smoking mass of decay. The resulting modes of mental ruin and distress are continually new; and in a certain sense, worth study in their monstrosity: they have accordingly developed a corresponding science of fiction, concerned mainly with the description of such forms of disease, like the botany of leaf-lichens.

In De Balzac's story of "Father Goriot," a grocer makes a large fortune, of which he spends on himself as much as may keep him alive; and on his two daughters all that can promote their pleasures or their pride. He marries them to men of rank, supplies their secret expenses, and provides for his favorite a separate and clandestine establishment with her lover. On his death-bed he sends for this favorite daughter, who wishes to come, and hesitates for a quarter of an hour between doing so, and going to a ball at which it has been for the last month her chief ambition to be seen. She finally goes to the ball.

This story is, of course, one of which the violent contrasts and spectral catastrophe could only take place, or be conceived, in a large city. A village grocer cannot make a large fortune, cannot marry his daughters to titled squires, and cannot die without having his children brought to him, if in the neighborhood, by fear of village gossip, if for no better cause.

II. But a much more profound feeling than this mere curiosity of science in morbid phenomena is concerned in the production of the carefulest forms of modern fiction. The disgrace and grief resulting from the mere trampling pressure and electric friction of town life, become to the sufferers peculiarly mysterious in their undeservedness, and frightful in their inevitableness. The power of all surroundings over them for evil; the incapacity of their own minds to

refuse the pollution, and of their own wills to oppose the weight, of the staggering mass that chokes and crushes them into perdition, brings every law of healthy existence into question with them, and every alleged method of help and hope into doubt. Indignation, without any calming faith in justice, and self-contempt, without any curative self-reproach, dull the intelligence, and degrade the conscience, into sullen incredulity of all sunshine outside the dunghill, or breeze beyond the wafting of its impurity; and at last a philosophy develops itself, partly satiric, partly consolatory, concerned only with the regenerative vigor of manure, and the necessary obscurities of fimetic Providence; showing how everybody's fault is somebody else's, how infection has no law, digestion no will, and profitable dirt no dishonor.

And thus an elaborate and ingenious scholasticism, in what may be called the Divinity of Decomposition, has established itself in connection with the more recent forms of romance, giving them at once a complacent tone of clerical dignity, and an agreeable dash of heretical impudence; while the inculcated doctrine has the double advantage of needing no laborious scholarship for its foundation, and no painful self-denial for its practice.

III. The monotony of life in the central streets of any great modern city, but especially in those of London, where every emotion intended to be derived by men from the sight of nature, or the sense of art, is forbidden forever, leaves the craving of the heart for a sincere, yet changeful interest, to be fed from one source only. Under natural conditions the degree of mental excitement necessary to bodily health is provided by the course of the seasons, and the various skill and fortune of agriculture. In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature; a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth, and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its innocent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift, and its sublime danger; and in every process of wise husbandry, and every effort of contending or remedial courage, the wholesome passions, pride, and bodily power of the laborer are excited

and exerted in happiest unison. The companionship of domestic, the care of serviceable animals, soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities, and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unboastful fortitudes; while the divine laws of seedtime which cannot be recalled, harvest which cannot be hastened, and winter in which no man can work, compel the impatiences and coveting of his heart into labor too submissive to be anxious, and rest too sweet to be wanton. What thought can enough comprehend the contrast between such life, and that in streets where summer and winter are only alternations of heat and cold; where snow never fell white, nor sunshine clear; where the ground is only a pavement, and the sky no more than the glass roof of an arcade; where the utmost power of a storm is to choke the gutters, and the finest magic of spring to change mud into dust; where—chief and most fatal difference in state, there is no interest of occupation for any of the inhabitants but the routine of counter or desk within doors, and the effort to pass each other without collision outside; so that from morning to evening the only possible variation of the monotony of the hours, and lightening of the penalty of existence, must be some kind of mischief, limited, unless by more than ordinary godsend of fatality, to the fall of a horse, or the slitting of a pocket.

I said that under these laws of inanition, the craving of the human heart for some kind of excitement could be supplied from *one* source only. It might have been thought by any other than a sternly tentative philosopher, that the denial of their natural food to human feelings would have provoked a reactionary desire for it; and that the dreariness of the street would have been gilded by dreams of pastoral felicity. Experience has shown the fact to be otherwise; the thoroughly trained Londoner can enjoy no other excitement than that to which he has been accustomed, but asks for *that* in continually more ardent or more virulent concentration; and the ultimate power of fiction to entertain him is by varying to his fancy the modes, and defining for his dulness the horrors of Death. In the single novel of "Bleak House" there are nine deaths (or left for deaths, in the

drop scene) carefully wrought out or led up to, either by way of pleasing surprise, as the baby's at the brickmaker's, or finished in their threatenings and sufferings, with as much enjoyment as can be contrived in the anticipation, and as much pathology as can be concentrated in the description. Under the following varieties of method:

One by assassination. . . Mr. Tulkinghorn.
 One by starvation, with
 phthisis. Joe.
 One by chagrin. Richard.
 One by spontaneous
 combustion. Mr. Krook.
 One by sorrow. Lady Dedlock's Lover.
 One by remorse. Lady Dedlock.
 One by insanity. Miss Flite.
 One by paralysis. Sir Leicester.

Besides the baby, by fever, and a lively young Frenchwoman left to be hanged.

And all this, observe, not in a tragic, adventurous, or military story, but merely as the further enlivenment of a narrative intended to be amusing; and as a properly representative average of the statistics of civilian mortality in the centre of London.

Observe further, and chiefly. It is not the mere number of deaths (which, if we count the odd troopers in the last scene, is exceeded in "Old Mortality," and reached, within one or two, both in "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering") that marks the peculiar tone of the modern novel. It is the fact that all these deaths, but one, are of inoffensive, or at least, in the world's estimate, respectable persons; and that they are all grotesquely either violent or miserable, purporting thus to illustrate the modern theology that the appointed destiny of a large average of our population is to die like rats in a drain, either by trap or poison. Not, indeed, that a lawyer in full practice can be usually supposed as faultless in the eye of heaven as a dove or a woodcock; but it is not, in former divinities, thought the will of Providence that he should be dropped by a shot from a client behind his fire-screen, and retrieved in the morning by his housemaid under the chandelier. Neither is Lady Dedlock less reprehensible in her conduct than many women of fashion have been and will be: but it would not therefore have been thought poetically just, in old-fashioned morality, that she should be found by her daughter lying dead,

with her face in the mud of a St. Giles's churchyard.

In the work of the great masters death is always either heroic, deserved, or quiet and natural (unless their purpose be totally and deeply tragic, when collateral meaner death is permitted, like that of Polonius or Rodérigo). In "Old Mortality," four of the deaths, Bothwell's, Ensign Grahame's, Macbriar's, and Evandale's are magnificently heroic; Burley's and Oliphant's long deserved and swift; the troopers', met in the discharge of their military duty, and the old miser's, as gentle as the passing of a cloud, and almost beautiful in its last words of—now unselfish—care.

"Ailie" (he aye ca'd me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance), "Ailie, take ye care and haud the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood's gane out like the last sough of an auld sang." And sac he fell out o' ne dwam into another, and ne'er spak a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude enough to see to dee wi'. He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table.

In "Guy Mannering," the murder, though unpremeditated, of a single person (himself not entirely innocent, but at least by heartlessness in a cruel function earning his fate), is avenged to the uttermost on all the men conscious of the crime; Mr. Bertram's death, like that of his wife, brief in pain, and each told in the space of half a dozen lines; and that of the heroine of the tale, self-devoted, heroic in the highest, and happy.

Nor is it ever to be forgotten, in the comparison of Scott's with inferior work, that his own splendid powers were, even in early life, tainted, and in his latter years destroyed, by modern conditions of commercial excitement, then first, but rapidly, developing themselves. There are parts even in his best novels colored to meet tastes which he despised; and many pages written in his later ones to lengthen his article for the indiscriminate market.

But there was one weakness of which his healthy mind remained incapable to the last. In modern stories prepared for more refined or fastidious audiences than those of Dickens, the funereal excitement is obtained, for the most part, not by the infliction of violent or dis-

gusting death; but in the suspense, the pathos, and the more or less by all felt, and recognized, mortal phenomena of the sick-room. The temptation, to weak writers, of this order of subject is especially great, because the study of it from the living—or dying—model is so easy, and to many has been the most impressive part of their own personal experience; while, if the description be given even with mediocre accuracy, a very large section of readers will admire its truth, and cherish its melancholy. Few authors of second- or third-rate genius can either record or invent a probable conversation in ordinary life; but few, on the other hand, are so destitute of observant faculty as to be unable to chronicle the broken syllables and languid movements of an invalid. The easily rendered, and too surely recognized, image of familiar suffering is felt at once to be real where all else had been false; and the historian of the gestures of fever and words of delirium can count on the applause of a gratified audience as surely as the dramatist who introduces on the stage of his flagging action a carriage that can be driven or a fountain that will flow. But the masters of strong imagination disdain such work, and those of deep sensibility shrink from it.* Only under conditions of personal weakness, presently to be noted, would Scott comply with the cravings of his lower audience in scenes of terror like the death of Front-de-Bœuf. But he never once withdrew the sacred curtain of the sick-chamber, nor permitted the disgrace of wanton tears round the humiliation of strength, or the wreck of beauty.

IV. No exception to this law of reverence will be found in the scenes in *Cœur de Lion*'s illness introductory to the principal incident in the "Talisman." An inferior writer would have made the king charge in imagination at the head of his chivalry, or wander in dreams by the brooks of Aquitaine; but Scott allows us to learn no more startling

* Nell, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," was simply killed for the market, as a butcher kills a lamb (see Forster's "Life"), and Paul was written under the same conditions of illness which affected Scott—a part of the ominous palsies, grasping alike author and subject, both in "Dombey" and "Little Dorrit."

symptoms of the king's malady than that he was restless and impatient, and could not wear his armor. Nor is any bodily weakness, or crisis of danger, permitted to disturb for an instant the royalty of intelligence and heart in which he examines, trusts and obeys the physician whom his attendants fear.

Yet the choice of the main subject in this story and its companion—the trial, to a point of utter torture, of knightly faith, and several passages in the conduct of both, more especially the exaggerated scenes in the House of Baldringham, and Hermitage of Engedi, are signs of the gradual decline in force of intellect and soul which those who love Scott best have done him the worst injustice in their endeavors to disguise or deny. The mean anxieties, moral humiliations, and mercilessly demanded brain-toil, which killed him, show their sepulchral grasp for many and many a year before their final victory; and the states of more or less dulled, distorted, and polluted imagination which culminate in "Castle Dangerous,"^{*} cast a Stygian hue over "St. Ronan's Well," "The Fair Maid of Perth," and "Anne of Geierstein," which lowers them, the first altogether, the other two at frequent intervals, into fellowship with the normal disease which festers throughout the whole body of our lower fictitious literature.

Fictitious! I use the ambiguous word deliberately; for it is impossible to distinguish in these tales of the prison-house how far their vice and gloom are thrown into their manufacture only to meet a vile demand, and how far they are an integral condition of thought in the minds of men trained from their youth up in the knowledge of Londonian and Parisian misery. The specialty of the plague is a delight in the exposition of the relations between guilt and decrepitude; and I call the results of it literature "of the prison-house," because the thwarted habits of body and mind, which are the punishment of reckless crowding in cities, become, in the issue of that punishment, frightful subjects of exclusive interest to themselves; and the art of fiction in which they finally delight is only the more studied arrangement and illustration, by colored firelights, of the daily bulletins of their

own wretchedness, in the prison calendar, the police news, and the hospital report.

The reader will perhaps be surprised at my separating the greatest work of Dickens, "Oliver Twist," with honor, from the loathsome mass to which it typically belongs. That book is an earnest and uncaricatured record of states of criminal life, written with didactic purpose, full of the gravest instruction, nor destitute of pathetic studies of noble passion. Even the "Mysteries of Paris" and Gaboriau's "Crime of d'Augival" are raised, by their definiteness of historical intention and forewarning anxiety, far above the level of their order, and may be accepted as photographic evidence of an otherwise incredible civilization, corrupted in the infernal fact of it, down to the genesis of such figures as the Vicomte d'Augival, the Stabber,* the Skeleton, and the She-wolf. But the effectual head of the whole cretinous school is the renowned novel in which the hunchbacked lover watches the execution of his mistress from the tower of Notre-Dame; and its strength passes gradually away into the anatomical preparations, for the general market, of novels like "Poor Miss Finch," in which the heroine is blind, the hero epileptic, and the obnoxious brother is found dead with his hands dropped off in the Arctic regions.[†]

* "Chourineur" not striking with dagger point, but ripping with knife-edge. Yet I do him and La Louve injustice in classing them with the two others; they are put together only as parts in the same phantasm. Compare with La Louve, the strength of wild virtue in the "Louvécienne" (Lucienne) of Gaboriau—she, province-born and bred; and opposed to Parisian civilization in the character of her sempstress friend. "De ce Paris, où elle était née, elle savait tout—elle connaissait tout. Rien ne l'étonnait, nul ne l'intimidait. Sa science des détails matériels de l'existence était inconcevable. Impossible de la duper!—Eh bien! cette fille si laborieuse et si économe n'avait même pas la plus vague notion des sentiments qu'il y a dans l'honneur de la femme. Je n'avais pas idée d'une si complète absence de sens moral; d'une si inconsciente dépravation, d'une impudence si effrontément naïve."—*L'Argent des autres*, vol. i. p. 358.

† The reader who cares to seek it may easily find medical evidence of the physical effects of certain states of brain disease in producing especially images of truncated and Hermes-like deformity, complicated with grossness. Horace, in the "Epodes," scoffs at it, but not with-

This literature of the prison-house, understanding by the word not only the cell of Newgate, but also and even more

out horror; Luca Signorelli and Raphael in their arabesques are deeply struck by it; Dürer, defying and playing with it alternately, is almost beaten down again and again in the distorted faces, hewing halberts, and suspended satyrs of his arabesques round the polyglot Lord's Prayer; it takes entire possession of Balzac in the "Contes Drolatiques;" it struck Scott in the earliest days of his childish "visions" intensified by the axe-stroke murder of his grandaunt; L. i. 142, and see close of this note. It chose for him the subject of the "Heart of Midlothian," and produced afterward all the recurrent ideas of executions, tainting Nigel, almost spoiling Quentin Durward—utterly the Fair Maid of Perth; and culminating in Bizarro, L. x. 149. It suggested all the deaths by falling or sinking, as in delirious sleep—Kennedy, Eveline Neville (nearly repeated in Clara Mowbray), Amy Robsart, the Master of Ravenswood in the quicksand, Morris, and Corporal Grace-be-here—compare the dream of Grilde, in "Nicholas Nickleby," and Dickens's own last words, *on the ground* (so also in my own inflammation of the brain, two years ago, I dreamed that I fell through the earth and came out on the other side). In its grotesque and distorting power, it produced all the figures of the Lay Goblin, Paolet, Flubbertigibbet, Cockledemoy, Geoffrey Hudson, Fenella, and Nectabanus; in Dickens it in like manner gives Quilp, Krook, Smike, Smallweed, Miss Mowcher, and the dwarfs and wax-work of Nell's caravan; and runs entirely wild in "Barnaby Rudge," where, with a *corps de drame* composed of one idiot, two madmen, a gentleman fool who is also a villain, a shop-boy fool who is also a blackguard, a hangman, a shrivelled virago, and a doll in ribands—carrying this company through riot and fire, till he hangs the hangman, one of the madmen, his mother, and the idiot, runs the gentleman-fool through in a bloody duel, and burns and crushes the shop-boy fool into shapelessness, he cannot yet be content without shooting the spare lover's leg off, and marrying him to the doll in a wooden one; the shapeless shop-boy being finally also married in *two* wooden ones. It is this mutilation, observe, which is the very sign manual of the plague; joined, in the artistic forms of it, with a love of thorniness—(in their mystic root, the truncation of the limbless serpent and the spines of the dragon's wing. Compare "Modern Painters," vol. iv., "Chapter on the Mountain Gloom," s. 19); and in *all* forms of it, with petrification or loss of power by cold in the blood, whence the last Darwinian process of the witches' charm—"cool it with a baboon's blood, then the charm is firm and good." The two frescoes in the colossal handbills which have lately decorated the streets of London (the baboon with the mirror, and the Maskelyne and Cooke decapitation) are the final English forms of Raphael's arabesque under this influence; and it is well worth while to get the number for the week

definitely the cell of the Hôtel-Dieu, the Hôpital des Fous, and the grated corridor with the dripping slabs of the Morgue, having its central root thus in the Ile de Paris—or historically and pre-eminently the "Cité de Paris"—is, when understood deeply, the precise counter-corruption of the religion of the Sainte Chapelle, just as the worst forms of bodily and mental ruin are the corruption of love. I have therefore called it "Fiction mécréante," with literal accuracy and precision; according to the explanation of the word which the reader may find in any good French dictionary,* and

ending April 3d, 1880, of *Young Folks*—"a magazine of instructive and entertaining literature for boys and girls of all ages," containing "A Sequel to Desdichado" (the modern development of Ivanhoe), in which a quite monumental example of the kind of art in question will be found as a leading illustration of this characteristic sentence, "See, good Cerberus," said Sir Rupert, "my hand has been struck off. You must make me a hand of iron, one with springs in it, so that I can make it grasp a dagger." The text is also, as it professes to be, instructive; being the ultimate degeneration of what I have above called the "folly" of "Ivanhoe;" for folly begets folly down, and down; and whatever Scott and Turner did wrong has thousands of imitators—their wisdom none will so much as hear, how much less follow!

In both of the masters, it is always to be remembered that the evil and good are alike conditions of literal *vision*; and therefore, also, inseparably connected with the state of the health. I believe the first elements of all Scott's errors were in the milk of his consumptive nurse, which all but killed him as an infant, L. i. 19—and was without doubt the cause of the teething fever that ended in his lameness (L. i. 20). Then came (if the reader cares to know what I mean by "Fors," let him read the page carefully) the fearful accidents to his only sister, and her death, L. i. 17; then the madness of his nurse, who planned his own murder (21), then the stories continually told him of the executions at Carlisle (24), his aunt's husband having seen them; issuing, he himself scarcely knows how, in the unaccountable terror that came upon him at the sight of statuary, 31—especially Jacob's Ladder; then the murder of Mrs. Swinton, and finally the nearly fatal bursting of the blood-vessel at Kelso, with the succeeding nervous illness, 65-67—solaced, while he was being "bled and blistered till he had scarcely a pulse left," by that history of the Knights of Malta—fondly dwelt on and realized by actual modelling of their fortress, which returned to his mind, for the theme of its last effort in passing away.

* "Se dit par dénigrement, d'un chrétien qui ne croit pas les dogmes de sa religion."
—Fleming, vol. ii. p. 650.

round its Arctic pole in the Morgue he may gather into one Caina of gelid putrescence the entire product of modern infidel imagination, amusing itself with destruction of the body, and busying itself with aberration of the mind.

Aberration, palsy, or plague, observe, as distinguished from normal evil, just as the venom of rabies or cholera differs from that of a wasp or a viper. The life of the insect and serpent deserves, or at least permits, our thoughts; not so the stages of agony in the fury-driven hound. There is some excuse, indeed, for the pathologic labor of the modern novelist in the fact that he cannot easily, in a city population, find a healthy mind to vivisection; but the greater part of such amateur surgery is the struggle, in an epoch of wild literary competition, to obtain novelty of material. The varieties of aspect and color in healthy fruit, be it sweet or sour, may be within certain limits described exhaustively. Not so the blotches of its conceivable blight; and while the symmetries of integral human character can only be traced by harmonious and tender skill, like the branches of a living tree, the faults and gaps of one gnawed away by corroding accident can be shuffled into senseless change like the wards of a Chubb lock.

V. It is needless to insist on the vast field for this dice-cast or card-dealt calamity which opens itself in the ignorance, money-interest, and mean passion of city marriage. Peasants know each other as children—meet, as they grow up in testing labor; and if a stout farmer's son marries a handless girl it is his own fault. Also in the patrician families of the field, the young people know what they are doing, and marry a neighboring estate, or a covetable title, with some conception of the responsibilities they undertake. But even among these, their season in the confused metropolis creates licentious and fortuitous temptation before unknown; and in the lower middle orders, an entirely new kingdom of discomfort and disgrace has been preached to them in the doctrines of unbridled pleasure which are merely an apology for their peculiar forms of ill-breeding. It is quite curious how often the catastrophe, or the leading interest, of a modern novel, turns upon the want,

both in maid and bachelor, of the common self-command which was taught to their grandmothers and grandfathers as the first element of ordinarily decent behavior. Rashly inquiring the other day the plot of a modern story from a female friend, I elicited, after some hesitation, that it hinged mainly on the young people's "forgetting themselves in a boat;" and I perceive it to be accepted as nearly an axiom in the code of modern civic chivalry that the strength of amiable sentiment is proved by our incapacity on proper occasions to express, and on improper ones to control it. The pride of a gentleman of the old school used to be in his power of saying what he meant, and being silent when he ought (not to speak of the higher nobleness which bestowed love where it was honorable, and reverence where it was due); but the automatic amours and involuntary proposals of recent romance acknowledge little further law of morality than the instinct of an insect or the effervescence of a chemical mixture.

There is a pretty little story of Alfred de Musset's—"La Mouche," which, if the reader cares to glance at it, will save me further trouble in explaining the disciplinarian authority of mere old-fashioned politeness, as in some sort protective of higher things. It describes, with much grace and precision, a state of society by no means pre-eminently virtuous or enthusiastically heroic, in which many people do extremely wrong, and none sublimely right. But as there are heights of which the achievement is unattempted, there are abysses to which fall is barred; neither accident nor temptation will make any of the principal personages swerve from an adopted resolution, or violate an accepted principle of honor; people are expected as a matter of course to speak with propriety on occasion, and to wait with patience when they are bid: those who do wrong admit it; those who do right don't boast of it; everybody knows his own mind, and everybody has good manners.

Nor must it be forgotten that in the worst days of the self-indulgence which destroyed the aristocracies of Europe, their vices, however licentious, were never, in the fatal modern sense, "unprincipled." The vainest believed in virtue; the vilest respected it. "Chaque

chose avait son nom,"* and the severest of English moralists recognizes the accurate wit, the lofty intellect, and the unfretted benevolence which redeemed from vitiated surroundings the circle of D'Alembert and Marmontel.†

I have said, with too slight praise, that the vainest, in those days, "believed" in virtue. Beautiful and heroic examples of it were always before them; nor was it without the secret significance attaching to what may seem the least accidents in the work of a master, that Scott gave to both his heroines of the age of revolution in England the name of the queen of the highest order of English chivalry.‡

It is to say little for the types of youth and maid which alone Scott felt it a joy to imagine, or thought it honorable to portray, that they act and feel in a sphere where they are never for an instant liable to any of the weaknesses which disturb the calm, or shake the resolution, or chastity and courage in a modern novel. Scott lived in a country and time when, from highest to lowest, but chiefly in that dignified and nobly severe § middle class to which he himself belonged, a habit of serene and stainless thought was as natural to the people as their mountain air. Women like Rose Bradwardine and Ailie Dinmont were the grace and guard of almost every household (God be praised that the race of them is not yet extinct, for

all that Mall or Boulevard can do), and it has perhaps escaped the notice of even attentive readers that the comparatively uninteresting character of Sir Walter's heroes had always been studied among a class of youths who were simply incapable of doing anything seriously wrong; and could only be embarrassed by the consequences of their levity or imprudence.

But there is another difference in the woof of a Waverley novel from the cobweb of a modern one, which depends on Scott's larger view of human life. Marriage is by no means, in his conception of man and woman, the most important business of their existence;* nor love the only reward to be proposed to their virtue or exertion. It is not in his reading of the laws of Providence a necessity that virtue should, either by love or any other external blessing, be rewarded at all; † and marriage is in all cases thought of as a constituent of the happiness of life, but not as its only interest, still less its only aim. And upon analyzing with some care the motives of his principal stories, we shall often find that the love in them is merely a light by which the sterner features of character are to be irradiated, and that the marriage of the hero is as subordinate to the main bent of the story as Henry the Fifth's courtship of Katherine is to the battle of Agincourt. Nay, the fortunes of the person who is nominally the subject of the tale are often little more than a background on which grander figures are to be drawn, and deeper fates forthshadowed. The judgments between the faith and chivalry of Scotland at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge owe little of their interest in the mind of a sensible reader to the fact that the captain of the Popinjay is carried a prisoner to one battle, and returns a prisoner from the other; and Scott himself, while he watches the white sail that bears Queen Mary for the last time from her native land, very nearly forgets to finish his novel, or to

* "*A son nom*," properly. The sentence is one of Victor Cherbuliez's, in "*Prosper Randoce*," which is full of other valuable ones. See the old nurse's "*ici bas les choses vont de travers, comme un chien qui va à vèpres*," p. 93; and compare Prosper's treasures, "*la petite Vénus, et le petit Christ d'ivoire*," p. 121; also Madame Brehanne's request for the divertissement of "*quelque belle batterie à coups de couteau*" with Didier's answer. "*Hélas! madame, vous jouez de malheur, ici dans la Drôme, l'on se massacre aussi peu que possible*," p. 33.

† Edgeworth's "*Tales*" (Hunter, 1827), "*Harrington and Ormond*," vol. iii. p. 260.

‡ Alice of Salisbury, Alice Lee, Alice Bridnorth.

§ Scott's father was habitually ascetic. "I have heard his son tell that it was common with him, if any one observed that the soup was good, to taste it again, and say, 'Yes—it is too good, bairns,' and dash a tumbler of cold water into his plate." Lockhart's "*Life*" (Black, Edinburgh, 1869), vol. i. p. 312. In other places I refer to this book in the simple form of "L."

* A young lady sang to me, just before I copied out this page for press, a Miss Somebody's "great song," "Live, and Love, and Die." Had it been written for nothing better than silkworms, it should at least have added—Spin.

† See passage of introduction to "*Ivanhoe*," widely quoted in L. vi. 106.

tell us—and with small sense of any consolation to be had out of that minor circumstance—that “Roland and Catherine were united, spite of their differing faiths.”

Neither let it be thought for an instant that the slight, and sometimes scornful glance with which Scott passes over scenes which a novelist of our own day would have analyzed with the airs of a philosopher, and painted with the curiosity of a gossip, indicate any absence in his heart of sympathy with the great and sacred elements of personal happiness. An era like ours, which has with diligence and ostentation swept its heart clear of all the passions once known as loyalty, patriotism, and piety, necessarily magnifies the apparent force of the one remaining sentiment which sighs through the barren chambers, or clings inextricably round the chasms of ruin; nor can it but regard with awe the unconquerable spirit which still tempts or betrays the sagacities of selfishness into error or frenzy which is believed to be love.

That Scott was never himself, in the sense of the phrase as employed by lovers of the Parisian school, “*ivre d’amour*,” may be admitted without prejudice to his sensibility,* and that he never knew “*l’amor che move ’l sol e l’altre stelle*,” was the chief, though unrecognized, calamity of his deeply checkered life. But the reader of honor and feeling will not therefore suppose that the love which Miss Vernon sacrifices, stooping for an instant from her horse, is of less noble stamp, or less enduring faith, than that which troubles and degrades the whole existence of Consuelo; or that the affection of Jeanie Deans for the companion of her childhood, drawn like a field of soft blue heaven beyond the cloudy wrack of her sorrow, is less fully in possession of her soul than the hesitating and self-reproachful impulses under which a modern heroine forgets herself in a boat, or compromises herself in the cool of the evening.

I do not wish to return over the waste ground we have traversed, comparing, point by point, Scott’s manner with those of Bermondsey and the Faubourgs; but it may be, perhaps, interesting at

this moment to examine, with illustration from those Waverley novels which have so lately retracted the attention of a fair and gentle public, the universal conditions of “style,” rightly so called, which are in all ages, and above all local currents or wavering tides of temporary manners, pillars of what is forever strong, and models of what is forever fair.

But I must first define, and that within strict horizon, the works of Scott in which his perfect mind may be known, and his chosen ways understood.

His great works of prose fiction, excepting only the first half-volume of “Waverley,” were all written in twelve years 1814–26 (of his own age forty-three to fifty-five), the actual time employed in their composition being not more than a couple of months out of each year; and during that time only the morning hours and spare minutes during the professional day. “Though the first volume of ‘Waverley’ was begun long ago, and actually lost for a time, yet the other two were begun and finished between the 4th of June and the 1st of July, during all which I attended my duty in court, and proceeded without loss of time or hindrance of business.”*

Few of the maxims for the enforcement of which, in “Modern Painters,” long ago, I got the general character of a lover of paradox, are more singular, or more sure, than the statement, apparently so encouraging to the idle, that if a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily. But it is in that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathered strength, and all Scott’s great writings were the recreations of a mind confirmed in dutiful labor, and rich with organic gathering of boundless resource.

Omitting from our count the two minor and ill-finished sketches of the “Black Dwarf” and “Legend of Montrose,” and, for a reason presently to be noticed, the unhappy “St. Ronan’s,” the memorable romances of Scott are eighteen, falling into three distinct groups, containing six each.

The first group is distinguished from the other two by characters of strength and felicity which never more appeared

* See note, p. 140, on the conclusion of “Woodstock.”

* L. iv. 177.

after Scott was struck down by his terrific illness in 1819. It includes "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Old Mortality," and "The Heart of Midlothian."

The composition of these occupied the mornings of his happiest days, between the ages of 43 and 48. On the 8th of April, 1819 (he was 48 on the preceding 15th of August), he began for the first time to dictate—being unable for the exertion of writing—"The Bride of Lammermuir," "the affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. 'Nay, Willie,' he answered. 'only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as for giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen.'"^{*} From this time forward the brightness of joy and sincerity of inevitable humor, which perfected the imagery of the earlier novels, are wholly absent, except in the two short intervals of health unaccountably restored, in which he wrote "Redgauntlet" and "Nigel."

It is strange, but only a part of the general simplicity of Scott's genius, that these revivals of earlier power were unconscious, and that the time of extreme weakness in which he wrote "St. Ronan's Well," was that in which he first asserted his own restoration.

It is also a deeply interesting characteristic of his noble nature that he never gains anything by sickness; the whole man breathes or faints as one creature: the ache that stiffens a limb chills his heart, and every pang of the stomach paralyzes the brain. It is not so with inferior minds, in the workings of which it is often impossible to distinguish native from narcotic fancy, and the throbs of conscience from those of indigestion. Whether in exaltation or languor, the colors of mind are always morbid, which gleam on the sea for the "Ancient Mariner," and through the casements on "St. Agnes' Eve;" but Scott is at once blinded and stultified by sickness; never has a fit of the cramp without spoiling a chapter, and is perhaps the only author of vivid imagination who

never wrote a foolish word but when he was ill.

It remains only to be noticed on this point that any strong natural excitement, affecting the deeper springs of his heart, would at once restore his intellectual powers in all their fulness, and that, far toward their sunset: but that the strong will on which he prided himself, though it could trample upon pain, silence grief, and compel industry, never could warm his imagination, or clear the judgment in his darker hours.

I believe that this power of the heart over the intellect is common to all great men: but what the special character of emotion was that alone could lift Scott above the power of death, I am about to ask the reader, in a little while, to observe with joyful care.

The first series of romances then, above named, are all that exhibit the emphasis of his unharmed faculties. The second group, composed in the three years subsequent to illness all but mortal, bear every one of them more or less the seal of it.

They consist of the "Bride of Lammermuir," "Ivanhoe," the "Monastery," the "Abbot," "Kenilworth," and the "Pirates."^{*} The marks of broken health on all these are essentially twofold—prevailing melancholy and fantastic improbability. Three of the tales are agonizingly tragic, the "Abbot" scarcely less so in its main event, and "Ivanhoe" deeply wounded through all its bright panoply; while even in that most powerful of the series, the impossible archeries and axe-strokes, the incredibly opportune appearances of Locksley, the death of Ulrica, and the resuscitation of Athelstane, are partly boyish, partly feverish. Caleb in the "Bride," Triptolemus and Halcro in the "Pirate," are all laborious, and the first incongruous; half a volume of the "Abbot" is spent in extremely dull detail of Roland's relations with his fellow-servants and his mistress, which have nothing whatever to do with the future story; and the lady of Avenel herself disappears after the first volume, "like

^{*} "One other such novel, and there's an end; but who can last forever? who ever lasted so long?"—Sydney Smith (of the "Pirate") to Jeffrey, December 30th, 1821. ("Letters," vol. ii. p. 223.)

^{*} L. vi. 67.

a snaw-wreath when it's thaw, Jeanie." The public has for itself pronounced on the "Monastery," though as much too harshly as it has foolishly praised the horrors of "Ravenswood" and the nonsense of "Ivanhoe;" because the modern public finds, in the torture and adventure of these the kind of excitement which it seeks at an opera, while it has no sympathy whatever with the pastoral happiness of Glendearg, or with the lingering simplicities of superstition which give historical likelihood to the legend of the White Lady.

But both this despised tale and its sequel have Scott's heart in them. The first was begun to refresh himself in the intervals of artificial labor on "Ivanhoe." "It was a relief," he said, "to interlay the scenery most familiar to me* with the strange world for which I had to draw so much on imagination."† Through all the closing scenes of the second he is raised to his own true level by his love for the Queen. And within the code of Scott's work to which I am about to appeal for illustration of his essential powers, I accept the "Monastery" and "Abbot," and reject from it the remaining four of this group.

The last series contains two quite noble ones, "Redgauntlet" and "Nigel;" two of very high value, "Durward" and "Woodstock;" the slovenly and diffuse "Peveril," written for the trade; the sickly "Tales of the Crusaders," and the entirely broken and diseased "St. Ronan's Well." This last I throw

out of count altogether, and of the rest accept only the four first named as sound work; so that the list of the novels in which I propose to examine his methods and ideal standards reduces itself to these following twelve (named in order of production): "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Quentin Durward," and "Woodstock."*

It is, however, too late to enter on my subject in this article, which I may fitly close by pointing out some of the merely verbal characteristics of his style, illustrative in little ways of the questions we have been examining, and chiefly of the one which may be most embarrassing to many readers, the difference, namely, between character and disease.

One quite distinctive charm in the Waverleys is their modified use of the Scottish dialect; but it has not generally been observed, either by their imitators or the authors of different taste who have written for a later public, that there is a difference between the dialect of a language and its corruption.

A dialect is formed in any district where there are persons of intelligence enough to use the language itself in all its fineness and force, but under the particular conditions of life, climate, and temper, which introduce words peculiar to the scenery, forms of word and idioms of sentence peculiar to the race, and pronunciations indicative of their character and disposition.

Thus "burn" (of a streamlet) is a word possible only in a country where there are brightly running waters, "lassie," a word possible only where girls are as free as the rivulets, and "auld," a form of the southern "old," adopted by a race of finer musical ear than the English.

On the contrary, mere deteriorations, or coarse, strident, and, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, "broad" forms of utterance, are not dialects at all, having

* L. vi. p. 188. Compare the description of Fairy Dean, vii. p. 192.

† All, alas! were now in a great measure so written. "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth" were all published between December, 1819, and January, 1821, Constable & Co. giving five thousand guineas for the remaining copyright of them, Scott clearing ten thousand before the bargain was completed; and before the "Fortunes of Nigel" issued from the press Scott had exchanged instruments and received his bookseller's bills for no less than four "works of fiction," not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement, to be produced in unbroken succession, each of them to fill up at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy money in case any of them should run to four; and within two years all this anticipation had been wiped off by "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet."

* "Woodstock" was finished 26th March, 1826. He knew then of his ruin; and wrote in bitterness, but not in weakness. The closing pages are the most beautiful of the book. But a month afterward Lady Scott died; and he never wrote glad word more.

nothing dialectic in them, and all phrases developed in states of rude employment and restricted intercourse, are injurious to the tone and narrowing to the power of the language they affect. Mere breadth of accent does not spoil a dialect as long as the speakers are men of varied idea and good intelligence; but the moment the life is contracted by mining, millwork, or any oppressive and monotonous labor, the accents and phrases become debased. It is part of the popular folly of the day to find pleasure in trying to write and spell these abortive, crippled, and more or less brutal forms of human speech.

Abortive, crippled, or brutal, are however not necessarily "corrupted" dialects. Corrupt language is that gathered by ignorance, invented by vice, misused by insensibility, or minced and mouthed by affectation, especially in the attempt to deal with words of which only half the meaning is understood, or half the sound heard. Mrs. Gamp's "aperiently so"—and the "underminded" with primal sense of undermine, of—I forget which gossip, in the "Mill on the Floss," are master, and mistress-pieces in this latter kind. Mrs. Malaprop's "allegories on the banks of the Nile" are in a somewhat higher order of mistake: Mrs. Tabitha Bramble's ignorance is vulgarized by her selfishness, and Winifred Jenkins' by her conceit. The "wot" of Noah Claypole, and the other degradations of cockneyism (Sam Weller and his father are in nothing more admirable than in the power of heart and sense that can purify even these); the "trewth" of Mr. Chadband, and "natur" of Mr. Squeers, are examples of the corruption of words by insensibility: the use of the word "bloody" in modern low English is a deeper corruption, not altering the form of the word, but defiling the thought in it.

Thus much being understood, I shall proceed to examine thoroughly a fragment of Scott's Lowland Scottish dialect; not choosing it of the most beautiful kind; on the contrary, it shall be a piece reaching as low down as he ever allows Scotch to go—it is perhaps the only unfair patriotism in him, that if ever he wants a word or two of really

villainous slang, he gives it in English or Dutch—not Scotch.

I had intended in the close of this paper to analyze and compare the characters of Andrew Fairservice and Richie Moniplies, for examples, the former of innate evil, unaffected by external influences, and undiseased, but distinct from natural goodness as a nettle is distinct from balm or lavender; and the latter of innate goodness, contracted and pinched by circumstance, but still undiseased, as an oak-leaf crisped by frost, not by the worm. This, with much else in my mind, I must put off; but the careful study of one sentence of Andrew's will give us a good deal to think of.

I take his account of the rescue of Glasgow Cathedral at the time of the Reformation.

Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whig-maleeries and curlewurles and opensteek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaisa a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd doun the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image-worship, and surplises, and sic-like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna braid enough for her auld hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the trainbands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year—and a gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging), and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luv o' Paperie—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow—Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them!) out o' their neuks—And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a'budy was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at

Osbaldistone-Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland.

Now this sentence is in the first place a piece of Scottish history of quite inestimable and concentrated value. Andrew's temperament is the type of a vast class of Scottish—shall we call it "*sow-thistlian*"—mind, which necessarily takes the view of either Pope or saint that the thistle in Lebanon took of the cedar or lilies in Lebanon; and the entire force of the passions which, in the Scottish revolution, foretold and fore-armed the French one, is told in this one paragraph; the coarseness of it, observe, being admitted, not for the sake of the laugh, any more than an onion in broth merely for its flavor, but for the meat of it; the inherent constancy of that coarseness being a fact in this order of mind, and an essential part of the history to be told.

Secondly, observe that this speech, in the religious passion of it, such as there may be, is entirely sincere. Andrew is a thief, a liar, a coward, and, in the Fair service from which he takes his name, a hypocrite; but in the form of prejudice, which is all that his mind is capable of in the place of religion, he is entirely sincere. He does not in the least pretend detestation of image-worship to please his master, or any one else; he honestly scorns the "carnal morality" as dowl and fusionless as rue-leaves at Yule" of the sermon in the upper cathedral; and when wrapt in critical attention to the "real savor o' doctrine" in the crypt, so completely forgets the hypocrisy of his fair service as to return his master's attempt to disturb him with hard punches of the elbow. Thirdly, he is a man of no mean sagacity, quite up to the average standard of Scottish common-sense, not a low one; and, though incapable of understanding any manner of lofty thought or passion, is a shrewd measurer of weaknesses, and not without a spark or two of kindly feeling. See first his sketch of his master's character to Mr. Hammorgaw, beginning: "He's no a'thegither sae void o' sense, neither;" and then the close of the dialogue: "But the lad's no a bad lad

after a', and he needs some carefu' body to look after him."

Fourthly, he is a good workman; knows his own business well, and can judge of other craft, if sound, or otherwise.

All these four qualities of him must be known before we can understand this single speech. Keeping them in mind, I take it up, word by word.

You observe, in the outset, Scott makes no attempt whatever to indicate accents or modes of pronunciation by changed spelling, unless the word becomes a quite definitely new and scarcely writeable one. The Scottish way of pronouncing "James," for instance, is entirely peculiar, and extremely pleasant to the ear. But it is so, just because it does *not* change the word into Jeems, nor into Jims, nor into Jawms. A modern writer of dialects would think it amusing to use one or other of these ugly spellings. But Scott writes the name in pure English, knowing that a Scots reader will speak it rightly, and an English one be wise in letting it alone. On the other hand he writes "weel" for "well," because that word is complete in its change, and may be very closely expressed by the double *e*. The ambiguous *u*'s in "gude" and "sune" are admitted, because far liker the sound than the double *o* would be, and that in "hure," for grace' sake, to soften the word—so also "flaes" for "fleas." "Mony" for "many" is again positively right in sound, and "neuk" differs from our "nook" in sense, and is not the same word at all, as we shall presently see.

Secondly, observe not a word is corrupted in any indecent haste, slowness, slovenliness, or incapacity of pronunciation. There is no lisping, drawling, slobbering, or snuffling: the speech is as clear as a bell and as keen as an arrow; and its elisions and contractions are either melodious ("na" for "not"—"pu'd" for "pulled") or as normal as in a Latin verse. The long words are delivered without the slightest bungling; and "bigging" finished to its last *g*.

I take the important words now in their places.

Brave. The old English sense of the word in "to go brave" retained, expressing Andrew's sincere and respect-

* Compare Mr. Spurgeon's not unfrequent orations on the same subject.

ful admiration. Had he meant to insinuate of the church's being too fine, he would have said "braw."

Kirk. This is of course just as pure and unprovincial a word as "Kirche" or "église."

Whigmaleerie. I cannot get at the root of this word, but it is one showing that the speaker is not bound by classic rules, but will use any syllables that enrich his meaning. "Nipperty-tipperty" (of his master's "poetry nonsense") is another word of the same class. "Curleurlie" is of course just as pure as Shakespeare's "Hurly-burly." But see first suggestion of the idea to Scott at Blair-Adam (L. vi. 264).

Opensteek hems. More description, or better, of the later Gothic cannot be put into four syllables. "Steek," melodious for stitch, has a combined sense of closing or fastening. And note that the later Gothic, being precisely what Scott knew best (in Melrose) and liked best, it is, here as elsewhere, quite as much himself * as Frank, that he is laughing at, when he laughs with Andrew, whose "opensteek hems" are only a ruder metaphor for his own "willow-wreaths changed to stone."

Gunpowther. "-Ther" is a lingering vestige of the French "-dre."

Syne. One of the melodious and mysterious Scottish words which have partly the sound of wind and stream in them, and partly the range of softened idea which is like a distance of blue hills over border land ("far in the distant Cheviot's blue"). Perhaps even the least sympathetic "Englischer" might recognize this, if he heard "Old Long Since" vocally substituted for the Scottish words to the air. I do not know the root; but the word's proper meaning is not "since," but before or after an interval of some duration, "as weel sune as syne." "But first on Sawnie gies a ca', Syne, bauldly in she enters."

Behoved (to come). A rich word, with peculiar idiom, always used more or less ironically of anything done under a partly mistaken and partly pretended notion of duty.

Siccan. Far prettier and fuller in

* There are there definite and intentional portraits of himself, in the novels, each giving a separate part of himself: Mr. Oldbuck, Frank Osbaldistone, and Alan Fairford.

meaning than "such." It contains an added sense of wonder, and means properly "so great" or "so unusual."

Took (o' drum). Classical "tuck" from Italian "toccata," the preluding "touch" or flourish, on any instrument (but see Johnson under word "tucket," quoting *Othello*). The deeper Scottish vowels are used here to mark the deeper sound of the bass drum, as in more solemn warning.

Bigging. The only word in all the sentence of which the Scottish form is less melodious than the English, "and what for no," seeing that Scottish architecture is mostly little beyond Bessie Bell's and Mary Gray's? "They biggit a bow're by yon burnside, and theekit it ow're wi rashes." But it is pure Anglo-Saxon in roots; see glossary to Fairbairn's edition of the Douglas "Virgil," 1710.

Coup. Another of the much-embracing words; short for "upset," but with a sense of awkwardness as the inherent cause of fall; compare Richie Moniplies (also for sense of "behoved"): "Ae auld hirplin deevil of a potter behoved just to step in my way, and offer me a pig (earthen pot—etym. dub.), as he said "just to put my Scotch ointment in;" and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil coupit owre among his own pigs, and damaged a score of them." So also Dandie Dinmont in the postchaise: "'Od! I hope they'll no coup us."

The Crans. Idiomatic; root unknown to me, but it means in this use, full, total, and without recovery.

Molendinar. From "molendinum," the grinding-place. I do not know if actually the local name,* or Scott's in-

* Andrew knows Latin, and might have coined the word in his conceit; but, writing to a kind friend in Glasgow, I find the brook was called "Molyndona" even before the building of the Sub-dean Mill, in 1446. See also account of the locality in Mr. George's admirable volume, "Old Glasgow," pp. 129, 149, etc. The Protestantism of Glasgow, since throwing that powder of saints into her brook Kidron, has presented it with other pious offerings; and my friend goes on to say that the brook, once famed for the purity of its waters (much used for bleaching), "has for nearly a hundred years been a crawling stream of loathsomeness. It is now bricked over, and a carriage-way made on the top of it; underneath the foul mess still passes through the heart of the

vention. Compare Sir Piercie's "Molinaras." But at all events used here with bye-sense of degradation of the formerly idle saints to grind at the mill.

Crouse. Courageous, softened with a sense of comfort.

Ilka. Again a word with azure distance, including the whole sense of "each" and "every." The reader must carefully and reverently distinguish these comprehensive words, which gather two or more perfectly understood meanings into one *chord* of meaning, and are harmonies more than words, from the above-noted blunders between two half-hit meanings, struck as a bad pianoplayer strikes the edge of another note. In English we have fewer of these combined thoughts; so that Shakespeare rather plays with the distinct lights of his words, than melts them into one. So again Bishop Douglass spells, and doubtless spoke, the word "rose" differently, according to his purpose; if as the chief or governing ruler of flowers, "rois," but if only in her own beauty, rose.

Christian-like. The sense of the decency and order proper to Christianity is stronger in Scotland than in any other

country, and the word "Christian" more distinctly opposed to "beast." Hence the back-handed cut at the English for their over-pious care of dogs.

I am a little surprised myself at the length to which this examination of one small piece of Sir Walter's first-rate work has carried us, but here I must end for this time, trusting, if the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* permit me, yet to trespass, perhaps more than once, on his readers' patience; but, at all events, to examine in a following paper the technical characteristics of Scott's own style, both in prose and verse, together with Byron's, as opposed to our fashionably recent dialects and rhythms; the essential virtues of language, in both the masters of the old school, hinging ultimately, little as it might be thought, on certain unalterable views of theirs concerning the code called "of the Ten Commandments," wholly at variance with the dogmas of automatic morality which, summed again by the witches' line, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," hover through the fog and filthy air of our prosperous England.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

ON THE METHOD OF ZADIG:

RETROSPECTIVE PROPHECY AS A FUNCTION OF SCIENCE.

"Une marque plus sûre que toutes celles de Zadig."—CUVIER.*

IT is a usual and a commendable practice to preface the discussion of the views of a philosophic thinker by some account of the man and of the circumstances which shaped his life and colored his way of looking at things; but though Zadig is cited in one of the most important chapters of Cuvier's greatest work, little is known about him, and that little might perhaps be better authenticated than it is.

It is said that he lived at Babylon in the time of King Moabdar; but the name of Moabdar does not appear in the list of Babylonian sovereigns brought to light by the patience and the industry of

city, till it falls into the Clyde close to the harbor."

* "Discours sur les révolutions de la surface du globe," *Recherches sur les ossements fossiles*, Ed. iv. t. i. p. 185.

the decipherers of cuneiform inscriptions in these later years; nor indeed am I aware that there is any other authority for his existence than that of the biographer of Zadig, one Arouet de Voltaire, among whose more conspicuous merits strict historical accuracy is perhaps hardly to be reckoned.

Happily Zadig is in the position of a great many other philosophers. What he was like when he was in the flesh, indeed whether he existed at all are matters of no great consequence. What we care about in a light is that it shows the way, not whether it is lamp or candle, tallow or wax. Our only real interest in Zadig lies in the conceptions of which he is the putative father; and his biographer has stated these with so much clearness and vivacious illustration, that we need hardly feel a pang, even if critical

research should prove King Moabdar and all the rest of the story to be unhistorical, and reduce Zadig himself to the shadowy condition of a solar myth.

Voltaire tells us that, disenchanted with life by sundry domestic misadventures, Zadig withdrew from the turmoil of Babylon to a secluded retreat on the banks of the Euphrates, where he beguiled his solitude by the study of nature. The manifold wonders of the world of life had a particular attraction for the lonely student; incessant and patient observation of the plants and animals about him sharpened his naturally good powers of observation and of reasoning; until, at length, he acquired a sagacity which enabled him to perceive endless minute differences among objects which, to the untutored eye, appeared absolutely alike.

It might have been expected that this enlargement of the powers of the mind and of its store of natural knowledge could tend to nothing but the increase of a man's own welfare and the good of his fellow-men. But Zadig was fated to experience the vanity of such expectations.

One day, walking near a little wood, he saw, hastening that way, one of the Queen's chief eunuchs, followed by a troop of officials, who appeared to be in the greatest anxiety, running hither and thither like men distraught, in search of some lost treasure.

"Young man," cried the eunuch, "have you seen the Queen's dog?" Zadig answered modestly, "A bitch, I think, not a dog." "Quite right," replied the eunuch; and Zadig continued, "A very small spaniel who has lately had puppies; she limps with the left foreleg, and has very long ears." "Ah! you have seen her then," said the breathless eunuch. "No," answered Zadig, "I have not seen her; and I really was not aware that the Queen possessed a spaniel."

By an odd coincidence, at the very same time, the handsomest horse in the King's stables broke away from his groom in the Babylonian plains. The grand huntsman and all his staff were seeking the horse with as much anxiety as the eunuch and his people the spaniel; and the grand huntsman asked Zadig if he had not seen the King's horse go that way.

"A first-rate galloper, small-hoofed, five feet high; tail three feet and a half long; cheek pieces of the bit of twenty-three carat gold; shoes silver?" said Zadig.

"Which way did he go? Where is he?" cried the grand huntsman.

"I have not seen anything of the horse, and I never heard of him before," replied Zadig.

The grand huntsman and the chief eunuch made sure that Zadig had stolen both the

King's horse and the Queen's spaniel, so they haled him before the High Court of Desterham, which at once condemned him to the knout and transportation for life to Siberia. But the sentence was hardly pronounced when the lost horse and spaniel were found. So the judges were under the painful necessity of reconsidering their decision: but they fined Zadig four hundred ounces of gold for saying he had seen that which he had not seen.

The first thing was to pay the fine; afterward Zadig was permitted to open his defence to the court, which he did in the following terms:

"Stars of justice, abysses of knowledge, mirrors of truth, whose gravity is as that of lead, whose inflexibility is as that of iron, who rival the diamond in clearness, and possess no little affinity with gold; since I am permitted to address your august assembly, I swear by Ormuzd that I have never seen the respectable lady dog of the Queen, nor beheld the sacrosanct horse of the King of Kings.

"This is what happened. I was taking a walk toward the little wood near which I subsequently had the honor to meet the venerable chief eunuch and the most illustrious grand huntsman. I noticed the track of an animal in the sand, and it was easy to see that it was that of a small dog. Long faint streaks upon the little elevations of sand between the foot-marks convinced me that it was a she dog with pendent dugs—showing that she must have had puppies not many days since. Other scrapings of the sand, which always lay close to the marks of the forepaws, indicated that she had very long ears; and, as the imprint of one foot was always fainter than those of the other three, I judged that the lady dog of our august Queen was, if I may venture to say so, a little lame.

"With respect to the horse of the King of Kings, permit me to observe that, wandering through the paths which traverse the wood, I noticed the marks of horseshoes. They were all equidistant. 'Ah!' said I, 'this is a famous galloper.' In a narrow alley, only seven feet wide, the dust upon the trunks of the trees was a little disturbed at three feet and a half from the middle of the path. 'This horse,' said I to myself, 'had a tail three feet and a half long, and, lashing it from one side to the other, he has swept away the dust.' Branches of the trees met overhead at the height of five feet, and under them I saw newly fallen leaves; so I knew that the horse had brushed some of the branches, and was therefore five feet high. As to his bit, it must have been made of twenty-three carat gold, for he had rubbed it against a stone, which turned out to be a touchstone, with the properties of which I am familiar by experiment. Lastly, by the marks which his shoes left upon pebbles of another kind, I was led to think that his shoes were of fine silver."

All the judges admired Zadig's profound and subtle discernment; and the fame of it reached even the King and the Queen. From the ante-rooms to the presence-chamber Zadig's name was in everybody's mouth; and, although many of the magi were of opinion that he ought

to be burned as a sorcerer; the King commanded that the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been fined should be restored to him. So the officers of the court went in state with the four hundred ounces; only they retained three hundred and ninety-eight for legal expenses, and their servants expected fees.

Those who are interested in learning more of the fateful history of Zadig must turn to the original; we are dealing with him only as a philosopher, and this brief excerpt suffices for the exemplification of the nature of his conclusions and of the method by which he arrived at them.

These conclusions may be said to be of the nature of retrospective prophecies; though it is perhaps a little hazardous to employ phraseology which perilously suggests a contradiction in terms—the word “prophecy” being so constantly in ordinary use restricted to “foretelling.” Strictly, however, the term prophecy as much applies to outspeaking as to foretelling; and even in the restricted sense of “divination” it is obvious that the essence of the prophetic operation does not lie in its backward or forward relation to the course of time, but in the fact that it is the apprehension of that which lies out of the sphere of immediate knowledge; the seeing of that which to the natural sense of the seer is invisible.

The foreteller asserts that, at some future time, a properly situated observer will witness certain events; the clairvoyant declares that, at this present time, certain things are to be witnessed a thousand miles away; the retrospective prophet (would that there were such a word as “backteller”!) affirms that so many hours or years ago such and such things were to be seen. In all these cases it is only the relation to time which alters—the process of divination beyond the limits of possible direct knowledge remains the same.

No doubt it was their instinctive recognition of the analogy between Zadig's results and those obtained by authorized inspiration which inspired the Babylonian magi with the desire to burn the philosopher. Zadig admitted that he had never either seen or heard of the horse of the king, or of the spaniel of the queen; and yet he ventured to assert in the most positive manner that animals answering to their description did ac-

tually exist, and ran about the plains of Babylon. If his method was good for the divination of the course of events ten hours old, why should it not be good for those of ten years or ten centuries past; nay, might it not extend to ten thousand years, and justify the impious in meddling with the traditions of Oannes and the fish, and all the sacred foundations of Babylonian cosmogony?

But this was not the worst. There was another consideration which obviously dictated to the more thoughtful of the magi the propriety of burning Zadig out of hand. His defence was worse than his offence. It showed that his mode of divination was fraught with danger to magianism in general. Swollen with the pride of human reason, he had ignored the established canons of magian lore; and, trusting to what after all was mere carnal common-sense, he professed to lead men to a deeper insight into nature than magian wisdom, with all its lofty antagonism to everything common, had ever reached. What, in fact, lay at the foundation of all Zadig's arguments but the coarse commonplace assumption, upon which every act of our daily lives is based, that we may conclude from an effect to the pre-existence of a cause competent to produce that effect?

The tracks were exactly like those which dogs and horses leave; therefore they were the effects of such animals as causes. The marks at the sides of the fore prints of the dog track were exactly such as would be produced by long trailing ears; therefore the dog's long ears were the causes of these marks—and so on. Nothing can be more hopelessly vulgar, more unlike the majestic development of a system of grandly unintelligible conclusions from sublimely inconceivable premises, such as delights the magian heart. In fact, Zadig's method was nothing but the method of all mankind. Retrospective prophecies, far more astonishing for their minute accuracy than those of Zadig, are familiar to those who have watched the daily life of nomadic people.

From freshly broken twigs, crushed leaves, disturbed pebbles, and imprints hardly discernible by the untrained eye, such graduates in the University of Nature will divine, not only the fact that

a party has passed that way, but its strength, its composition, the course it took, and the number of hours or days which have elapsed since it passed. But they are able to do this because, like Zadig, they perceive endless minute differences where untrained eyes discern nothing; and because the unconscious logic of common-sense compels them to account for these effects by the causes which they know to be competent to produce them.

And such mere methodized savagery was to discover the hidden things of nature better than *à priori* deductions from the nature of Ormuzd—perhaps to give a history of the past, in which Oannes would be altogether ignored! Decidedly it were better to burn this man at once.

If instinct or an unwonted use of reason led Moabdar's magi to this conclusion two or three thousand years ago, all that can be said is that subsequent history has fully justified them. For the rigorous application of Zadig's logic to the results of accurate and long-continued observation has founded all those sciences which have been termed historical or palætiological, because they are retrospectively prophetic and strive toward the reconstruction in human imagination of events which have vanished and ceased to be.

History, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is based upon the interpretation of documentary evidence; and documents would have no evidential value unless historians were justified in their assumption that they have come into existence by the operation of causes similar to those of which documents are, in our present experience, the effects. If a written history can be produced otherwise than by human agency, or if the man who wrote a given document was actuated by other than ordinary human motives, such documents are of no more evidential value than so many arabesques.

Archæology, which takes up the thread of history beyond the point at which documentary evidence fails us, could have no existence, except for our well-grounded confidence that monuments and works of art, or artifice, have never been produced by causes different in kind from those to which they now owe their

origin. And geology, which traces back the course of history beyond the limits of archæology, could tell us nothing except for the assumption that, millions of years ago, water, heat, gravitation, friction, animal and vegetable life caused effects of the same kind as they do now. Nay, even physical astronomy, in so far as it takes us back to the uttermost point of time which palætiological science can reach, is founded upon the same assumption. If the law of gravitation ever failed to be true, even to the smallest extent, for that period, the calculations of the astronomer have no application.

The power of prediction, of prospective prophecy, is that which is commonly regarded as the great prerogative of physical science. And truly it is a wonderful fact that one can go into a shop and buy for small price a book, the "Nautical Almanac," which will foretell the exact position to be occupied by one of Jupiter's moons six months hence; nay more, that, if it were worth while, the Astronomer Royal could furnish us with as infallible a prediction applicable to 1980 or 2980.

But astronomy is not less remarkable for its power of retrospective prophecy.

Thales, oldest of Greek philosophers, the dates of whose birth and death are uncertain, but who flourished about 600 B.C., is said to have foretold an eclipse of the sun which took place in his time during a battle between the Medes and the Lydians. Sir George Airy has written a very learned and interesting memoir,* in which he proves that such an eclipse was visible in Lydia on the afternoon of the 28th of May in the year 585 B.C.

No one doubts that, on the day and at the hour mentioned by the Astronomer Royal, the people of Asia Minor saw the face of the sun totally obscured. But, though we implicitly believe this retrospective prophecy, it is incapable of verification. It is impossible even to conceive any means of ascertaining directly whether the eclipse of Thales happened or not. All that can be said is, that the prospective prophecies of the astronomer are always verified; and that, inasmuch as his retrospective proph-

* "On the Eclipses of Agathocles, Thales, and Xerxes," "Philosophical Transactions," vol. cxliii

ecies are the result of following backward the very same method as that which invariably leads to verified results when it is worked forward, there is as much reason for placing full confidence in the one as in the other. Retrospective prophecy is therefore a legitimate function of astronomical science; and if it is legitimate for one science it is legitimate for all; the fundamental axiom on which it rests, the constancy of the order of nature, being the common foundation of all scientific thought. Indeed, if there can be grades in legitimacy, certain branches of science have the advantage over astronomy, in so far as their retrospective prophecies are not only susceptible of verification, but are sometimes strikingly verified.

Such a science exists in that application of the principles of biology to the interpretation of the animal and vegetable remains imbedded in the rocks which compose the surface of the globe, which is called Palæontology.

At no very distant time the question whether these so-called "fossils" were really the remains of animals and plants was hotly disputed. Very learned persons maintained that they were nothing of the kind, but a sort of concretion or crystallization which had taken place within the stone in which they are found, and which simulated the forms of animal and vegetable life, just as frost on a window-pane imitates vegetation. At the present day it would probably be impossible to find any sane advocate of this opinion; and the fact is rather surprising, that among the people from whom the circle-squarers, perpetual-motioners, flat-earth men and the like, are recruited, to say nothing of table-turners and spirit-rappers, somebody has not perceived the easy avenue to nonsensical notoriety open to any one who will take up the good old doctrine, that fossils are all *lusus nature*.

The position would be impregnable, inasmuch as it is quite impossible to prove the contrary. If a man choose to maintain that a fossil oyster shell, in spite of its correspondence, down to every minutest particular, with that of an oyster fresh taken out of the sea, was never tenanted by a living oyster, but is a mineral concretion, there is no demonstrating his error. All that can be done

is to show him that, by a parity of reasoning, he is bound to admit that a heap of oyster shells outside a fishmonger's door may also be "sports of nature," and that a mutton bone in a dust-bin may have had the like origin. And when you cannot prove that people are wrong, but only that they are absurd, the best course is to let them alone.

The whole fabric of palæontology, in fact, falls to the ground unless we admit the validity of Zadig's great principle, that like effects imply like causes; and that the process of reasoning from a shell, or a tooth, or a bone, to the nature of the animal to which it belonged, rests absolutely on the assumption that the likeness of this shell, or tooth, or bone to that of some animal with which we are already acquainted, is such that we are justified in inferring a corresponding degree of likeness in the rest of the two organisms. It is on this very simple principle, and not upon imaginary laws of physiological correlation, about which, in most cases, we know nothing whatever, that the so-called restorations of the palæontologist are based.

Abundant illustrations of this truth will occur to every one who is familiar with palæontology; none is more suitable than the case of the so-called *Belemnites*. In the early days of the study of fossils, this name was given to certain elongated stony bodies, ending at one extremity in a conical point, and truncated at the other, which were commonly reputed to be thunderbolts, and as such to have descended from the sky. They are common enough in some parts of England; and, in the condition in which they are ordinarily found, it might be difficult to give satisfactory reasons for denying them to be merely mineral bodies.

They appear, in fact, to consist of nothing but concentric layers of carbonate of lime, disposed in subcrystalline fibres, or prisms, perpendicular to the layers. Among a great number of specimens of these *Belemnites*, however, it was soon observed that some showed a conical cavity at the blunt end; and, in still better preserved specimens, this cavity appeared to be divided into chambers by delicate saucer-shaped partitions situated at regular intervals one above the other. Now there is no mineral body

which presents any structure comparable to this, and the conclusion suggested itself that the Belemnites must be the effects of causes other than those which are at work in inorganic nature. On close examination the saucer-shaped partitions were proved to be all perforated at one point, and the perforations being situated exactly in the same line, the chambers were seen to be traversed by a canal, or *siphuncle*, which thus connected the smallest or apical chamber with the largest. There is nothing like this in the vegetable world; but an exactly corresponding structure is met with in the shells of two kinds of existing animals, the pearly *Nautilus* and the *Spirula*, and only in them. These animals belong to the same division—the *Cephalopoda*—as the cuttle-fish, the squid, and the octopus. But they are the only existing members of the group which possess chambered, siphunculated shells; and it is utterly impossible to trace any physiological connection between the very peculiar structural characters of a cephalopod and the presence of a chambered shell. In fact, the squid has, instead of any such shell, a horny "pen," the cuttle-fish has the so-called "cuttle bone," and the octopus has no shell at all, or a mere rudiment of one.

Nevertheless, seeing that there is nothing in nature at all like the chambered shell of the Belemnite, except the shells of the *Nautilus* and of the *Spirula*, it was legitimate to prophecy that the animal from which the fossil proceeded must have belonged to the group of the *Cephalopoda*. *Nautilus* and *Spirula* are both very rare animals, but the progress of investigation brought to light the singular fact that, though each has the characteristic cephalopodous organization, it is very different from the other. The shell of *Nautilus* is external, that of *Spirula* internal; *Nautilus* has four gills, *Spirula* two; *Nautilus* has multitudinous tentacles, *Spirula* has only ten arms beset with horny rimmed suckers; *Spirula*, like the squids and cuttle-fishes, which it closely resembles, has a bag of ink which it squirts out to cover its retreat when alarmed; *Nautilus* has none.

No amount of physiological reasoning could enable any one to say whether the animal which fabricated the Belemnite was more like *Nautilus* or more like

Spirula. But the accidental discovery of Belemnites in due connection with black elongated masses which were certainly fossilized ink-bags, inasmuch as the ink could be ground up and used for painting as well as if it were recent sepia, settled the question; and it became perfectly safe to prophesy that the creature which fabricated the Belemnite was a two-gilled cephalopod with suckers on its arms, and with all the other essential features of our living squids, cuttle-fishes and *Spirulae*. The palæontologist was, by this time, able to speak as confidently about the animal of the Belemnite as Zadig was respecting the queen's spaniel. He could give a very fair description of its external appearance, and even enter pretty fully into the details of its internal organization, and yet could declare that neither he nor any one else had ever seen one. And as the queen's spaniel was found, so, happily, has the animal of the Belemnite, a few exceptionally preserved specimens having been discovered which completely verify the retrospective prophecy of those who interpreted the facts of the case by due application of the method of Zadig.

These Belemnites flourished in prodigious abundance in the seas of the mesozoic or secondary age of the world's geological history; but no trace of them has been found in any of the tertiary deposits, and they appear to have died out toward the close of the mesozoic epoch. The method of Zadig, therefore, applies in full force to the events of a period which is immeasurably remote, which long preceded the origin of the most conspicuous mountain masses of the present world and the deposition, at the bottom of the ocean, of the rocks which form the greater part of the soil of our present continents. The Euphrates itself, at the mouth of which Oannes landed, is a thing of yesterday compared with a Belemnite; and even the liberal chronology of Magian cosmogony fixes the beginning of the world only at a time when other applications of Zadig's method afford convincing evidence that, could we have been there to see, things would have looked very much as they do now. Truly the magi were wise in their generation; they foresaw rightly that this pestilent application of the princi-

ples of common-sense inaugurated by Zadig would be their ruin.

But it may be said that the method of Zadig, which is simple reasoning from analogy, does not account for the most striking feats of modern palæontology—the reconstruction of entire animals from a tooth or perhaps a fragment of a bone; and it may be justly urged that Cuvier, the great master of this kind of investigation, gave a very different account of the process which yielded such remarkable results.

Cuvier is not the first man of ability who has failed to make his own mental processes clear to himself, and he will not be the last. The matter can be easily tested. Search the eight volumes of the "*Recherches sur les Ossements fossiles*" from cover to cover, and no reasoning from physiological necessities—nothing but the application of the method of Zadig pure and simple—will be found.

There is one well-known case which may represent all. It is an excellent illustration of Cuvier's sagacity, and he evidently takes some pride in telling his story about it. A split slab of stone arrived from the quarries of Montmartre, the two halves of which contained the greater part of the skeleton of a small animal. On careful examinations of the characters of the teeth and of the lower jaw, which happened to be exposed, Cuvier assured himself that they presented such a very close resemblance to the corresponding parts in the living opossum that he at once assigned the fossil to that genus.

Now the opossums are unlike most mammals in that they possess two bones attached to the forepart of the pelvis, which are commonly called "marsupial bones." The name is a misnomer, originally conferred because it was thought that these bones have something to do with the support of the pouch, or marsupium, with which some, but not all, of the opossums are provided. As a matter of fact they have nothing to do with the support of the pouch, and they exist as much in those opossums which have no pouches as in those which possess them. In truth, no one knows what the use of these bones may be, nor has any valid theory of their physiological import yet been suggested. And if we have no knowledge of the physio-

logical importance of the bones themselves, it is obviously absurd to pretend that we are able to give physiological reasons why the presence of these bones is associated with certain peculiarities of the teeth and of the jaws. If any one knows why four molar teeth and an inflected angle of the jaw are almost always found along with marsupial bones, he has not yet communicated that knowledge to the world.

If, however, Zadig was right in concluding from the likeness of the hoof-prints which he observed to a horse's that the creature which made them had a tail like that of a horse, Cuvier, seeing that the teeth and jaw of his fossil were just like those of an opossum, had the same right to conclude that the pelvis would also be like an opossum's; and so strong was his conviction that this retrospective prophecy about an animal which he had never seen before, and which had been dead and buried for millions of years, would be verified, that he went to work upon the slab which contained the pelvis in confident expectation of finding and laying bare the "marsupial bones," to the satisfaction of some persons whom he had invited to witness their disinterment. As he says: "Cette opération se fit en présence de quelques personnes à qui j'en avais annoncé d'avance le résultat, dans l'intention de leur prouver par le fait la justice de nos théories zoologiques; puisque le vrai cachet d'une théorie est sans contredit la faculté qu'elle donne de prévoir les phénomènes."

In the "*Ossements fossiles*" Cuvier leaves his paper just as it first appeared in the "*Annales du Muséum*," as "a curious monument of the force of zoological laws and of the use which may be made of them."

Zoological laws truly, but not physiological laws. If one sees a live dog's head, it is extremely probable that a dog's tail is not far off, though nobody can say why that sort of head and that sort of tail go together; what physiological connection there is between the two. So in the case of the Montmartre fossil, Cuvier, finding a thorough opossum's head, concluded that the pelvis also would be like an opossum's. But, most assuredly, the most advanced physiologist of the present day could throw no

light on the question why these are associated, or could pretend to affirm that the existence of the one is necessarily connected with that of the other. In fact, had it so happened that the pelvis of the fossil had been originally exposed while the head lay hidden, the presence of the "marsupial bones," however like they might have been to an opossum's, would by no means have warranted the prediction that the skull would turn out to be that of the opossum. It might just as well have been like that of some other Marsupial, or even like that of the totally different group of Monotremes, of which the only living representatives are the *Echidna* and the *Ornithorhynchus*.

For all practical purposes, however, the empirical laws of co-ordination of structures which are embodied in the generalizations of morphology may be confidently trusted, if employed with due caution, to lead to a just interpretation of fossil remains; or, in other words, we may look for the verification of the retrospective prophecies which are based upon them.

And if this be the case, the late advances which have been made in palæontological discovery open out a new field for such prophecies. For it has been ascertained with respect to many groups of animals, that, as we trace them back in time, their ancestors gradually cease to exhibit those special modifications which at present characterize the type, and more nearly embody the general plan of the group to which they belong.

Thus, in the well-known case of the horse, the toes which are suppressed in the living horse are found to be more and more complete in the older members of the group, until, at the bottom of the Tertiary series of America, we find an equine animal which has four toes in front and three behind. No remains of the horse-tribe are at present

known from any Mesozoic deposit. Yet who can doubt that, whenever a sufficiently extensive series of lacustrine and fluviatile beds of that age becomes known, the lineage which has been traced thus far will be continued by equine quadrupeds with an increasing number of digits, until the horse type merges in the five-toed form toward which these gradations point?

But the argument which holds good for the horse holds good, not only for all mammals, but for the whole animal world. And as the study of the pedigrees or lines of evolution to which at present we have access brings to light, as it assuredly will do, the laws of that process, we shall be able to reason from the facts with which the geological record furnishes us to those which have hitherto remained, and many of which, perhaps, may forever remain, hidden. The same method of reasoning which enables us, when furnished with a fragment of an extinct animal, to prophecy the character which the whole organism exhibited, will, sooner or later, enable us, when we know a few of the later terms of the genealogical series, to predict the nature of the earlier terms.

In no very distant future the method of Zadig, applied to a greater body of facts than the present generation is fortunate enough to handle, will enable the biologist to reconstruct the scheme of life from its beginning, and to speak as confidently of the character of long extinct living beings, no trace of which has been preserved, as Zadig did of the queen's spaniel and the king's horse. Let us hope that they may be better rewarded for their toil and their sagacity than was the Babylonian philosopher; for perhaps, by that time, the Magi also may be reckoned among the members of a forgotten Fauna, extinguished in the struggle for existence against their great rival common-sense. — *The Nineteenth Century*.

SUICIDE.

MOST of us regard suicide in its impious aspects only. We see in it a religious crime; and its criminality against Heaven seems to us so thorough that it blinds us to the other features of the

subject. Habit produces its usual effect in the matter; we have grown accustomed to one single view of self-murder, and we shrink instinctively from any other. Yet it is an act which, by its

nature and history, most certainly deserves wider and more philosophical consideration. However inexcusable it may appear to us, religiously, it merits less prejudiced treatment than we commonly accord to it. It is not simply a sin; it is something else besides. It has always played, and is still playing, a part among us which entitles it, uncontestedly, to be classed among moral phenomena. The causes which produce it are unceasingly at work; a number of suffering minds are always tending toward it; it is, in civilized countries, an inevitable malady; it is, within certain limits, a matter of automatic average—like rain or inflammation of the lungs; it has to happen; it is a social resultant rather than an individual act. Buckle says that "suicide is merely a product of the general condition of society," and that "in a given state of society a certain number of persons must put an end to their own life." Quetelet goes farther still. He proves his belief in the natural inherence of suicide among us, by asserting that "it is society which prepares the crime: the guilty man is only an instrument of execution." And many other writers express the same ideas in similar language. If, then, suicide is as inevitable as forgery, or whooping-cough, or hunger; if it is immanent in our natures, we should be wise to imitate the example which some other nations set us—to count it as a form of disease rather than as a shape of guilt, to regard it with pity rather than with horror, and to cease to seek the remedy for it (if any remedy there be) in either punishment or public scorn. It is idle to turn away from it with dread, and to call it shocking. That sort of way of dealing with it does not stop it; on the contrary, in the face of our British feelings of repulsion, it has been increasing all over Europe, during the last hundred years, with strangely augmenting speed.

But let it be at once added that antipathy to self-killing, on religious grounds, constitutes, all the same, the only effective bar to it which has thus far been discovered; and that, as we shall see presently, it is precisely the diminution of religious antipathy which explains the recent large extension of suicide. In suggesting that a larger and

more general popular view might usefully be taken of the subject as a whole, we strongly insist, at the same time, on the practical usefulness and healthy effects of the purely religious objections to self-murder. They alone have controlled it in the past; they alone seem capable, so far as we can at present judge, of holding it in the future. No other regulating force appears to be available. Human advice is powerless. All the piles of books which have been written about suicide; all the moral, philosophical, legal, medicinal, statistical, and devotional treatises which have been composed—in all languages—with respect to it, have failed to exercise the faintest effect upon it: even laws of barbarous severity have been insufficient to stop it. And why? Not only because it is "a social resultant"—not only because it is a chronic need—but also, and still more, because it is one of the forms of the pursuit of happiness; because it is an outburst of the universal appetite for calm; because every man who wilfully terminates his life does so, necessarily, with the idea of improving his condition. Therein lies the natural explanation of suicide. For the man without religion it is the most active fashion of bettering himself which the world has yet invented. "Happiness," as Pascal says, "is the object of all the actions of all men—even of those who kill themselves;" but the happiness sought for in the voluntary suppression of existence is of an altogether special kind, apart from and beyond all else. It stands by itself, alone; it is the most exclusively personal of all the forms of gratification. No other deed is so intensely individual or so profoundly selfish; no other act is so restively independent or so inquisitively experimental.

For these reasons we ought to contemplate it as something else and more than a purely religious iniquity. We ought to remember that our particular views about it are not held in other lands with the same rigor as among ourselves. In many neighboring countries suicide has almost lost the character of a sin. In several of them it has ceased to be a civil crime. And we should also remind ourselves that, wrong as we consider it to be now, it has not always been wrong. The impression

that it is wicked is relatively modern. There is not one single word about it in the Bible; the ancient legislations made no clear sign against it; our actual ideas upon it had no place either in the Old Testament, or in the Gospel, or in the Oriental theologies, or in the pagan codes;—they are comparatively young notions. Nobody objected seriously to suicide in the old days. Even Plato and Socrates, whom we take to have been wise men, contented themselves with expressing a few vague reservations on the matter, the sole effect of which was to reduce it to a question of opportunism. And as to Moses, it is an altogether gratuitous assumption to pretend that the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill" applies necessarily to one's self as well as to other people. The truth is, that self-murder is no more forbidden in the Bible than polygamy is; and a good many notable Jews profited by the absence of interdiction to act for themselves in the matter, apparently on the principle that "what is not prohibited is permitted." The "Non occides" may or may not have meant, "Thou shalt not commit suicide;" but it did not say so, and therefore it left the matter open. Josephus, it is true, does imply that self-killing was contrary to the Law; but that is only second-hand testimony: the Bible, the one source of Protestant conviction, is dumb. Objections to suicide did not take public form until Christianity had acquired strength, and was becoming the master of opinions as well as the guide of consciences. These objections were among the developments of the new faith; but they were never heard of as general propositions until the new faith had become solidly established, and they are scarcely recognized, even now, outside Christianity. Mohammedanism alone has copied them from us. Consequently, let us remember that these objections are not human but Christian; and, furthermore, that they are not Christian by the teaching of the Bible, but solely by the teaching of the Church. The Church filled up that chasm in the Bible, as it made good a quantity of other gaps in the sacred book. It trained minds into a new groove on the subject: under its guidance suicide gradually assumed, for the

first time in history, a mixed character of mutiny, stupidity, and horror. We English people of to-day have learned to see in it not only a monstrous self-indulgence, but also an atrocious crime and an idiotic cowardice. We deny its pretension to be a grasp at peace and a declaration of liberty; we proclaim it to be a grasp at the unknown and a declaration of revolt. Our present theory is that a sufferer is bound to live out his life, like Job, and has no right to put an end to it because it is not worth having, like Cato of Utica.

Now, the fact that there has been so utter a change of feeling about suicide supplies it with an additional claim to our attention. Until a few hundred years ago the whole earth regarded voluntary death as a natural resource in moments of difficulty: no proceeding was more worthy of a gentleman. A due sufficiency of cause was insisted on only by a small minority of philosophers, who liked to see a good reason for all things that happen, and who delicately thought, with Cicero, that "the deity which exercises a sovereign power over us does not allow us to quit life without his permission; but when he awakens in us a just desire of death, then the true wise man ought to pass with pleasure from these shades to celestial brightness." Seneca, on the contrary, did not think it worth while to wait for the divine inspiration of "a just desire." In his eyes death was a purely human solution, to be adopted as soon as it became "stupid to live." He said, "If I suffer from disease, I should not kill myself to escape from pain, for that would be an act of cowardice; but if I perceive that my disease is incurable, I should end my life, because the disease would deprive me of all which can render life worth having. It is cowardly to die to escape suffering; it is stupid to live in order to suffer." But notwithstanding this difference of view as to justifying causes, both Cicero and Seneca regarded suicide as the natural remedy for the annoyances of existence; and they would probably have pitied posterity if they could have foreseen that what seemed to them to be a self-evident corrective for the ills of life, would afterward become converted into one of the blackest iniquities that men

can commit. Their sole consolation would have been to notice that the change came very slowly. The recognition of the merits of voluntary death was so universal that time was needed to stamp it out. It was felt so keenly in the Roman Empire that the maxim "*mori licet cui vivere non placet*" was invented to express it. The Germanic and the Celtic races were all full of it; and in Asia it was perhaps still more deeply rooted. Even now it is not eradicated there; for Brahminism has imposed it, in many forms, as a religious act, while Buddhism has not forbidden it. Mohammed alone, of the founders of the great Eastern faiths, has spoken out against it. China still respects and practices suicide; and Japan has given it up, as an officially organized institution, within the last few years only, on the ground that it is in contradiction with the spirit of progress which now animates her.

In the face of such a world-wide usage the Church was obliged to move with prudent tardiness. Suicide was not canonically pronounced to be a mortal sin until the Council of Arles in 452; and a hundred years more went by before it was declared, at the Councils of Bragues and Auxerre, that Christian sepulture should be refused to the bodies of persons who killed themselves. But even then, after this example had been given by the ecclesiastical authority, civil legislation was in no hurry to follow. Down to the time of Charlemagne reluctances still showed themselves; it was not until the great Emperor was buried that the Codes began (under pressure from the Church) to confirm the refusal of prayers in cases of suicide. This helped to conquer hesitations: the feeling on the matter began to grow in every Christian land; it became, by degrees, intensely bitter; and at last self-killing got to be regarded as a hideously criminal offence, and became punishable with all the ferocities that the inventive cruelty of the Middle Ages could devise. Before 1270, St. Louis prescribed the confiscation of the property of all persons who made away with themselves, and in this way associated their families in the disgrace and the punishment of their act. And then, at the commencement of the fourteenth

century, a tide of still intenser fierceness began to mount, and nations set to work to compete with each other in the contriving of new barbarities and of fresh contumelies. In some countries the bodies of self-murderers were dragged through the streets face downward, on a hurdle, and thrown on to the public dirt-heap, or else hung up to rot; in others they were buried in a highway with a stake driven through them; in others, again, they were not allowed to be brought out at the door of the house, but were pulled through a hole dug under it on purpose. Michelet tells us, in his "*Origines du Droit Français*," that "if a man stabbed himself, a piece of wood, with the dagger in it, was stuck into the ground at his head; if he drowned himself in the sea, he was buried on the shore five feet from the water; if he drowned himself in a well, he was interred on a hill, with three stones on him—one on the head, one on the chest, and one on the feet." The practice of trying corpses for self-murder grew largely into use, which was but natural; for what more convenient fashion of obtaining money could a seigneur employ than to seize the inheritance of a dead man? Why, Dangeau declares that the ladies of the Court of Versailles used to augment their pin-money by wheedling the king into giving them grants of these strange legacies! The treatment of the dead grew so outrageous that Montesquieu exclaimed, "The laws are furious against those who kill themselves; they are forced, as it were, to die a second time. It seems to me that these laws are very unjust."

Other people thought so too. The philosophers of the eighteenth century began to attack this cruel legislation. Beccaria followed them: he said, with infinite force and truth, in his admirable treatise on crime and punishment, "Suicide is an offence which is not susceptible of any punishment, properly so called, for punishment can fall only on a lifeless body or on innocent heirs. But punishment enforced on the lifeless remains of a convict is much like whipping a statue; while its application to an innocent family is odious and tyrannical, for there is an end of liberty if punishment ceases to be purely personal." All these arguments were,

however, useless. It was not until the Revolution that this monstrous jurisprudence was suppressed in France, and, by her example, throughout almost all the rest of Europe successively. As has been already said, suicide is no longer a civil crime in several continental countries. The Code Napoléon takes no notice of it. In Germany some of the local laws still forbid religious burial for suicided persons, while others are silent on the subject; no fixed rule exists there—unless indeed the new Empire has recently introduced uniformity of action. In England legislation contradicts itself on this subject, as on so many others: suicide is murder, but the attempt to commit it is only a misdemeanor; so that, in our hands, the legal gravity of the act lies, not in the intention, but in success.

With such a fluctuating history as this before us, we ought in fairness to regard with patience the opinions contrary to our own which so many of our predecessors have held on the question, and which so many of our contemporaries still entertain. However certain we may be that our view is the only right one, we ought, on the undeniable principle that "every feeling really felt is true in the person who feels it," to contemplate without too angry blame the unlucky people who are impelled to kill themselves. And we ought to do this all the more because of the generalized character and universal action of suicide—because of its application in all classes as well as in all time. Historically, of course, it presents the aspects of a luxury; for history talks only of the examples of it which have been supplied by the rich, the learned, and the high-placed. But in reality it has always been, and still is, essentially a poor man's remedy; it has prompted the vulgar more than the delicate, the rough more than the polished. It admits no exclusions from the ranks of its victims. Furthermore, it is not always easy to determine what is suicide and what is not. There are scrupulous persons who might imagine that Samson put himself within it when he pulled down the columns of Gaza upon his head; or that Regulus ran too closely to the wind when he went back to Carthage on purpose to be murdered. Peo-

ple, indeed, might not impossibly be found who would go further still—who, captiously and censoriously, would ask whether a sailor has a right to blow up his ship rather than haul down his flag, or a soldier to refuse quarter rather than be taken prisoner—and who would deny that the particular emotion called patriotism can take away the stain from these forms of voluntary death.

It has been already remarked that a signal revival of suicide has occurred during the last hundred years. Its rate, calculated as an average on the entire population of Europe, without distinction of nationality or of local variations, seems to have more than quintupled since the middle of last century. Exact returns are not obtainable from every country, but the information is sufficiently complete to enable us to perceive that Europeans are now killing themselves at an average annual rate of one in five thousand; and that, consequently, a total of somewhere about 60,000 persons are dying by their own hand each year on the Continent and in the British Isles. One fourth of them, in round figures, are mad; the rest act knowingly, with a view to some presumed advantage. And it must not be forgotten that the numbers are constantly and regularly increasing, and also that they include only the suicides which are officially known and those which succeed; neither those which are concealed by families nor the unsuccessful attempts are counted anywhere. Consequently, if we wish to correctly value the force of the present distinctly-marked reawakening of the suicidal tendency, we must add a good deal for undetected cases and for failures. Ineffectual ventures especially would seem, from private information, to be considerably more abundant than is commonly imagined. It would probably be quite safe to suppose that these two unappended elements increase the European annual total by one half, so carrying it to about 90,000.

The rates vary, however, very largely in different countries, with local conditions, with race, with latitude, with education. The figures are immensely higher, as a general rule, in the North (excepting only Russia) than in the South, and in towns than in the country. It is

not easy to collect absolutely reliable returns for each separate land ; but if we may trust M. Maurice Block, who is about the safest statistician of our time, the Danes kill themselves the most, and the Portuguese the least, the difference between these two extremes reaching the scarcely credible proportion of 35 to 1. Saxony, Prussia, France, and Norway follow next to Denmark, and after these come successively Bavaria, England, Belgium, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Spain. Throughout the Continent, with few exceptions, the rate of suicide diminishes with latitude. The causes of this unconformity have been keenly discussed, and, as we shall see presently, their main outlines have been approximately traced ; but the subject is so full of complications, of details, and of intermixing and counteracting agencies that we are still far from a complete general view of the laws which guide it. We do know positively that climate has nothing whatever to do with it, but that is only a negative discovery. No author has yet collected data as to the comparative influence on the suicidal disposition of the special conditions of life, of health, of character in each district of Europe, so as to enable him to point with certainty to the precise reasons why a good many of the inhabitants of one province should elect to kill themselves, while almost all those of another province should prefer natural deaths. There is a curious and interesting investigation to be made here : it is possible that the information exists already, locally, and that it only needs to be agglomerated ; but, thus far, no one has undertaken the task of drawing it together, and we must continue for the present in ignorance of the principles which regulate the geographical distribution of suicide in Europe.

But if we cannot see our way yet with precision on this part of the question, we are better informed as to the causes of the prevalence of suicide in towns as compared with the country. We know, for instance, very exactly, why one inhabitant in eighteen hundred kills himself each year in Paris ; and we can judge approximately, from that example, of the state of things in other cities. No insight into the sufferings and the desperations which may exist unseen in

dense populations can be more instructive or more impressive than that which is offered to us by the detailed list of the motives of the eleven hundred yearly suicides of Paris. All the habitual forms of desolation and hopelessness are enumerated there ; and if their stranger and more unwonted shapes are not included too, we may be sure that the sole reason is that no official denomination exists for them in the technical language of police offices ; they operate—but they operate unnamed. The catalogue is, however, long enough and sad enough as it is ; it amply sets forth the miseries which are generated by life in crowds, and the crimes which those miseries entail. And as these miseries act mainly on the laboring classes, it is natural that the great majority of the suicides should be found among the poor : five sixths of them, in round figures, are shown by the registers to be committed by working people. But it should be at once added that this proportion is in no way special to Paris, or indeed to any town or any land ; it is approximately the same everywhere. In no case do the upper classes or the liberal professions constitute more than a fifth or a sixth of the published totals ; and that is why allusion was made just now to the generalized character of suicide, and to its dissemination among all the strata which compose societies.

But the quantities of poverty, of misery, and of crime which show themselves in cities do not alone explain the numerical preponderance of the suicides which occur there. Other causes are at work as well. Mere suffering, mere degradation, do not alone suffice to lead surely to suicide, for there is a depth of ignominy which seems to go below the desire of death. Neither convicts nor prostitutes kill themselves in any appreciable proportions ; they seem to grow indifferent to either shame, or fear, or exasperation, and to have acquired the faculty of living on in callous calm under any infamy whatever. But in great towns the conditions are of a different kind. The preponderance of suicides in them is not exclusively a product of the greater suffering which they contain in comparison with the country, but also, and quite as much, of the lesser disposition to support that suffering. It

must be remembered that the inclination to rebellion is almost always greater in thick condensations of people than in sparse communities; that bad examples are more abundant, and that good counsels are more rare; that the action of public opinion on each individual is less direct; and that the strange form of solitude which is obtainable nowhere but in crowds is able to exert its peculiarly saddening and enfeebling influence. There is more misery and more despondency, with less encouragement and less restraint. It is from the association of these positive and negative causes, from an increase of the conditions which habitually lead to self-killing, and from a simultaneous diminution of the surroundings which usually deter from it, that the rate of suicide in the richest and most virtuous of large towns is never less than five times higher than in villages, and that in the denser and more immoral capitals it reaches thirty times the average of rural districts. And the working of these leverages is not limited to the towns themselves; it stretches far away across the grass around them, with such marked effect that, in every land, the rate of provincial suicide (which is generally low) increases in almost regular degrees as the capital is approached. The tendency to put an end to life stains out beyond the walls and infects the purer air a hundred miles away.

In addition to these great essential causes, certain other relatively smaller pressures are unceasingly at work augmenting or decreasing the inclination to die. Both age and sex have a good deal to do with it; the spread of education unmistakably develops it; imitation and hereditary propensities are sometimes traceable in it; and though climate does not seem to exercise any effect upon it, the seasons, on the contrary, do most manifestly influence it considerably. Each of these agencies does its own particular work; each of them is worth looking at.

That age does really exert a perceptible action in the matter has been occasionally denied; but all the more recent publications seem to agree that the evidence is conclusive, and that the number of suicides, in proportion to the population, grows steadily, through all the periods of life, from childhood to

old age. People go on killing themselves, between nine and ninety, in a constantly increasing progression. The popular theory that we hold more and more to life as we approach its natural conclusion is entirely contradicted by the present statistics of suicide, which show that white hair brings with it, in many cases, a disgust of existence which renders those affected by it too impatient to wait till death comes to them of its own accord. It appears to be considered now that, ratably to the total of individuals of each age, suicides are about twice as frequent above seventy as they are between twenty and forty; so that all the talk about "the age of the passions" and its damaging influences would seem to be based on nothing, so far as suicide is concerned. The middle of life, with its excitements, its emotions, and its exhaustions, is not, proportionately, the great suicidal period: we do not reach that epoch until we are really old; there are fewer of us left, at that time, to kill ourselves, but such of us as remain do so with particular abundance. And if we go on suppressing our existence with regularly progressive zeal until the end of our time, we also begin doing so very early at the commencement of it. The number of children under sixteen in the list is, as yet, comparatively small, but it is swelling rapidly, and is already large enough to indicate that the disposition to suicide may lay hold of us almost in babyhood. Nearly two thousand boys and girls are now yielding to it every year in Europe. Thus far they do not seem to begin before they are nine; that is the moment, apparently, at which the pains of life become unbearable to them, as happened to the little boy who drowned himself for grief at the loss of his canary. From thirteen, however, motives grow to be more stupendous, as was shown in the case of the young gentleman (he was French) who hanged himself at that age, after making a will in which he was good enough to declare that he "bequeathed his soul to Rousseau, and his body to the earth." Chatterton—who was, however, a very precocious person—waited until he was eighteen before he took arsenic, because he had exhausted existence. These three examples indicate how inducements change with

years : and they go on changing ; for young men and women kill themselves a good deal for love, middle-aged persons for money and ambition, and old people from disappointment and weariness.

But real as the influence of age may be, that of sex is infinitely more evident and more extensive ; for where three men kill themselves, only one woman follows their example. The returns from all Europe prove this as a prevailing rule. There is but one apparent exception to it, in the case of domestic servants, among whom suicides are about equally distributed between the sexes. This exception however is of no value ; for as there must be at least three times more women servants than men, the true proportion comes out about the same. And it is but natural that women should kill themselves less than their husbands and brothers, for they are habitually better behaved and quieter ; they have more religion, more obedience, more resignation, and a stronger directing sentiment of duty. In other terms, they possess precisely the dispositions of both temperament and teaching which best withhold from voluntary death. So, as a consequence, only one quarter of the suicides of Europe are committed by them. Now this is a fact of interest and importance, not only in itself, but still more in its bearing on the question as a whole, and on the means employable for struggling against the contemporaneous reawakening of self-murder.

Professions do not predispose to suicide, but instruction does. No man kills himself because of his trade ; but a good many men kill themselves because of their knowledge. Not only has the revival of suicide almost exactly coincided, in time, with the modern extension of schooling, but suicide is now most abundant, in place, in the very regions in which schooling is most expanded. The records establish this beyond all doubt. The inhabitants of countries in which every one can read are precisely those who kill themselves the most. Now this supplies another indication that people do not always make a good use of reading. We knew that fact already, it is true, but we scarcely expected that additional proof of it would be

supplied in this strange form. That reading conduces to suicide is a new view of reading, but it is incontestably an exact one—within limits. We could perhaps have imagined, if we had thought about the matter at all, that certain occupations might possibly pave the way, under unfavorable circumstances of health, to thoughts of suicide ; we could have wildly guessed, for instance, that newly enlisted recruits, or lighthouse-keepers, or exiles, or public executioners, lead lives in which the self-killing tendency might receive a morbid development ; but never, in our senses, should we have supposed that village-schooling is, indirectly, the most fertile of all the actual origins of suicide. And yet it seems to be so. And if it is not, what is ? We have all of us heard so much of "the suppression of crime by education" that we have insensibly acquired the unreasoned belief that education is the one natural cure for moral evils. So, perhaps, it ought to be. And—to repeat the question—if it is not, what can be ? But evidently, as regards this particular evil, education appears to be a provocative rather than a remedy—at least in the form in which we have hitherto applied it. The books which are now being published about suicide on the Continent are all deploring, with consternation, the simultaneity of the spread of the alphabet and of voluntary death, and are asking, anxiously, what can be the connexity between them. They seem indeed to be almost expecting that, if we go on as we have begun, we shall soon see suicide officially recognized by governments as an inevitable result of study (like headaches and spectacles), and placed naturally, all over Europe, under the supervision of the inspectors of schools.

Imitation has, in all time, acted fitfully as a disposing cause ; but, in our day, its power appears to have almost disappeared. We still see that if a man jumps off a column, somebody else will probably do the same a few days afterward ; but we no longer observe any epidemics of suicide, any paroxysms of imitative communicative killing on a large scale. The girls of Miletus who strangled themselves by hundreds, the Egyptians who drowned themselves in processions, even the religious enthusi-

asts who have so often sought death in groups, are not adopted as models now.

Hereditary influences, on the contrary, are still continuing in certain cases to reveal their curious force. Whole families have died out recently from suicide. Two cases are on record (one in Saxony, the other in the Tyrol), in each of which seven brothers have hanged themselves one after the other. The examples of repeated suicides among relations are almost frequent in the medical books on the subject, especially in France. It is true that the proportion of such cases to the general total is infinitely small; but still their number is sufficient to remove all doubt as to the occasional transmission of the suicidal tendency from parents to children. And, after all, it is natural enough that such a donation should be possible; for as religion, courage, parsimony, and all sorts of other characteristics are distinctly heritable, there is no reason whatever why suicide should not be a patrimony too.

Next we come to climate. It is only recently, since careful observations have been established everywhere, that the old prejudice about the relationship between suicide and fog has at last been dissipated. What Sauvages called the "*melancholia Anglica*" may or may not be a property of our race; but every one proclaims to-day that it is totally independent of our clouds or our smoke. In the comparative catalogue of national suicide which has been already given, England stands below the middle of the list; her average is therefore a very good one. But Norway is high up in the table, while Russia is low down in it; and yet the climates of these two countries present such analogies that, so far as regards their action on the character of the people, they may be taken, to be identical. The Esquimaux do not kill themselves at all, neither do the Falkland Islanders; yet the climate in which they live may not unjustly be described as worse than ours. It is not, therefore, in climate that an explanation is to be found of the present localization of abundant suicide in certain countries rather than in others. We have already put our hand on its primary cause—the misuse of spreading education. The question is, of course, full of entangle-

ments and complications; but the main answer to its riddles is to be found in the emancipated character of popular aspirations, as modern schooling is shaping them.

If, however, climate has nothing to do with suicide, the seasons, on the contrary, do really exercise a great effect upon it. Here we get once more to precise figures; for as the statistics are now usually set out in monthly divisions, we see in them, at a glance, that instead of cold and wet being encouragements to suicide, it is, in reality, in fine weather that Europeans kill themselves the most. The returns indicate, with glaring distinctness, that spring and summer are everywhere the great suicidal periods; that November is about the most innocent month in the year; and that May, June, and July are the worst—so much the worst, indeed, that twice as many suicides habitually happen in each of them as in any winter month. The average rises, almost regularly, from November to May, and goes down again, in equivalent degrees, from July to November. Why? Because though people slaughter themselves very little in the hotter countries of Europe, heat does really seem, by a curious contradiction, to be an incentive to self-murder among natives of the cooler climates. In Algeria, for instance, where a good many French soldiers kill themselves from home-sickness, it has been remarked that the moment ordinarily chosen by them for the purpose is when the south wind blows, and brings up from the desert its scorching, irritating dryness. Where, then, is the supposed fertilizing action of damp on suicide? What a mistake Montesquieu unconsciously made when he started the theory that we English kill ourselves from fog! He had an excuse, however: there were no statistics in his time; and, furthermore, he was ignorant of an odd but somewhat incomprehensible little fact which has been noticed everywhere of late—that most of the people who put an end to their lives prefer to do so by daylight, that suicides at night are relatively rare, and that, consequently, the long days of summer afford the most temptation for them. Montesquieu was unaware (as a good many other people are even now) that neither darkness nor rain conduce

to suicide, and that, on the contrary, in Northern and Central Europe its best friends and stimulators are sunlight and warmth. So let us cordially forgive him for having blundered about us, especially as he was singularly right in most of the other things he said.

In addition to this knowledge of the causes which lead to suicide, the registers of to-day place also at our disposal very complete information as to the means employed to provoke death. They have carried their analytical investigation into all the corners of the subject, and show its inmost details to us with much accuracy of description.

It was observed, a long time ago, that though there is only one way of being born, there are a good many ways of dying—the latter, indeed, are, as a French writer superbly puts it, "as numerous as the diverse physical and chemical agents which are capable of destroying the vital principle." Yet, true as this is, the means habitually employed to produce voluntary death are not only singularly few in number, but are utilized and reutilized each year with a recurrent regularity of proportion which would be astonishing if we did not recognize that suicide is guided by laws just as much as other moral events are. In every country we find an approximate repetition, in each successive annual table, of the same applications of the same shapes of self-destruction. There are variations between different countries as to the choice of agencies, just as there are international distinctions in the local quantities of spontaneous mortality. But each land preserves its own routine of averages; the totals progress unflinchingly, but their proportionate composition remains almost identical, from year to year, in all its details. Age, sex, the state of health, the nature of the daily occupations of the victim, exercise some influence in the selection of means; many persons employ, unconsciously perhaps, the instruments which their trade may place at their disposal. But a great mark of the present revival is, that we evidently want to kill ourselves without pain, and that we consequently avoid, as a rule, such death-processes as entail suffering. In the old days, people generally were less particular about torment; but as

we have grown more careful of ourselves in all our ways, it is but natural that we should be less rough in this matter of suicide. Such of us as happen to be vigorous are still somewhat inclined to employ violent expedients; but the mass of the self-killers go the other way. Women especially, as might perhaps have been expected, shrink steadily from blood or mutilation, and seek, almost unanimously, for a gentle agony. It has indeed been remarked, with an appearance of truth, after a study of the forms of killing employed by women, that while "men choose suicide, women merely consent to it."

Poisoning is an example of this change of views. There used to be a good deal of it once; a large proportion of the ancient suiciders seem to have utilized it. But we have given it up now. Notwithstanding the discoveries of the committee on poisons which sat, after Actium, under the chairmanship of Cleopatra—and which appears, if Plutarch tells the truth, to have established, by a long series of varied experiments, that a viper's bite produces the most agreeably lethargic and sweetly comatose of all possible deaths—we have abandoned serpents altogether, and have almost excluded other poisons from our service. We fancy that their action is not quite certain, and we know that they are usually painful. So they have gone out of fashion; scarcely any one but doctors, chemists, or washerwomen use them now, and they, according to their calling, swallow opium, arsenic, Prussian blue, or salts of copper. What a falling off from the days of hemlock!

Neither is stabbing, nor indeed any form of perforation, as frequent as in times past. There are the same objections to it as to poison. It hurts, and it may not kill. Even throat-cutting, which is a modern innovation resulting from the invention of razors, is relatively rare. Swords are not used a hundred times a year in all Europe. Doctors still kill themselves occasionally by a scientifically placed prick, but they are the only people who do so, the reason being that a knowledge of anatomy is necessary in order to succeed in that form of action. The old piercing operations—which, in spite of their frequent use, were certainly most clumsy—have

been advantageously replaced by shooting with firearms ; about one seventh of our present suicides are performed, by the latter process : but it must be at once added that it is almost exclusively employed by men, and that women scarcely utilize it at all. Men use guns and pistols in about equal proportions ; but women, when they do shoot themselves, seem to prefer pistols. Firearms have the double merit of being almost certain in their effects and (as they usually kill at once) of suppressing pain. Most people aim at their heads ; very few fire at their hearts. This evidence shows that, in suicide as well as in war, gunpowder has driven out steel ; indeed, if it were not for the razor, which continues to be utilized in about two per cent of the cases, sharp edges would scarcely be perceived at all in the modern lists.

But the great, main solution—*asphyxia*—remains in use as actively as ever. Hanging and drowning are still, as they always were, the chief keys to voluntary death. Each of them counts for about one third of the general total. The French have added suffocation by charcoal ; but that is a local process, scarcely ever imitated in other countries, and which, even in France, is principally limited to Paris. Hanging has the reputation of being almost an agreeable proceeding ; it does not repel like poisoning or cutting. One enthusiastic author says of it that, "at the moment when the pressure of the cord begins, a sentiment of pleasure is felt ; then the eyes cease to see—blue flames dance before them ; and suddenly consciousness disappears." The detail of the "blue flames" has a necromantic aspect which gives a special character to hanging. Drowning also has a particular merit of its own, which accounts, in part, for the largeness of its selection. Not only is it said to suffocate without much suffering, but often it puts the body out of sight forever, and in that way conceals the death. It is, therefore, the natural resource of such persons as shrink from publicity, or who, from any motive, are desirous of hiding the fact that they have killed themselves. Drowners, however, have their caprices. They do not all put themselves into the water in the same way. In country dis-

tricts, for instance, the men jump into rivers and ponds, while the women appear to have a predilection for throwing themselves down wells. But whatever be the procedure applied, nearly all the actors keep their clothes on.

Leaping from cliffs, or out of windows, or off a monument, is a rare form of suicide. It is not employed in more than two per cent of the cases. Smashing the skull against a wall is a coarse process, utilized only by prisoners who have no other means at their disposal. Throwing one's self under a railway engine is a totally new, but decidedly growing fashion.

And there ends the catalogue. It is a singularly short and simple one. Hanging and drowning account, by themselves alone, for nearly seventy per cent of the cases ; fifteen belong to shooting ; while the remainder are composed of a mixture of cutting, stabbing, poisoning, springing from heights, and various unspecified killings. The contrasts with the ways of the ancients, the suppression of the heroic sword and of the baneful cup, the substitution for them of the cartridge, the shaving-blade, and the express train, are, after all, only natural consequences of the changes which have occurred in life and character and habits. If we had done no more than that in our recent dealings with suicide, there would have been nothing particular to complain of ; we should only have shown that, even in killing ourselves, we have become softer than our fathers were. But we have done more than that—a good deal more. The Western world had arrived, under the combined constraints of an irresistible religious domination and of a monstrous civil legislation, at a diminution of suicide to what we may reasonably call a minimum ; for there is reason to suppose that, a hundred years ago, the annual self-murders in all Europe did not probably exceed five or six thousand, which would give about one in thirty thousand in the population of the time. Of course there is no clear evidence on the point ; but the rapid rate of progression of suicide during the present century, since statistical returns have been established, may not unjustly be taken to indicate that the proportion, before these returns were in existence,

must have been very low indeed. That proportion may be taken to indicate the feeblest expression of the automatic necessity which, according to the social scientists, obliges a certain number of the members of every community to kill themselves each year; for we may safely believe that the persons who committed suicide in those days, with the consequences which then attached to their act, must have been animated by an altogether irresistible need. So far, then, the suicides of our great-grandfathers may be regarded as unavoidable and unexaggerated social phenomena, as predestined elements of the fate of the period, and as involving but little responsibility to the actors in them. There were no more of them than there must have been and ought to have been. All that could be justly said of them was, "It is written."

But now we have changed all that. Now we are killing ourselves beyond all pretence of necessity. Now suicide has ceased to be exclusively a result of social laws; it has become also an unforced personal manifestation. And this brings us at last to the essence of the whole subject; here we touch upon the springs which have thrust our nineteenth century into a fever of self-murder, which looks to be as virulent as any of the previous attacks of it from which the world has suffered; here we reach the moral of our story. Why do we people of today kill ourselves with such unjustifiable and such wasteful extravagance? The leading components of the answer can, as has been already said, be indicated without hesitation.

Suicide has always divided itself into two clearly-defined categories; it has either been provoked by an enthusiasm of religious duty, or facilitated by the absence of all religious sentiment whatever. The Celts who burned themselves in an osier idol, the Hindoos who cast themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, were types of the first of these two divisions; the Romans who fell on to their swords from *tedium vite*, the Greek islanders who took poison as soon as they were sixty in order to leave enough food for their juniors, were members of the second section. Whatever be the divergences of accidental personal motives, we cannot get away

from the cardinal principle that people kill themselves, necessarily, either because they imagine that they please their God by doing so, or because, recognizing, for the moment at all events, no God at all, they think only of their own satisfaction. No intermediate state is logically conceivable. This being the law of the case—and that it is so can scarcely be denied—it follows, obligatorily, that so long as confidence in a God who is supposed to forbid suicide remains in general force, very few people will take the risk of voluntarily disobeying the injunctions of that God. But it also follows, quite as obligatorily, that when the trust in any God at all is becoming every day more rare, when the number of persons who respect any religious behests whatever is perpetually diminishing, the disposition to act on personal inclinations acquires new power, and the temptation to leave the passions unchecked becomes more difficult to resist. And this is especially true as regards the poorer and less disciplined layers of society, which constitute everywhere the vast majority. Such is the constant theory. What is the present practice?

Europeans, as a whole, have a good deal less faith now than they possessed a century ago. Having less faith, they have less observance—that is to say, less obedience, and consequently less patience. They have acquired, in religious matters, an independence of both thought and action at which their fathers would have gazed with astonished fear. A large and increasing number of them not only resist all authority in religion, not only repudiate all guidance in matters of doctrine, but go farther still and reject all religion whatever. We do not ask whether they are right or wrong; we are here considering suicide, not tenets; we are concerned exclusively with the fact itself in its bearing on suicide—and from that limited point of view, the result of their loss of faith is, that the God who was said to prohibit suicide has ceased to be a God for them, and that suicide, being no longer interdicted by any power they respect, has become once more, in their eyes, a permissible solution for the difficulties of life.

We need not encumber the question with any specific applications of this

general truth. It lies outside nationalities and creeds; it is not English and Protestant, any more than it is Spanish and Catholic, or German and freethinking. It is human and universal. Suicide is increasing because religion is diminishing; and it is for this reason that our special English form of objection to self-killing, on the ground that it is an impiety, is so useful and so practical.

It is not altogether impossible that the simultaneous growth of the political idea of liberty may have aided to push on, in certain minds, the notion that suicide is one of the rights of man. But as there are, thus far, no statistics of the political opinions of persons who kill themselves, we can offer no evidence on the point, and are content to hope that the list would not contain more Liberals than Conservatives, and that Radicals do not hang themselves with the sole purpose of proving that they are free. The change which has taken place in the religious aspects of thought suffices, by itself, to explain the modern growth of suicide; the removal of religious hindrances in both highly educated and lowly educated consciences (especially in the latter) is incontestably emancipating Europe from restraint in this matter of suicide, as in a good many others, and is leading a perpetually augmenting quantity of us to pitch away our lives as if we were throwing halfpence to a beggar.

But this removal of religious hindrances has not grown up by itself. It is in no way a product of spontaneous generation. It has been, in part, a consequence of the resolute reaction toward liberty, and of the fierce revolt against all the forms of oppression of thought, which have so nobly distinguished the last hundred years; but it has also been, in a still larger degree, a result of the development among the lower classes of a hatred of moral control in any shape; and that hatred of control has sprung from a political education, which again, in its turn, has been rendered possible by the spread of the power of reading. Turn it as we will, the whole actual movement of Europe (with the single exception of Russia, where other and purely local causes are at work) comes back obstinately, in all its lower

forms, to its one real source, the extension of schooling. The reading of the people of the Continent means, in most cases, not useful knowledge, but unhealthy knowledge; not the knowledge which aids a man to rise, but the knowledge which provokes him to hate the man who has risen; not the knowledge which elevates and serves, but the knowledge which embitters and discontents. Yet even that knowledge is better than no knowledge at all—for, at all events, it is strengthening men by making them think, though it be falsely; and furthermore, we have the resource of hoping, while we look at it with regret, that it will some day change its shape—that it will become transformed hereafter into an accepted guide to wholesomer convictions and to higher uses.

Meanwhile, however, it is what it is; and we have to accept it as it is; for it is incontestably better, in the interests of the world and of our age, to possess the knowledge, sophistical as it is, at the price of the suicide, than to suppress the suicide, insensate as it is, at the price of the knowledge. After all, more than a hundred and fifty millions of the inhabitants of Europe can read and write, while, thus far, only sixty thousand of them are proved to kill themselves each year; the numerical advantage remains, therefore, in favor of reading.

But still, though we may, philosophically and practically, take this large view of the case as a whole, it cannot be denied, all the same, that it would be a good thing if we could in any way persuade Europe to kill itself a little less. The example of the Russians, who do not practise suicide because they cannot read, is of no service in the matter—firstly, because we wish to maintain reading at any cost; secondly, because, if they have not ordinary suicide, they have a special form of it which is proper to themselves—they have Nihilism, which is suicide without death. Slavery, not schooling, has led them to that, so they lie outside the subject. It is not from their example that we shall learn anything useful. We must look elsewhere for hope. If suicide can be lessened at all (which for the present seems a good deal more than doubtful)

it will be by directing reading rather than by attacking it; and it is too soon to try that yet. Meanwhile we must persuade ourselves that we are passing through a phase which, possibly, will cure itself. The real point for the moment is, what can be done in the interval? Religion will in no way help, as it used to do, for, in its great European sense, its power is gone. Catholicism is no longer able to be an oppressor, and it has not yet consented to become a friend. So, as we are in reality powerless, we must either fold our hands and look on, or we must appeal to quacks. Now it does so happen that the biggest quacks of our epoch are just now hunting about for a patient; the self-made doctors who profess to cure all social difficulties by "morals without religion," cannot, assuredly, desire a better chance than this one. If, by preaching "pure lay morality," they can stop the growing propensity to suicide, they will have made a first step toward proving that there is something in their physic. They have a fair field for the attempt, for they are turning religion out of the school in so many countries that they have few competitors to contend with. Let them try their hand and show us what they can effect, in this useful and practical direction, to "secularize virtue," as M. Jules Ferry brags he is doing.

It is in no way because suicide is wrong that we want to see it curtailed a little; its wrongness is the personal affair of the individual who commits it; and furthermore, it would be most unjust and illogical to pretend that it is always necessarily wrong; for not only is it estimated by the professors as a compulsory outcome, within certain limits, of all society, whether civilized or uncivilized, but it merits also to be regarded by all of us, in many of its realizations, with the compassionate, lenient half indulgence which we usually accord to well-intentioned follies. And even if it were a hundred times more wrong than it is, our objections to its present luxuriance would have nothing to do with either the religious or the merely virtuous aspects of the case: they are based exclusively on governmental and educational grounds, for the reason that the present conformation of

suicide is an altogether new one—a product of the action of education; it is proper to our day—it is induced by the particular conditions of training which are now, for the first time, being applied in Europe. That training has served, thus far, to bring about not only independence, but also a certain destructiveness and subversiveness, in which suicide finds a natural place. It seems ridiculous for governments to have to confess that they cannot persuade their people not to kill themselves with wasteful abundance; but there is the fact—they cannot.

And yet it is evident that deterring causes are still available, for they are continuing to act upon women with marked effect. Hope and fear are still operating on our wives and daughters, and are holding them back from too much suicide; and however improbable it may appear at this moment that working men can be led to give much of their reading or much of their thoughts to the study of self-restraint, it would still be folly to suppose that hope and fear have ceased to be permanent institutions, affecting men as well as women, or that the populations of Denmark, Saxony, and Prussia are irretrievably delivered up to steadfast self-killing on the largest scale in Europe.

And we are all the more justified in imagining this, for the reason that, notwithstanding the largeness of their present practice of suicide, nations do seem to be a little ashamed of it. If they were not so, they would all assuredly have constituted a name of their own for it. But they have done nothing of the sort; they have contented themselves with describing it by composite words. No national, home-grown appellation for it exists anywhere. The term by which it is designated, whether it be self-murder or suicide, or any other, is never a pure national substantive; it is always a manufactured mixture. The word suicide itself, which is now so largely adopted, is not only of foreign origin, but is also of quite recent fabrication; it was invented by the Abbé Desfontaines. Does not this universal absence of a proper name for suicide indicate a sort of unconscious disavowal of it? If vocabularies are bashful about it, if no tongue has cared

to hatch a local designation for it, may we not infer that, with all its prosperity, there has always been an unbidden shrinking from it? Silence is an argument, and here we have the most vigorous of all silences—the silence of languages. Such is the treatment which this strange process has received. It is an outcast from speech. And yet this unnamed exploit stands in between the two great joint principles which dominate humanity—attachment to life and the desire to be happy; it puts an end to life in order to be happy; it contradicts the natural rule that life should be

spent in struggling against death; it dares to apply to men a procedure so contrary to instinct that no dumb animal can be led to it. In the days when people killed themselves so grandly that, in their vanity, they exclaimed, "Let us make death proud to take us," there was no local name for what they did. Even in the rare great cases, in which it may be said with truth, "*la vie est un opprobre et la mort est un devoir*," there is still no national title for self-killing. Of all the stigmas which have attached to it, there is not one more real.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FISHING AND FISHING LITERATURE.

LET those abuse the practice of field-sports who will, it is a question of the feelings, not of reasoning. We believe that Providence knew what it was about when it implanted an ardent devotion to the chase in the bosoms of most lovers of the country. The passion of hunting up wild things, and following them in their haunts in woodland, hedgerow, and rush-grown pool, is never more intense than in innocent childhood; though it is confirmed into a rooted habit of life with the scientific successes of youth and manhood. It would be hard upon us if, in a more advanced state of civilization, we had to renounce the recreations of the virtuous savage.

And although we cannot see ourselves as others see us, or judge ourselves as our posterity will judge us, it is our opinion that, in indulgence in various sports, we Englishmen of this present generation must have nearly hit off the happy mean. Some of our tolerated amusements may still be open to objections; but, generally speaking, a healthy sentiment draws the line between "field-sports," properly so called, and their bastard kindred, where the victim had no chance and his pluck was cruelly *exploité* by his persecutors.

Say the fox has a *mauvais quart d'heure* after the exhilarating edge has been taken off his first burst of excitement, and he finds that he is really racing for his life. Up to that time, and with the exception of an occasional breather, the sly and jovial freebooter has been living on the fat of the land. Of what

a sum of sorrows has he not been the cause in the course of his cruel maraudings on the neighboring poultry-yards and rabbit-burrows! How many melancholy bereavements have been laid to his door! His nocturnal trail has been strewn with tattered plumage, and there is a very Gehenna of bleaching bones round the earths where he relaxes toward the gloaming among his ravenous cubs. At last the hour of retribution has come—and who shall say that he has not been working for his fate? Had it not been for the *gourmandise* that had sleeked his coat and thickened his wind, he might have carried off his brush undragged with all the honors of the chase. As it is, the pace and scent have been so good that his sufferings are at an end before he has well realized them. He has died the death that would have been desired by his human counterparts—our Scotch Highland caterans and Border reivers—and has breathed his last in the throbbings of mad excitement, in place of wasting away in slow inanition when his strength has failed and his jaws are fangless. We have far more sympathy for the innocent hare, tossed over in the teeth of the remorseless greyhounds. But there too, after all, the end came quick; and up to the moment when she was seen squatting in her form, her hours had been gliding by in blissful unconsciousness of the tragedy in which she was so soon to figure. While, on the other hand, the rattling gallops after the hounds, the long days on the breezy

down among the coursers, have spared more pain to many gentlemen of the field than any amount of physic or mineral waters. Who can say how many latent diseases have been indefinitely staved off, if not eradicated? We know that that gallant veteran, who groaned heavily in spirit in the early morning as he painfully raised his rheumatic limb toward the stirrup, swung himself from the saddle in the afternoon a different creature, after the "sharp sweating in his clothes." While as for fishing, to come back to our *moutons*, the "cruelty" in fishing scarcely deserves consideration. We do not go so far as to say, with some enthusiasts, that a fish is the livelier for the hook he carries away, and that it tickles his palate at meal-times like pickles or Worcester sauce. But we are persuaded that the inconvenience it causes him must be infinitesimal, since the smart no more interferes with his appetite than the burn of a *chili* on the palate of an epicure. Every angler must remember instances in his personal experience when the fish he has played, having broken his line, has come to a change of flies on the second time of asking, as if ten minutes' tumbling on the hook against the stream had merely put a keener edge on his voracity.

So we cast considerations of morbid sentimentality to the winds, and write of angling from the sportsman's point of view. A contemplative recreation, some people love to call it. Well, a contemplative recreation it is; nor is it a slight charm about it when the fish are shy to be wooed, and you are wandering through the woodlands by the rippling water, that you may abandon yourself to reflection in the interludes of working, and draw profitable inspirations from the beauties of nature. Always supposing, that is to say, that you do not let your wits go a-wool-gathering from your immediate business; for you should make each cast as if the odds were in favor of a rise—and moonstruck abstraction is fatal to heavy baskets. But there are anglers and anglers, as there are streams and streams, from the swift-rushing Spey or the treacherous Findhorn, to the waters of the Midland shires, that go softly over bottoms of mud between borders of willows. A contemplative recreation, you say! We

put it to any man who boasts himself a good all-round sportsman, what are the moments of most thrilling excitement he ever experienced in his life. He has felt the beating of his heart come suddenly to a stand-still as he crawled upon the antlers of a "stag of ten" showing over the heather hillock in the corry, when the gusty breezes threatened to betray him, and he was listening for the warning crow of the grouse-cock. He has felt his blood at the boiling-point in bitter January, as he laid the broad pastures behind him in the grass counties, and went clearing the ox-fences and crashing through the bullfinches, as the pack that might have been covered with a wagon-tilt were carrying the burning scent heart-high. For aught we know he may have stood face to face with the crouching tiger; or he may have slipped "by the skin of his teeth" through the hug of a "grizzly." But in these last situations the sensations, though sharp enough, must be short, and we should fancy that the horror predominates over pleasure in them. While in the struggle with the salmon in the rapid stream, the prolonged and pleasurable excitement, after the first moment of rapturous assurance, goes on growing in intensity through minutes that may extend themselves into hours. There may be the piquancy, too, of some dash of danger, in the reckless gymnastics you may be forced to perform between the depths of the pools and the cliffs that overhang them; while faculties already strained to the uttermost are wrought on by alternations of fear and hope till the contest comes to an end in one way or another.

Take a single reminiscence among the many that memory lightly recalls. It was on the first day of one of your fishing seasons, when, hurrying away from work, worries, and late hours in town, you had gone to the Highlands, brimming over with expectation, and in the spirits of a school-boy broken loose for the holidays. Had your spirits been less exuberant they might have been dashed by the news that welcomed you to your lonely lodge in the wilderness. The river was running low after a portentous period of drought. Some of the surest pools were scarcely worth the trouble of casting over; and through

the limpid waters of the soft-murmuring stream you could almost "prospect" the gravelly bottom for yourself, and see that the favorite "seats" of the fish were untenanted. The best rods had done little or nothing for a fortnight or more; even your opposite neighbor, The M'Closkey, renowned far and wide among the heroes of the angle, had renounced his efforts in despair, and gone in for solitary drinking. But after all, nothing venture, nothing have: you had not travelled so far northward for nothing, and the mere sight of the familiar water sufficed to set your fancy on the *qui vive*. Whether your skill and perseverance be rewarded or no, it is pleasure breathing the fresh air from the hills, and feeling your muscles extend themselves to the play of the rod, as you stretch your shoulders in the loose-sitting shooting-coat. Whatever the condition of the water, the day is all that can be desired: in the mean time there is a canopy of dull gray clouds, though there may be a threatening of sunshine to disperse them later; and the breathings of the south-west wind have brought a light ripple over the pools. Sticking chiefly to the stiller but deeper water, you make your casts with a conscientiousness that does you credit. Persistence, and a patient faith in the rise that may come to you at any moment, are the test of the good and successful fisherman. But no doubt it is uphill work, that hoping on against discouragement; and you begin, in spite of yourself, to take some interest in surrounding objects, and a trifle less in the fly you are playing more mechanically among the eddies and the back-water. But here you are arrived at the famous "Fairy's Pool," and compelled to pay closer attention; for the drooping birches that strike their roots through the clefts in the rock throw their shadows over your fly-bedecked wideawake, and you must cast a moderately long line underhanded. You are drawing the fly with a gentle twitch in artistic zigzags, behind that jutting black point of rock, where you know there is a favorite "seat" of the salmon. There is a swirl and a surging wave in the pool; the reel spins round in double-quick time, and the line runs out to the whirring music. However long that fish may have been in

the river, he is clean as if he were fresh from the sea. You could see the shimmer of the silver scales, as, bending himself like a croquet-hoop in a mighty splash, he vanished again in the depths from which you disturbed him. Salmon-fishing a contemplative amusement indeed!—there is small time for contemplation. Nothing will ever bring that fish to bank but the instincts of long scientific experience, with prompt and decisive strategy. He is bent upon "breaking" you, and you are bound to humor him while you hold him fast; and humoring him is no such easy matter with the slippery foothold, the lack of elbow-room, and the canopy of drooping birchen boughs overhead. Yet the triumph of tasting blood, in the circumstances, at your very first venture on the water! And already there is a spectator of your prowess on the opposite shore, in the person of the head-keeper of your neighbor's shootings.

Duncan is moved with envy, and sneeringly critical; and by way of calming your nerves, when so much depends on coolness, your own attendant has forgotten his self-restraint, and is shouting out unheeded counsels. As to the fish, to all appearance he is quite capable of taking care of himself. He made his rush in most serious earnest; and it is to be hoped that he is securely hooked. But your fly is small, and the casting-line fine, both having been chosen in consideration of the lowness of the river. A slack in the line, a slight friction on the stones on the rugged bottom, and all may be lost, honor included. And your antagonist would appear to be as wily as he is powerful. After that first movement of natural irritation, and the rush that tested the strength of your hold, he has dived calmly into the depths, where he has gone to working quietly at extrication. To your gentle tightening of the strain he opposes a sturdy, passive resistance. "Keep those reel-steps of yours till you next take the floor to the pipes, Donald, and favor him with a stone judiciously thrown." Ha! he may be a sagacious fish, but he is by no means a sullen one. He had hoped to get rid of his silent sorrow without having to shift his comfortable quarters; but now, as you mean fighting, you shall have it. He makes

a shoot, like a submerged torpedo, straight at your boots. As the hob-nails slip about on the moss-grown boulder, your heart jumps toward your throat, and you feel for a moment that all must be over. But when persistence in his strategy might have saved him, he changes it; and you can straighten the rod that was hampered by the trees, and haul in the line through the rings in a handful. For out he goes again to mid-stream, turning the silvery wheel in showers of water-works, while in each of his swift revolutions you seem to shave a catastrophe. He is bent apparently on going back to the sea: he makes a resolute dart for the channel, where the pool, breaking into a stream, flows swiftly down the incline of a shelving staircase. There is nothing for it but to let him go, or to follow. A contemplative amusement! There is little time for meditation, though you never needed more the inspiration of thought. You are plunging to mid-thigh in the rushing water, seeking a doubtful foothold where you may—doing your best with your heavy rod with one hand, while clinging to the slippery cliffs with the other; struggling forward somehow with the shoulders uppermost, and breathing hard all the time, like a hunted otter. Were you ever conscious of a more blissful sensation of relief than when, safely landed on the smooth sward lower down, you have a reach of comparatively unchecked water before you with shelving gravel in that tiny bay? If line and hook will only hold, there should be but one conclusion now to the hard-fought battle, and it is on that strip of yellow beach you mean to land him. A gallant fish he is, and makes more than one desperate rally, but he can by no means avoid his destiny. Answering to steady, irresistible persuasion, he is being manœuvred in easy beauty-curves toward the bank, with an occasional wallop of unavailing remonstrance; and Donald, bending over the stream in an attitude of sanguinary expectation, has driven home the clip behind his shoulder. "Deed, sir, she's a fine fush, whatever," is his remark, as he stoops to relieve "her" lovingly of the hook. And then he calls your attention to how near a thing it was. For the hook has worked a fissure

in the lip, and merely holds by the skin; and the line has been frayed below the shank to something like threads of gossamer. For a spirit so courageous, what end could have been more becoming? so that there is but the faintest tinge of compassion to dash the exhilaration of the triumph.

So much for the excitements of the sport; but there are anglers and anglers, as we observed before, and we may turn by way of contrast to scenes of calmer enjoyment, when the name of the "gentle craft" becomes more appropriate. For one man who has killed salmon in the Scottish and Scandinavian rivers, there are hundreds of skilful brothers of the angle who have never cast a fly save in streams we might call Cockney. Masters of their branch of the craft they often are, and almost invariably passionate enthusiasts. No men are better versed in the times and the seasons: no men have more inexhaustible stores of patience; have a more intimate acquaintance with local entomology, natural and artificial; can handle the rod and line more deftly; and are more fertile in ingenious devices to bring suspicious victims to their lure. And such men are often tied fast by professional pursuits, and have seldom *carte blanche* for fishing in good water. When they do go on a visit to some friend in the country, or get a day's permission in some carefully preserved stretch of stream, how they do enjoy and make the most of it!—all the more, however, if they are at home in the neighborhood, and have marked the great fish feeding placidly of an evening on the insects that tumble in from the banks and the tree-roots.

It is no easy matter anywhere to beguile those sated epicures, and in popular streams that are free for a trifle to all comers, it is the next thing to an impossibility. We used to know one particular river-trout who went far toward making the fortune of a large hotel in a village some twenty miles from London. It was very much a repetition of Lord Lytton's story of John Burley and his one-eyed perch in "My Novel." True, the situation of the hotel was charming; with a mighty horse-chestnut before the door, coming out toward the middle of spring in a flush of pink-and-white blos-

som, and overhanging a picturesque old bridge, and a strip of miniature meadow enamelled with cowslips. But the most generous patrons of the establishment, of a Sunday, were the admirers of that corpulent trout whose fame had spread far and near. The good genius of the flourishing house, he was always at home in the limited domains, and yet nobody knew exactly where to have him. Now he was under this stone, now behind that other one; and again he would be lazily flipping his fins among the roots of the alder over the way. So the banks were planted thickly with respectable gentlemen of various conditions, though all of the city. Some were in the full swing of business through the week; others had retired to suburban villas, and were killing time on a competency. Those were usually attired in glossy broadcloth; these in tweeds of fantastic patterns. Each had an elaborate apparatus of rods, etc.; with a formidable basket, though the door of the inn was almost within arm's-length. Jealousy was out of the question; for though all of them professed to be sanguine in the extreme, nobody in his heart believed in a capture. On the contrary, they struck up close friendships on the strength of their common failures; they formed themselves into informal clubs for lunching and dining purposes; they called for bottle after bottle of fruity port, and bathed, metaphorically speaking, in brimmers of brandy and soda-water. Some of them took a rather unfair advantage, lingering on till the middle of the week; and while nobody lost by that ungenerous assiduity, the landlord gained enormously. It was a dark day for him when that trout mysteriously disappeared: some people said it was owing to the machinations of a poaching hostler, who had been dismissed at the request of a keeper in the neighborhood. Yet for long the Cockney fishermen came back, hoping against hope, whipping the water indefatigably as ever; and even after the conviction of their loss became irresistible, the tradition of that trout continued to draw through a couple of seasons while it was gradually fading.

That was, of course, an extreme case, so far as the odds against the fisherman were concerned. We may picture him

rather on a soft May day, when he is turned loose upon the private fishing in one of the beautiful English parks. The day is cloudy, and there is a gentle westerly breeze; and all nature is rejoicing after some recent showers. Our friend is early afoot; and the dews and the light rain-drops lie thick upon grass and bracken. He steers straight for the stream by a side path under the trees, the fallow deer scarcely taking the trouble to trot out of his way. The rooks are clamoring and circling round the elms overhead, and jackdaws and starlings are almost as vociferous, as they flutter in and out of the holes in the hawthorn boles. The rabbits, scared from the finish of the morning meal, go scuttling into their burrows in the banks; and thrushes, blackbirds, and finches, when they are not singing, are busied over nest-building and domestic duties. In the balmy fragrance of a morning like that, the mere sense of life and movement is enjoyable; but though the angler may be a lover of nature in proper time and place, now his gratitude for the pleasures she bestows upon him is unconscious. His eyes and his thoughts are fixed on those clumps of willow that mark the course of the winding stream. He will have more leisure to appreciate the beauties of nature when the fishes shall leave off feeding toward noon. In the mean time, his hopes rise high as he catches sight of the river. Both in fulness and color it seems in prime condition. His hands tremble with pleasurable excitement as he puts his rod together—not a very long one, and somewhat stiff. The tapering horsehair is a masterpiece of delicate twisting; the tough casting-line, of a tinge the color of the water, is a miracle of fineness; the flies, tempered of well-proved material, are something in size between midges and mosquitoes. Having taken a general survey of the scene of operations, he goes stealthily to his work, as if he were stalking deer. Standing well back from the bank, so that no line of his shadow may fall on the water, he makes his quick casts up the stream, letting the flies drop down like thistle-down. He never cares to dwell on the cast or play his flies; for he knows well that if the trout do not come at the first offer, it is seldom

worth while to press it. Very frequently it is a most difficult and delicate bit of work to touch the surface at the likely-looking spot where experience tells him his friends should be at home. Sometimes, to make assurance of lightness doubly sure, he pitches the fly against some hanging stump, letting it drop naturally back in a gentle ricochet, just as its living prototype might be supposed to do. And even if the trout be in a taking humor, and if weather and water be all that can be desired, he may have to labor on long enough without having his patience rewarded. There is no accounting in any circumstances for the caprices of fish; though in a stream like this, meandering through wormy, beetly, and fly-haunted meadowland, their coyness is not difficult to account for. But then, on the other hand, they may waken up of a sudden to a voracity that is at least equally inexplicable. Then the alderman-like fish will make a plunge at the line, with the snap of a bull-dog and the greed of starvation; and though you must make hay while the sun shines—or, more strictly speaking, while it is not shining—you may fill your basket first. For after having played, and killed, and lost, with a fair proportion of cases of "hanging up" upon the willow-boughs and breaking the line on submerged snags, the clouds are rolled aside in a burst of sunshine. Then it will be the wisdom of the angler to adjourn for luncheon, subsequently flirting with the beauties of nature through the afternoon, in anticipation of fresh successes in the evening. And after a light and early breakfast, and with the appetite for which you have been honestly toiling, the sight of those speckled prizes of yours may be the best of sauces for the meal; though, for ourselves, we should care but little to see them served at it, since low-country trout are apt, both in savor and complexion, to remind one unpleasantly of their native mud.

It is very different with the firm-fleshed fish you take from the chilly waters of lochs in the north, or from the bright gravelly bottoms of the swift-rushing streams—fish that gladden alike the eye of the artist and the soul of the *gourmet*, to say nothing of his palate. The vivid tinges of coloring range from delicate

pink, through blushing carmine, to flaming rose-color. No need to seek the flavoring in the cruets—*vide* Mrs. Poyser. Serve simply, like crimped and curdy salmon, in the water in which the fish has been boiled; add at the utmost a touch of vinegar, and possibly the faintest *souffçon* of ketchup, to elicit without stifling the native essences. Nor is it the mere reminiscences of *gourmandise* that warm the imagination in recalling the simple but exquisite banquets at which these trout may have figured. Pink firm flesh means glorious scenery, and a strength of play out of all proportion to the size. Sometimes you have the strength and the size combined, as in the fierce rush of the *salmo ferox* of Loch Awe, when it pleases the savage tyrant of the waters to come upon the feed, somewhere between the depths and the shallows. But then you are prepared for the best or the worst; the minnow is attached to tackle of unimpeachable strength; it is a case of "pull devil, pull baker," and science is in some measure in suspension when the prey has been fairly hooked. We talk rather of killing what are pigmies by comparison, but who afford very fine sport nevertheless, and with briefer intervals of wearisome expectation; pigmies, that is to say, perhaps running on the average from three quarters of a pound to a couple of pounds.

For ourselves, we never greatly cared for loch-fishing. There is something depressing in being cramped between thwarts and benches, that reminds one of those sufferings at sea you may have read of, in the boats of the *Bounty* or on the rafts of the *Medusa*. So there is in casting over the surface of a sheet of water where the topography of the lower regions may be as a sealed-up chart to everybody except the fisherman who acts as the pilot. And yet it may be agreeable enough by way of variety. We have pleasant memories of cruises in the bays of Loch Awe, in the days when it was far less fished than at present, and where the long odds were against your finding the fishing-ground preoccupied, even if you did not get up overnight and stand out to sea in the darkness. We have pleasant memories, too, of expeditions to mountain lakelets in the countries of Rob Roy and Rod-

erick Dhu ; or to localities more remote from the tread of the tourist, in the less hospitable wilds of Inverness-shire and Ross-shire. Half the fun of those rough-and-ready trips often lay in the preliminary excitement as to how you were to find the means of getting afloat. Throwing the longest line to any purpose from the shores was made impracticable by the fringes of rushes that sheltered the broods of wild-duck and water-hen. The crazy craft you found to launch often sorely wanted cooeping, and you embarked yourself with your belongings on the off-chance of a swim and a shipwreck.

We used to envy the luxurious independence of a friend who drove about in a boat of his own, mounted break-fashion upon wheels, the light carriage being constructed of tough hickory-wood warranted to stand any amount of trackless jolting. Until, on one occasion, being caught by a gust down a gully, the break-boat and its contents came to a sudden capsize ; and the proud owner, being saved, with the sacrifice of his property, by a dangerous swimming-bout across the loch before the storm, condemned his craft forthwith. We do not say that these carriage-boats may not be constructed so as to be safe and reasonably commodious. St. John made his tour in Sutherlandshire in one of them. We merely record a fact which disenchanting us of any special hankering after them. And to return to our loch-fishing, some of our most agreeable memories associate themselves with long days upon Loch Leven. Now, as they tell us, the loch is *exploit  * by fishing-clubs, who put forth in fleets each day-through the season. Then there were but a couple of boats available on the water, one of these belonging to the proprietor, and the other to the "tacksman" of his fishings. Perhaps the pike were less persistently netted down than they might have been ; but the trout must have been all the heavier on that account ; and surely they were less shy than they have since become. We know that, wind and weather permitting, we used to make highly satisfactory baskets. And at the risk of being called dog-in-the-mangerish, we maintain that it was a pleasure to have the pick of the expanse

before you. The whole circuit of the loch is classic ground, and you might steep your soul in romantic associations while relaxing from your labors on the best of the fishing-ground. Now you were within easy hail of the old castle, on the very spot where the boat with muffled oars stole in under cover of the night to rescue Queen Mary and her ladies. There Roland Gr  me—or the little Douglas—consigned the castle keys to the keeping of the kelpies ; and thence you looked across to the picturesque village, where the page, having broken away from the Chamberlain, met Seyton at the mountebank's, among the frolics of the fair. Now you were at anchor off the islet of St. Serf ; and now you were drifting beneath the brow of Benarty ; while scarcely a height in the sub-Highland landscape around you but had been touched by the wand of the Wizard of the North. And if a man have a soul above so many pound weight by the weighing machine, the romance of such associations goes for much in trout-fishing.

There is the romance of scenery too, which is often the romance of desolation, when the trout, though many, are so small as to be a mere pretext for the excursion—as when you follow up some mountain-burn flowing down through the moors—possibly tumbling in cascades over stony staircases, or growling and murmuring between the banks it has mined, under leafy arcades of tangled vegetation. Colquhoun, in his "The Moor and the Loch," will tell you how you have often to scramble up its course upon hands and knees—how, here and there, where you find tolerable footing and some shoulder-room, you must still make your casts, half doubled up, with the shortest and stiffest of rods, and a mere fag-end of casting-line. Very probably, though you have rather a distaste for bait-fishing, you had better discard the fly for the worm. But the yellow-bellied little fellows come leaping up so keenly, in flashes of brightness, through the brown of the peat-colored fluid, that you are ceaselessly occupied in pulling them out. It is a relief, no doubt to straighten your back on some tiny patch of verdant sward ; but when you have got your breath again, and the aching has died out of your muscles, you

are only too eager to go back to the work. Then there is "guddling"—that delight of one's happy boyhood—a passion which, like that of birds'-nesting, sticks to us in maturer manhood. A useful art is guddling on occasions. More than once have we eked out the meagre commissariat 'of some out-of-the-way inn, by stripping off coat and shoes and stockings, and going to work in the adjacent brook. You mark the trout shoot under the stone in mid-stream, and there you circumvent him with a hand on either side—tickling him gently, if he eludes all but your fingertips, till you persuade him to subside, in a delicious intoxication, into your clutch; or you have thrust your arm into the winding hole under the bank, at the risk of provoking the bite of a water-rat, and find you have introduced yourself to a happy family of fishes, which you draw forth successively in assorted sizes. That is charming sport for a warm summer day—when the silvery stream has shrunk down in its stony bed, and the coolness of the water is an agreeable relief from the oppressive temperature of the thundery atmosphere. Or you may be tempted to go "pot-hunting" in another form. You have shot the moors, toward the beginning of September, somewhat hard; or the weather has been wet and windy, and the birds are packing and shy. By way of variety, you may go otter-fishing in some of the mountain lakelets, and a dish of fish of any kind will be by no means unwelcome. A poaching piece of mechanism that otter is: yet if it were more freely used it would be all the better; for the small trout multiply marvellously, though it is hard to tell how they feed and fatten; and if they must sometimes suffer from hunger, they enjoy a blissful immunity from pike. The tarn lies high among mists and clouds, and far above the level of the sweet hill-pastures, among the stone-strewn slopes of the straggling brown heather. Insects of any kind are scarce; you seldom hear the hum of the bee, and never see the flutter of the butterfly. As you adjust the otter and unroll the lines, you hear nothing but the twitter of some moorland bird, the crow of the grouse-cock, or the harsh croak of the raven. You set your board afloat before the breeze,

among the cold shadows cast by the clouds on the dark-brown ripple of the wavelets. But as the long trail of flies drags slowly out, the whole finny population awakens to the sense of an unwonted excitement. The phenomenon of a flight of flies, all of them most inviting to eat, stirs it up by shoals in jealous rivalry. There is a line of popples and bursting bubbles on the broken water; tiny heads come to the surface, and seem to knock together; there are conglomerations and disturbances here and there. When you haul in, which you may do very speedily, you find you have made what in point of numbers may be almost called a miraculous draught of fishes. Hardly a hook but has attached its greedy place-hunter; and time after time you may send out your snares with the certainty of equal success.

Then there is fishing in the streams of the Continent. We can say nothing here of sport in Scandinavia or our North American Dominion, which opens a wide range of subjects in itself. But the ordinary tourist on the Continent who has time to spare, will do well to add a rod to his baggage. He can never tell where he may find an off-day's amusement; and angling may often be made an object for the walk, which it prolongs in a pleasant, dawdling fashion. A so-called fishing-tour may be indifferently successful; but it should take one through pretty and unfamiliar scenery, which is seldom visited, save on some pretext of the kind. The scenery and the weather often conspire to give you a singularly enjoyable day; and to tell the truth, you must count on their assistance. For so far as our experience goes, much of the most inviting-looking Continental fishing is apt to prove a delusion. We have followed faithfully in the steps of fly-fishers, who have published glowing descriptions of most satisfactory achievements among the rivers and brooks of Normandy and Brittany. Nothing could be more tempting than the water, in its alternation of stream and pool. But as matter of fact, even when we have whipped those very mill-tails which had been embalmed in the pages that had invited us thither, even when we did not draw them altogether blank, they fell far short of our sanguine

anticipations. Still we have generally found trout enough to keep our spirits up, and to induce us to persevere in our adventurous quest; while there were almost always coarser fish to fall back upon. The grayling, which abound in many places, and especially in the Swiss and German rivers, are arch-deceivers. They resent the prick of the hook with a determination which leaves little to desire; for an instant you are cheered by the idea that you have a heavy and lively trout. But their energies seem to evaporate in one desperate wallop; and then you haul in the gray-backed sluggard with a dull drag, hand over hand. It is a nuisance for their foreign visitors, that of late years both Frenchmen and Belgians are becoming alive to the profit of preserving their water, when they do not take to fishing on their own account; while the peasants and the loafers from the small towns are become accomplished poachers both with net and line.

In the Black Forest of Baden and Württemberg, in the Saltzkammergut and the Bavarian uplands, in Tyrol and in Styria, there is still magnificent trout-fishing to be had. But the days are gone when the unfriended traveller might take a night's lodging in any country inn, and fish each bewitching bit of water that took his fancy. Now the best of the more accessible rivers are preserved, and unless you are provided with good introductions, or put up in some hotel where the landlord is a fishing lessee, you might much better have left your rod at home. But when one has the luck to come in for a spell of good spring-fishing in these parts, there are few things more exhilarating; and for the *malade imaginaire*, or the over-fagged brain-toiler, it is worth any quantity of mineral waters, to say nothing of medicines. Take the Traun, near Ischl, by way of example, made famous in its lower waters beneath the Traunsee by the philosopher-fisherman, Sir Humphry Davy. Foremost, perhaps, among its peers, it is to our mind the most enchanting of the many enchanting streams that flow through the loveliest scenery of Southern Germany. And if you are in love with creature comforts, not to say luxuries, you can hardly be established in better quarters than a river-side hotel in the Bath of Ischl be-

fore it is crowded by the *beau monde* from Vienna. Nowhere does the virgin spring show more coquettishly, or array herself in garments of more vivid green. The very river, purified by its passage through mountain lakes of unknown depth, comes down in a rush of brilliant emerald, flashing back the light from the changing facets, as it breaks against its banks and the stones in its bed. Yet its emerald tints scarcely show more brilliantly than the verdure on the woods and meadows all around you, when they are sparkling in the dewy lustre of the morning. Dew or no dew—there is almost a superfluity of moisture in those parts in the summer or spring, which accounts for the magnificent luxuriance of landscapes that rejoice in the frequent rainfall. Here the Traun runs between broad stretches of meadow, dotted over with homesteads embowered in orchards, among paddocks, over which the mighty walnuts throw a shade through the sultriest hours of the sunniest afternoon. There, in the angle of that sharp bend, where the stream is turned by jutting precipices, rises the brown-shingle spire of the village church over the roofs of the cottages that are clustered among fruit-trees. Sometimes the rocks close in upon the river, and under the boughs that cast their black shadows over the water you scramble from shelf to shelf, cushioned over with mosses and lichens, or carpeted in glowing patterns of wild flowers, where the thin coating of soil has changed the cliff into hanging gardens. There are sundry deep pools or pots in the backwater, formed by the bends of the banks, where you may see, if you peer cautiously over the brink, grayling that have grown to portentous size. By drawing back and casting a long line in faith, when those pools are rippled by a favorable breeze, you occasionally hook one of the monsters, though you may have to lead him a long way up or down before you find facilities for landing him. But, as we have said, after his first wriggle of disgust the resistance of the grayling is merely passive. It is quite another thing with the Saltzkammergut trout. They have the courage and love of liberty of the sturdy mountaineers who are bred among the surrounding hills and valleys. Nursed in a cold and rapid stream, they seem to

be all wires and springs and steel sinews. And when a couple of them chance to have hooked themselves simultaneously—a thing which happens not unfrequently—and when the pair are pulling hard in opposite directions, each doing his utmost to break your line, you might fancy you were battling with a moderate-sized grilse, or that your tackle was the sport of a well-grown young water-baby. On a propitious day, and when in a taking humor, no fish used to rise more freely or more earnestly. But the fisherman's pursuit is proverbially uncertain. At the best of times, from one cause or another, he can never make sure of his luck lasting; and the forest industries of South Germany are often fatal to the best of his sport. You are in the full flush of success, and rejoicing in the growing weight on your shoulders, when a tiny bit of bark goes dancing by, and then another and another. They mean nothing to the uninitiated; but you can read only too clearly the handwriting on the water, and the language is unmistakable. You may swear or lament according to your temperament, but already you are sullenly reeling up your line. Before you have taken the rod to pieces, the bark is followed by twigs and branches, and these are the precursors of a whole avalanche of logs, which come crushing and surging between the brinks, half choking the width of the channel. The woodmen have been opening the sluices of one of the reservoirs in the mountain-gorges, where the piles of chopped wood are dammed back till they are launched for the lakes far below in a rush; and this is the melancholy result. All that can be said is, that it is a catastrophe which is quickly over, and has no deadly consequences. The fish have learned to save themselves under the banks, and the bed of the river is but little disturbed. It is far worse in the streams and burns of the Black Forest. In these the water is likewise dammed black; but when the flood-gates are opened, there is a descent of a long snaky raft, with interminable articulations of the tallest pines loosely lashed together with bark-ropes at the ends. That the monster moves at all, with such seemingly inadequate power, is a miracle. That it frequently jams, and always steers wildly, is inev-

itable. And then the rudder, formed of a rough section of a tree-trunk, and which is made to act as a drag on occasion, goes rasping and grinding along the bottom, tearing up the stones where the trout ought to shelter; while their refuges under the banks are being torn away and undermined. No wonder that the fish diminish rather than multiply; and that, being perpetually kept in terror of their lives by these periodical disturbances, they are slow to rise and preternaturally shy.

But enough of trouting in the German forests, with all their associations of humming bees and cooing wood-pigeons, of balmy beds of thyme and blooming wild flowers, and the delicious odors of the resin that is distilled from the fir stems in the heat. We must leave those recollections which seduce us into lingering, and turn to the experiences of more eminent fishing authorities. And writing on fishing in *Blackwood*, as on so many other subjects, one goes back almost involuntarily to old Christopher North. The professor was an expert and an enthusiast—a philosopher, a practical naturalist, and a poet to boot. Some of the brightest passages in his "Recreations" are those connected with his fishing achievements; and never in the well-timed "daffing" of the "Noctes" does the old man show to much greater advantage than when bending the long-bow in his merrier moods, provoked thereto by the lively imagination of the Shepherd. Take the "Recreations;" and there we have an admirable bit from "Our Parish," in which the venerable Christopher becomes little Kit again, and goes back, in poetic descriptions of the moorland landscapes, to his early initiation in the mysteries of a craft to which he took like a Newfoundland puppy to the "Brother Loch."

"But few were the days 'good for the Brother Loch.' Perch rarely failed you, for by perseverance you were sure to fall in with one circumnatoratory school or other, and to do murderous work among them with the mauk, from the schoolmaster himself inclusive down to the little booby of the lowest form. Not so with trout. We have angled ten hours a day for half a week (during the vacance) without ever getting a single rise, nor could even that be called bad sport, for we lived in momentary expectation, mingled with fear, of a monster. Better far from sunrise to sunset never

to move a fin, than oh ! me miserable ! to hook a huge hero with shoulders like a hog—play him till he comes floating side up close to the shore, and then to feel the feckless fly leave his lip and begin gambolling in the air, while he wallops away back into his native element, and sinks utterly and for evermore into the dark profound. Life loses at such a moment all that makes life desirable—yet strange ! the wretch lives on—and has not the heart to drown himself, as he wrings his hands and curses his lot and the day he was born. But, thank Heaven, that ghastly fit of fancy is gone by, and we imagine one of those dark, scowling, gusty, almost tempestuous days, 'prime for the Brother Loch.' No glare or glitter on the water, no reflection of fleecy clouds, but a black-blue undulating swell, at times turbulent—with now and then a breaking wave—that was the weather in which the giants fed, showing their backs like dolphins within a fathom of the shore, and sucking in the red heckle among your very feet."

Talking of giants and monsters, we have a laughable companion picture in the "Noctes," where the Shepherd, posing as a border Baron Munchausen, tells in the richest Doric, and with a marvellous wealth of imagery, how he hooked and killed his "three stane salmon," following him like an otter between land and water in a cork jacket, and finally "gripping" and landing him in his teeth. And the actual incidents of the struggle are made so true to realities that we almost forget we are listening to a rhapsody of the fancy. The sporting Shepherd is in even greater force at a meeting of the worthies of the "Noctes," at the appropriate "anglers' retreat" of Tibby Shiel's on St. Mary's Loch. The meeting came off, by the way, in late autumn, which made his piscatory finds the more wonderful.

Answering to North's inquiry as to what he had been doing, the Shepherd begins his matter-of-fact narrative with a charming affectation of modesty. "No muckle. I left Altrive after breakfast—about nine—and the Douglas burn looking gey tempting, I tried it with the black gnat, and sune creeled some four or five dizzen—the maist o' them sma'—few exceeding a pund." Tiring of trouting, he had changed his trout-cast for a salmon-fly, and left the Douglas burn for the Yarrow. "I was jist watin my flee near the edge when a new-run fish, strong as a white horse, rushed at it, and then out o' the water wi' a spring higher than my head." That

incident ends, after sundry thrilling vicissitudes in landing the heaviest fish that was ever killed in the Yarrow, when the fortunate captor turns for a change to the loch, and tries the otter. Result—two dozen, the one half the size of her-ring, the other half the size of haddocks, with one gray trout, as big as a cod. Next, he pays a parenthetical visit to some night lines, pulling up pike and eel alternately, "wi' maist unerrin' regularity of succession," till he could have fancied that "a' the fishy life the water had contained was now wallopin' and wrigglin' in the sudden sunshine of unexpected day."

Experiences like those have never occurred to anybody save men of the Shepherd's poetic fancy, though there are well-authenticated facts on record which sound almost as extraordinary even to the initiated, as when the present Lord Lovat killed in the river of Beaulieu no fewer than 156 fish in five successive days. And so we leave the realms of the literature of fancy for those of sober fact, albeit not altogether untinged by romance; as in that delightful volume of Scrope's, "The Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing." As accomplished an artist with the rod as the rifle; no keener hand ever pursued the noble sport in serene indifference to weather, wettings, and the bitter caprices of the northern climate. A glance over the illustrations is a pleasure in itself, and eminently suggestive besides; for Scrope had enlisted the services of no smaller men than Wilkie, the two Landseers, and Edward Cooke. Their drawings are a panoramic epitome of sport on the border river—for Scrope confines himself entirely to the Tweed; and they embrace all forms of fishing, legitimate, illegitimate, and commercial, with rod, and net, and leister. Here we have a boatful of men "burning the water," their faces and forms lighted up by the ruddy glow of their fire; there you have a group by Wilkie working the drag-net, enthusiasm and the keenest eagerness of expectation expressed in each speaking body and limb, down to the bulging back sinews in their sturdy calves. There a party has pulled ashore after a catch, and the mighty salmon is being scrupulously weighed; and again the angler, after a doubtful fight, under diffi-

culties, sees his line about to be "cut." In the background of all the views is scenery characteristic of the river—a beetling crag, crowned by the ruins of its shattered keep; a snug fishing-box, throwing its smoking chimney-stacks over a bank of wood; or an amphitheatre of bare, bluff hills, broken with patches of furze, and backed up by some well-known group like the Eildons. And the people whose acquaintance we make are just as characteristic as the scenes they figure in. Not to speak of the nobles and lairds, who doubtless deserved the praises they receive by the best of good fellows and even better sportsmen, there are the peasant worthies, who might have led happy but inglorious lives had they not been immortalized in the memoirs of the author of "Waverley." There are Tom Purdie and Rob Kerse, who often kept the author company, and of the former of them he tells some capital stories. It is one great charm of the angler's life, the forming fast friendships with men of this kind, when differences of station and education have been forgotten in the indulgence of common tastes, and the interchange of common sympathies. Among the many friends Scrope made on the border river was the immortal patron of the Purdies himself. The fifth chapter begins with an eloquent tribute of affectionate admiration to the Tweed, as he knew it before Scott had made it famous, though it was endeared already to the salmon-fisher and the artist. And then he goes on, in a passage that has a melancholy interest still, though doubtless the interest was fresher when it was written forty years ago:

"Since that time I have seen the cottage of Abbotsford, with its rustic porch, lying peacefully in the haugh between the blue hills, and have listened to the wild rush of the Tweed as it hurried beneath it. As time progressed and as hopes arose, I have seen that cottage converted into a picturesque mansion, with every luxury and comfort attached to it, and have partaken of its hospitality; the unproductive hills I have viewed covered with thriving plantations, and the whole aspect of the county civilized without losing its romantic character. But amid all these revolutions I have never perceived any change in the mind of him who made them, the choice and master-spirit of the age. There he dwelt in the hearts of the people, diffusing life and happiness around him; he made a home beside the border river, in a country and a nation that have derived

benefit from his presence and consequence from his genius."

Figuring in the fictitious character of Harry Otter, Scrope relates a humorous adventure that must have had its counterpart in the lives of most angling novices. He tells how, having turned out with a spick-and-span new rod, exquisite in workmanship and resplendent in varnish, he crowned sundry highly satisfactory exploits by landing a 5-lb. grilse, and that with fragile trout tackle. How, swelling inwardly with intense self-satisfaction, he met a native who might have sat to a painter for Wat Tinninn, and whose rod, with its makeshift appurtenances, was at least as uncouth as his own. How, condescending graciously to this rough brother of the craft, he was provoked by the *nil admirari* manner of the north-country man, to tantalize him with a display of his booty. And how the borderer, "premeessing" carelessly that he could "specify" that he had no had muckle luck, made the practical retort to his southern interlocutor of producing a couple of seemingly interminable salmon from the bag that had been half-concealed behind his broad shoulders. That is the sort of irritating adventure that may happen to you, to the latest day of your life. Luck, of course, may always have much to do with success, and you try to lay that soothing unction to your vanity. Moreover, a local man must know his native water, and be more familiar with the flies, and all the rest of it. Nevertheless, there is no getting over the fact that his luck and skill must both be handicapped by his clumsy apparatus, and that if your indifferently-equipped acquaintance has fairly beaten you, it has been in spite of his having been heavily overweighted in that respect. And talking of equipment, one thing strikes us in these pictures in Scrope. A better sportsman never lived, yet he is got up in costume that would stamp a man now as the most unmistakable of cockneys. He fishes the Tweed in a curly-brimmed beaver, in a flowing frockcoat and gracefully-cut white pantaloons descending on highly-polished single-soled boots—in a dress, in short, which would have become a man who was no great dandy, as he took his walks along the shady side of Pall Mall. We must say that in dressing for our field-

sports we are become wiser in our generation ; and that coarse home-spun jackets and baggy knickerbockers, deer-stalking wide-awake, and hob-nailed boots, are more graceful " in that connection," as they are undoubtedly more suitable. Mr. Scrope's hat must surely have gone flying over his shoulder at each gust of wind that swept down the river ; and a driving shower must have soaked him to the skin, unless he were prepared to envelop himself at the shortest notice in wrappings carried by his attendant. Though the sportsman should be made neither of sugar nor salt, speedy saturation on a nipping day in spring seems to us to be a very gratuitous infliction ; nor do we see the wisdom of laying in rheumatics and remorse by way of distraction for our declining years.

If Scrope confines his reminiscences to the Tweed, Mr. Colquhoun, in his excursions to river and loch, carries us over the length and breadth of Scotland. " Excursion," indeed, is scarcely the word to use, for he has probably rented more shootings and fishings in a greater number of the Scotch counties, in the course of a most active life, than any man living. The publication of a fifth edition of " The Moor and the Loch," by the way, is a proof the more of its well-deserved popularity. And we are glad to think that a suggestion of our own, in a former article on that delightful book, may have had its share in inducing the author to prefix to this new edition a very interesting bit of autobiography. It abounds in lively anecdotes of his school-days and early life, especially after joining his regiment—the gallant 33d—then quartered in the wilds of Connaught. The story is everywhere impressed with the author's vigorous individuality ; and the Connaught of those unsettled times was by no means an enviable place of residence for a nervous man. Of course Colquhoun liked it. Yet the young Scot, though generally popular with a peasantry and gentry who delighted in sport, has to tell of more than one hair-breadth escape, when duels were affairs of every-day occurrence, and soldiers were likely to be shot at, on account of the color of their cloth. We may say of young Colquhoun,

" Alike to him . . .
the brand, the bridle, and the oar ;"

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as he was as much at home in a boat as in the saddle, and has more than one memorable feat in sea-racing to tell of, when he and his elder brother were pulling in company. But so far as fishing goes, his autobiographical recollections are scattered broadcast over the pages he has consecrated to that branch of sport. We trace him through lowlands and highlands, from fishing quarter to fishing quarter and stream to stream ; from the Stinchar in Ayrshire, to the Dee in Aberdeen, and the smaller rivers of the more northerly Highland counties ; and as for the lochs, he seems to have tried, in his time, most of those that have more than a local reputation. A pleasanter companion no man need desire ; and those stirring exploits of his, which he so vividly records, have been photographed on a singularly retentive memory. But the comprehensiveness and clearness with which he handles his favorite subjects give his volumes a very practical value. As for comprehensiveness, the angler will find hints that may help him in each and all of the localities he is likely to visit, and through every season of the year ; while for clearness and simplicity, Mr. Colquhoun is as little given to multiply rules and instructions pharisaically as to embarrass himself with an over-elaborate apparatus. Two or three coils of flies wound round his hat, and composed, of course, like French salad, " after the season," and according to his ample knowledge and experience, serve his turn for any day's angling. He is none of your brilliant theorists and connoisseurs, who have collected, to their own extreme confusion, whole libraries of fishing-books, stuffed with fur, feathers, and tinsel ; while you are perpetually coming, in his pages, upon one of those practical maxims that may spare much disappointment to the sensible novice, and set him up with the best second-hand experience. Those passages might be extracted with advantage, and codified, in the shape of a summary, in the Appendix ; and we may select a few of them, by way of example. Angling, says Mr. Colquhoun, though not precisely in these words, is emphatically a science that must be cultivated by thought and observation, and practised by the exercise of careful induction.

"It is the exact perception of the seats of fish, and where they may shift about, according to the varying moods of the river, that constitutes half the science of angling. As the late eminent Dr. Munro used to say of medicine, 'It is but shrewd guessing after all.' Nevertheless, as in physic, the shrewdest guesser is the best physician; so in angling, the shrewdest guesser, if not *always* the ablest, will go far to be the most successful fisher. . . . As to up-stream trouting, many will reject it on account of the perpetual casting it entails. There is this in its favor though, that, in trout-fishing, the more casts the more rises. All good trout-ers are aware of this and never put off time by leading their hooks, except in lochs and the still deeps of streams. . . . When the fly is dropped in the centre of the ring, the instant after the trout has belled up, it is ten times more likely to rise again than if the fly touched the water at ever so short a distance. . . . Another hint to the young angler is to mind what he is about when he approaches the still deeps of the river. Many are apt to pass them by altogether. . . . Perhaps the best test of a finished performer is the manner in which he fishes these dead, deep places, especially if there is little wind; for they generally harbor the largest and best-fed fish, which are, of course, the most suspicious and difficult to rise."

Fond as Mr. Colquhoun is of trout-fishing, he maintains, what few salmon-fishers will dispute, that there is no comparison between its more tranquil pleasures and the excitement of the nobler sport. It is "only the germ of salmon-fishing," he says; and he advises its devotees to "get out of this nursery-fishing and to become salmon-anglers if they can." Of course, the more costly voyage to Corinth is not within the means of everybody; and while all people who have the leisure can compass an occasional week's trouting, a man, to make sure of satisfactory sport with salmon, must have either money or more fortunate friends. As for trouting, Mr. Colquhoun comforts those who seldom have access to well-protected water, by pointing out that they will become far more accomplished workmen by fishing ordinary rivers than those that are profusely stocked. He has remarked that men who shoot habitually in preserves are not to be compared, as steady shots, with others who have been in the habit of making wild bags. "The one blazes thoughtlessly away, committing, time after time, the same errors; while the other carefully notes every miss, and endeavors to correct it next opportunity. There is also no doubt that both the angler and the shooter who have to work

and *think* for their sport acquire a self-command and nerve only to be obtained in this school."

Among the liveliest of Mr. Colquhoun's cheery reminiscences are those that associate themselves with his summer quarters on the Lyon in Perthshire; and for a picture of fishing under extreme difficulties, there is nothing better than a description of his we have already referred to, of working one of those Highland burns that come brawling down over the rock beneath a tangle of underwood. But perhaps the most dramatic adventure he has put on record is the fight of one of his sons with a heavy salmon, hooked late in the day in a pool of the Stinchar. The action began with "a vindictive plunge" on to the hook, which augured ill for the ultimate success of the fisherman. For—

"To my dismay, I now saw that my son had chosen, by mistake, the lightest reel line in my possession, only intended for sea-trout or grilse, in the clearest water of July! Its length, however, was 100 yards; and having perfect confidence in the skill of the fisherman, I resolved not to flurry him with a warning, but to wait in patience until the prize was either lost or won.

"The fish neither dashed round the pool in terror, nor refused to move in sullen indifference, but with a degree of calm dignity steered along the opposite bank, giving fitfully a revengeful toss which made my heart flutter. Higher, higher, he rowed himself, till he arrived within a few yards of the overhanging trees. If he resolved to pass this barrier, I knew well the alternative was either a broken line to the angler, or a jump to the shoulders in the rapid current. At this crisis the fish was turned by wary coaxing, and brought cautiously down to the deep water where he had been hooked. A new danger was here threatened, for the eddy tree appeared provokingly near, and it was likely the huge fish might strike across the river, twisting the line round its branches. Again he was foiled by the coolness of his tormentor, and the up-stream march was resumed."

The daylight deepened into the gloaming, but happily there were no clouds on the sky, and "to our delight, the glorious red harvest moon rose 'broad' over the brow of the Ayrshire hills." The villagers, hearing of the sport going forward, rushed down from their cottages to look on at the fun; and young Mr. Colquhoun went on playing his fish for the benefit of a "gallery" of excited peasants, by the brilliant light of "Macfarlane's lantern."

"It was nearly ten o'clock at night before the noble fellow began to show symptoms of yielding. 'Bring a lantern, Sandy, as he can never be gaffed by moonlight.' Sandy was soon ready, and eager with light and steel. The salmon, however, though nearly spent, refused to come within reach of his weapon, and kept lashing the water into foam on the opposite shore. Quick as thought Sandy dashed across the black stream and reached the fish before he sank. Then poisoning the lantern for a second, up to his waist in the water, he struck his victim with deadly determination—a pause ensued—the light hissed in the river and was extinguished. Then followed a severe unseen struggle under the darkened bank, when Sandy [plucky fellow that he was], with a grip like a bull-dog, dripping from head to foot, crawled from the deep, shouting, 'I hae him noo!'"

The weight of the fish was 25 lb.; and as he was the finest fish killed with the rod that season on the Stinchar, the angler's patience and skill were amply rewarded.

Many admirable books have been written on fishing, with not a few songs, ballads, and idyls, good and bad, indifferent and execrable. The marvel is, that we have no more of them, considering how naturally a man with a turn for literature seeks sympathies among the reading public in a pursuit that has grown into a passion with himself. We have no idea of running over a roll of names, since we should infallibly make invidious omissions; but there is one that has made its appearance recently, which we would notice before reeling up our article, as being not only among the latest, but among the best of its class. "My Life as an Angler," by William Henderson, presented itself with all the advantages of paper, typography, and admirable illustrations; and yet it seems scarcely to have received the welcome it deserved. Many of the views on the Tweed and the Northumbrian and Durham waters recall some of the most picturesque features of the scenery that has been immortalized in Border warfare, and in the spirited old Border ballads. Great part of that country, moreover, like Tweedside and Coquetdale, has been made classic in the lays of the poets of the angle. Nor less attractive are the charming little head-pieces and tail-pieces to the chapters, which blend graceful fancy with realistic truth, while they have much of that characteristic and humorous individuality which dis-

tinguished the little masterpieces of Bewick. Mr. Henderson, who is now in his sixty-second year, was one of those boys who were born fishermen. "Of all the signs of the Zodiac," as he observes in his opening sentence, "undoubtedly 'the fish with glittering scales' ruled my horoscope." And all through his life, whatever the importunate "distractions" of graver business, he always returned in his ample intervals of leisure with redoubled ardor to his early passion. Like Kit North, he goes back with affectionate enthusiasm to the circumstances of his first becoming possessor of a rod, and the capture of his first fish. How many of his readers could tell stories almost similar—stories defining themselves down to their most minute details, as they take shape and substance from the mists of memory. Prowling along the river bank in search of minnows, "I came," he says, "upon two boys apparently possessing a joint-interest in a fishing-rod, which was projected over a willow-bush. Youth is a period of freemasonry, and I was soon on good terms with the strangers, who proudly exhibited the results of their sport—three small eels strung upon a willow twig." A not ignoble envy, and the contemplation of the magnificent booty, stirred his small soul to its depths; and so he wheedled a fond mother out of eightpence, which he invested in the purchase of a two-piece rod. Nor was it long after that ere he "blooded" the much-valued acquisition, though more by good-luck than skilful management. While playing leap-frog with some companions, they had baited their rods, and stuck them over the stream. The cry arose of a sudden, "There's a bite at Henderson's." "A rush to the river, an anxious pause, a gentle uplifting of the rod, a loud scream of wonder, and backward I ran, far into the dusty road, dragging a trout whose weight was at least a pound." Breaking ground, or rather water, with such a monster, was surely an amazing piece of good fortune. The first of our own early prizes must have run ten or a baker's dozen to the pound; and we well remember how the first really satisfactory rise we had set us whipping a bit of stagnant and brackish back-water in the estuary of a northern

salmon-river, through the brightest and most unlikely hours of a long summer afternoon. We had had ocular evidence that a "whopper" had been there, and we were determined to bring him up to the hook again, if indomitable perseverance could do it. That by the way. As for the far happier Master Henderson, in his case, as in our own, the boy became father to the man. As he had whooped and danced like an Indian on the warpath over the victories of his maiden rod and line, so in riper years he settled down into the earnest enthusiasm which made matter for this volume which has taken our fancy. We know the city and county of Durham pretty well—archæologically; we know the county of Northumberland very well—piscatorially; and it is delightful to revisit many a favorite haunt with a guide so intensely sympathetic as Mr. Henderson. The very names in his pages are eminently suggestive in one way or another. That first trout of his was taken on the Brancepeth Road, near the romantic tower and park of the old fortress of the Nevilles. He remembers when there were great trout in the Wear under "the Bishop's Cornmill"—that was before the river of St. Cuthbert had been poisoned by mining industry—and one of the first expeditions he describes was to "the beautifully situated village of Rothbury," and the fascinating pools of romantic Coquet, where it rushes past the ruins of Brinkburn Priory. Setting aside considerations of county patriotism, and the pleasant memories of auld lang syne, we do not wonder at Mr. Henderson's strong attachment to the streams of the "north countree." Even on casual visitors, with their wild variety of feature and changing play of expression, they invariably exercise a lasting fascination; and the liking that may have originated in legend and song, ripens into affection with personal knowledge. There is the Coquet flowing downward from Brinkburn through haughs and corn-fields, and hanging copses, and banks of the flowering furze and broom, to the amphitheatre of woods by the hermitage of Warkworth, and the sweep that is dominated by the keep of the Percys; and the Alne, that runs from the brown moorlands, and steals past the ruins of its abbey, over

shelving ledges of rock, under sombre bowers of foliage, through the deer-park, and home-park, and fragrant shrubberies of his Grace of Northumberland. As you throw the fly, you look back over your shoulder at the battlements of his castle, with their sentinels of stone. You come on gray farmsteadings in sequestered nooks, only accessible by fords or stepping-stones; and upon mills that, if you may judge by the coloring of their massive walls, must have had their wheels turned by those rushes almost from time immemorial. Not a ford, or pass, or bridge but has been the scene of sharp fighting in the old raiding days; and at least two Scottish monarchs came to grief with their hosts almost within an arrow-flight of Alnwick Castle. The very monks, who owed comparative immunity as much to the secluded situation of their convents as to their sanctity, are said to have been betrayed on more than one occasion by the bells they had tolled prematurely in gratitude for their deliverance from the invader.

But to return to Mr. Henderson from a digression into which he has betrayed us. He proceeds to tell how, after confining his sport for several years to the Wear and the Coquet, he went on to wander farther afield, to "the Glen, with its picturesque Bell of Yeavering; the Tweed, dear to the angler as to the poet; the Till, so deadly, for all it flows so still; the Bowmont, slowly stealing through its peaceful vale; the Eden, tumbling from the rocks of Newton Don—spot blessed alike by fishermen and lovers true; the Breamish, scene of, ah! how many happy hours enshrined in my memory! the Cale, flowing beneath the Dragon's Lair; and the White-adder, which, from its long trailing in snake-like coils, first gained its loathsome name." It was in the autumn of 1839—an era in his life—that he first began his acquaintance with the Tweed. It is sadly tantalizing to hear of the terms on which a sportsman might get the best of fishing in these unsophisticated days, in the very water which is now the most "fashionable." Mr. Henderson, on his arrival, sought out Adam Johnston, who then rented the fishings of Dryburgh and Bemerside. Even then it surprised him to find Adam's

charges so moderate. "A day's fishing, including boatman and use of boat, was only 5s. At the present time a rent of £200 a year, and all attendant expenses, are paid for the water which I was then free to roam over at will." Half a dozen years later, with some congenial spirits, he originated a small club, which took the Edenmouth salmon-fishings on a five years' lease. And these Edenmouth fishings included "the far-famed Sprouston Dub, the gem not only of the water, but of the Tweed itself." Thenceforth his sojourns on the Tweed were long and frequent, if not regular; and many are the good days' sport recorded; though, to do him justice, he is most honestly frank in commemorating his failures as well as his successes.

We have left ourselves no space to follow him at any length through the pleasant contents of a volume of which we hope we have given a fair idea. The book, as we have already hinted, must be to a certain extent tantalizing—since good fishing in these parts is far harder to come by than when Mr. Henderson was in the heyday of his youth and

vigor. Now that railways have been multiplied and hill-roads improved, the great land-owners are necessarily become stricter in their preserving, and more chary in giving strangers permission to fish. While farther to the south, in the Durham coal-fields, the miner has been playing the mischief with the limpid streams. Nevertheless we believe that the fishing tourist will still find himself sufficiently rewarded, more especially if he goes decently accredited; and though he may have to look on and long at the pools of the Tweed, and omit the best of the Glen or the Coquet from his pilgrimage, he will, notwithstanding, find angling excitements enough; and he has always the glorious landscapes to fall back upon. For we have written to little purpose if we have not shown that angling may be nearly as often your pretext as your object; and keenly as he may appreciate the triumphs of his sport, the true fisherman can make himself tolerably happy even when fortune has proved persistently unpropitious.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CAPTAIN ORTIS' BOOTY: A BALLAD.

BY A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

CAPTAIN ORTIS (the tale I tell
 Petit told in his chronicle),
 Won from Alva, for service and duty,
 At Antwerp's surrender the strangest booty.

Then each captain gained—as I hear—
 That for guerdon he held most dear,
 Chose what in chief he set heart of his on;
 Out strode Ortis and claimed—the prison!

Such a tumult! For, be assured,
 Greatly the judges and priests demurred;
 No mere criminals alone in that Stygian
 Darkness died, but the foes of religion.

There lay heretics by the score,
 Anabaptists and many more
 Hard to catch, but let loose when caught your
 Timid squirrels, forego the torture

Never! Suddenly sank the noise;
 Alva spoke in his steely voice:
 "He's my soldier sans flaw or blemish,
 Let him burn as he likes these Flemish!"

"Sire, as you please," the Governor said,
 "Only King Philip's edict read—"
 Alva spoke! "What is King or Cortes?"
 "Open the portals!" cried Captain Ortis.

"Loose the prisoners; set them free:
 Only—each pays a ransom fee."
 Out, be sure, flowed the gold in buckets,
 Piles on piles of broad Flanders ducats.

Ay, and there followed not gold alone;
 Men and women and children thrown
 In chains to perish came out forgiven,
 Saw light, friends' faces, and thought it heaven.

Out they staggered, so halt and blind
 From rack and darkness they scarce could find
 The blessed gate where daughter and mother,
 Father and brother, all found each other.

"Freedom! Our darlings! Let God be praised!"
 So cried all; then said one amazed,
 "Who is he under heaven that gave us
 Thought and pity—who cared to save us?"

"Captain Ortis," the answer ran,
 "The Spanish lancer. Here's the man.
 Ay, but don't kill him with too much caressing;
 Death's sour salad with sweetest dressing."

Danger indeed; for never had been
 In brave old Antwerp such a scene,
 Boldest patriot, fairest woman,
 Blessing him, knelt to the Spanish foeman.

Ortis looted his prize of gold.
 And yet I think if the truth be told,
 He found, when the ducats were gone with the pleasure,
 That heretic blessing a lasting treasure.

Still my Captain, to certain eyes,
 Seems war-hardened and worldly-wise;
 "T'were for a hero (you say) more handsome
 To give the freedom, nor take the ransom."

True; but think of this hero's lot,
 No Quixote he, nor Sir Launcelot;
 But a needy soldier half-starved, remember,
 With cold and hunger, that northern December.

Just such an one as Parma meant,
 Writing to Philip in discontent:
 "Antwerp must yield to our men ere much longer,
 Unless you leave us to die of hunger.

"Wages, raiment, they do without,
 Wine—fire even—they'll learn, no doubt,
 To live without meat for their mouths; they're zealous,
 Only they die first as yet, poor fellows."

Yes and I praise him, for my part,
 This man war-beaten and tough of heart,
 Who—scheming a booty, no doubt— yet planned it
 More like a saint, as I think, than a bandit.

What, my friend, is too coarse for you?
 Will naught less than a Galahad do?
 Well; far nobler, it seems, your sort is;
 But I—I declare for bold Captain Ortis!

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A PRINCESS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

WHEN Louis XIV. gathered round him the most brilliant Court in Europe, and erected for it a palace lined with precious marbles and gorgeous with paintings recording his praise, it might have been hard to persuade the peasantry of that period, whose lot seemed so widely different, that the sum of happiness contained by their mud-plastered walls was about equal to that held by the gilded salons of Versailles. And in truth, when we read of the gay doings of the palace, of fetes rivalling the fairy imaginings of childhood, of fancy balls where ingenuity laid plans unshackled by considerations of cost, of parties on the water, parties in the forest, all following one another in brilliant succession—when we read of these, and compare them with the monotonous and care-bound life of the peasant, we may at first sight conclude that this was indeed impossible. But on studying some of those wonderful written memoirs with which this period abounds, we find that beneath all the gay glitter of Court life the human heart panted after unattained happiness, and that even the princess in her almost idolized position endured misery and mortifications beyond the ordinary griefs of humanity.

Among those records whose pathos is not lessened by the absence of tragedy or of those events which lend color to history, stand preëminent the letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, and mother of the celebrated regent.

This princess was the daughter of Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, by his consort Charlotte of Hesse Cassel, and was granddaughter of Elizabeth Stuart (sister of Charles I.), and a descendant of the heroic William of Orange. She was born in the historic castle of Heidel-

berg in the year 1652, but lived there only four years. Soon after her birth, her aunt Sophia, afterward Electress of Hanover, and mother of George I. of England, was appointed to be her state governess, and became a second mother to her. Her own mother was a woman of a temper too haughty and too violent to bear patiently the wrongs she experienced from her husband, and escaping from Heidelberg, after many miserable scenes, lived for the rest of her life in her own country. Charles Louis, unable to persuade her to consent to a divorce, marriedmorganatically a Countess of Degenfeldt, by whom he had a numerous family. It is to one of her half-sisters that many of Elizabeth Charlotte's letters are addressed, always in terms of respect and affection.

After her mother's sad catastrophe the young princess lived with her aunt, first at the Hague, with the old Queen of Bohemia, paying occasional visits to her father's court, and finally, after her aunt's marriage, at Osnabrück and Hanover. We cannot doubt that her intercourse with Sophia, of whose intellect and strength of character it is difficult to speak too highly, imbued her with many of those qualities which in after life stood her in good stead.

Every year, as it shortened her not unhappy girlhood, added to the consequence of her political position. The great delicacy of her only legitimate brother showed that he would probably be the last male of his line, and leave his sister with claims to the Palatinate, doubtful though they might be. This attracted the attention of Louis XIV., who saw the political use that might be made of such claims, and proposed a marriage between her and his brother

Philip, Duke of Orleans, then a young widower. The proposal was accepted by her father and her aunt, and agreed to by her as a matter of simple duty. Sophia apparently regretted her part in the transaction, for we find her niece long afterward tenderly trying to comfort her on the subject.

The young bride was married on the 16th of November, 1671, after a tearful journey, and made her appearance in the brilliant Court of France. Her husband's first wife had been the beautiful and gay Henrietta of England, whose sad death seems, among the many doubtful stories of poisoning of that time, to afford only too probable evidence that she met her end by such means. Madame, for such was her simple but distinguishing title, could only excite comparison with the beauty of her predecessor. The account she gives of herself in later life is far from flattering. She writes to her half-sister, "You must remember little about me if you do not class me with the ugly. I have always been, and now am still more so from the effect of small-pox. I have no features, small eyes, a short thick nose, long and flat lips, large hanging cheeks, and a big face; and with all this I am short and stout."

When we remember that at this time the Court worshipped beauty, and forgave everything to Madame de Montespan and to Louise de la Vallière on account of theirs, we may imagine how the proud young German princess suffered, though she speaks so lightly of it. She further describes herself as fallen from the clouds on her arrival at Saint Germain, where the Court then resided, and says that she saw she was displeasing to her husband, adding with touching humility that this was not astonishing, as she was so ugly.

It is pleasant to learn from other sources that the king took pity on the friendless girl, and exerted himself to please and amuse her in a way that he had never done for the more attractive Henrietta. It was well that in her earlier married life she had a friend so powerful, for in her husband she had none.

Philip of Orleans was the younger son of Louis XIII., and strongly resembled his father. He is described as being small but well made in person, hand-

some though effeminate in face. He was as dark as his brother was fair. His education had been almost entirely neglected, and his only acquirement, an intimate knowledge of the great families of France, with their histories, connections, and ramifications, must have been a poor substitute, though undoubtedly useful to a royal person. He was exceedingly dissipated, incapable of a real attachment, vain, frivolous, and fonder of dress than any woman—loading himself with rings, bracelets, and jewels. He chattered so incessantly that the king used jestingly to assign this as the cause of his own distaste for talking; and Saint Simon declares that when Monsieur was oppressed by his approaching fatal fit of apoplexy, he became much less loquacious than usual—that is, he talked only about as much as four women.

With all this Philip possessed much tact, and was undoubtedly brave. In the campaigns, which he made with great credit, the soldiers used to say that he feared the sun and the dust more than he feared musket-balls. And yet, except in time of war, he never mounted a horse, devoting himself only to effeminate amusements. How unsuited he was to his sturdy German wife, her character will show.

Madame left her heart in Germany, and even the birth of children and of grandchildren never seems to have reconciled her to France. She showed her patriotism in ways that seem almost absurd. To the end of her life she never could endure French cookery, preferring sauerkraut and beer-soup to the most delicate of French dishes, and declared that she could not tolerate such foreign drugs as coffee, tea, or chocolate. The inactivity of the French ladies was distasteful to her, and she could never be persuaded to give up what we should call "constitutional." Her greatest consolation was in writing innumerable letters to her friends in Germany. Those to her aunt commenced on her arrival, and were written with wonderful regularity and patience. Even though they contain many gossiping details, we can still see that they are the outlet of her affections and sympathies.

One of the conditions of her marriage had been her conversion to the Church

of Rome. We may take this, in the daughter of the head of the Protestant league, as a proof of the lukewarmness of the German Lutheran princes, and may wonder that the bitterness of the Thirty Years' War permitted such an alliance. But the Court of Louis XIV. was already beginning to exercise that influence over the German courts which later produced such fatal results.

Madame was only nineteen when she was married, and she had been brought up in the broad and large-minded school of Leibnitz. But her letters show that whatever might be her state creed, her religion was sound and practical. Her father had contented himself with recommending her to turn her attention to points of resemblance between the two religions, rather than to regard their controversial side. She tells us that on her arrival in France, she was instructed by three bishops, each of whom inculcated different doctrines, so that she was obliged to construct a serviceable Catholicism for herself. Many years afterward she asks her half-sister if she really believes that the Catholics have none of the real truths of Christianity, assuring her that all Christians have the same aim, the differences between them being but the "old songs of priests;" and all that concerns us is to live well, and, according to the precepts of Christianity, to be merciful and inclined to charity. She continually read the Bible, explaining in her correspondence that this was not forbidden by the liberal Gallican Church, which differed widely from that in Rome-bound Germany. She declares that the French and German religious books sent her to sleep, but that she never wearied of the Bible.

The trials of Madame began with her household. Two of its principal officers were the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat, both men of shamefully debauched life, who had Monsieur completely in their power, being his ministers and associates in depravity. The former had incurred the enmity of Henrietta, who prevailed upon the king to exile him to Italy. Rumor declared that he took his revenge by sending poison from thence, which D'Effiat managed to put in her cup. All this was well known to her successor, who, seeing that it was both dangerous and hopeless to

attempt anything against them, was obliged to tolerate them, conscious that they were the cause of the misunderstandings with her husband, and of most of the unhappiness of her early married life. She did indeed at one time implore the king to consent to her own retirement, as their persecution had become beyond endurance, and he interfered in a way that silenced them without raising too much enmity by actual dismissal.

But Madame's heaviest trials came in connection with the son she so tenderly loved. Her first little boy died when only four years old, killed, she declares, by the doctors, for whom she always expresses the most profound contempt. Philip, Duke of Chartres, afterward the Regent d'Orleans, born in 1674, survived a very delicate childhood, during which his mother often wished she could send him in a letter to Madame de Harling, her old governess, that he might be brought up in a sensible German way. It might have been happier for Madame had he died like his little brother. When his education ceased to be under her control, she was forced to see the innocent boy led astray and corrupted by these two men, whose lives were a scandal even in a universally immoral age. His tutor was the Abbé Dubois, afterward the notorious cardinal, whose life and teaching are only too well known to the world.

Madame implored her husband to consider the infamous character of the men he was placing about his son, but in vain. No wonder that she fumed inwardly, as she declares, and, quoting her father, recovered patience in raging. She turned then to the education of her only daughter, named, after herself, Elizabeth Charlotte, and succeeded so far that this princess, like herself, was an example of virtuous conduct. She was married in 1698 to Leopold Joseph, Duke of Lorraine, and so gained the respect of her husband's subjects that, on his death, she was appointed regent of his dominions. Her marriage, though it was less splendid than those of her half-sisters, the Queen of Spain and the Duchess of Savoy, was a great relief to Madame. She had long been kept in terror of a different destiny for her daughter.

It was the policy of Louis XIV., the

proudest king in Europe, to marry his base-born children into the royal family of France. Thus one daughter became Princess of Conti, a second Duchess of Bourbon, and a third Duchess of Orleans, while the Duc du Maine married a Condé. In pursuance of this ignoble plan, he turned his eyes upon his brother's children, urged by Madame de Maintenon, who constantly intrigued for the offspring of the mistress whom she supplanted. Louis met with little or no opposition from his brother, whom he could always bribe by pensions and favors, but he found it far otherwise with his proud German sister-in-law. Madame says that it was for this reason the king refused to interfere in the appointment of her son's household, as he hoped, by their influence, to induce his nephew to consent to his plans.

Saint Simon tells, with the most graphic force, how the young Duke of Chartres, then only a boy of seventeen, came to his mother in the Grand Gallery of Versailles, and announced his engagement to Mademoiselle du Blois; how Madame, beside herself with rage and grief, promptly boxed his ears by way of reply, and then walked up and down the gallery with long strides, not caring to restrain her expressions of anger; how she was called into the king's room to receive the formal announcement, and acknowledged his deep ceremonious bow by turning sharply on her heel, so that when he looked up again he saw her retreating back; and how she sat out the royal dinner with tear-stained face, scarcely noticing the king's marked attentions.

Then it became a question of marrying her daughter to the Duc du Maine, a lame, pusillanimous bastard. "Even if he were not the offspring of a double adultery," she says bitterly to her aunt, "I should not have wished him for a son-in-law." But this humiliation was spared her, as it was found that the marriage would be extremely unpopular with the Parisians, who liked Madame, and understood her repugnance to it.

The Duchess of Lorraine's marriage was an unhappy one. Many of her mother's letters echo her complaints of how she had to see her husband's revenues lavished upon his mistress, and upon the woman's doubly base husband. She

bore all this, however, with patience and dignity, receiving, no doubt, much wise counsel from her mother. She lived to see her son become joint proprietor of the great Austrian dominions, but died the year before he was crowned Emperor of Germany.

It may be noted here that her granddaughter was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and that Louis XVI. was descended from Monsieur's first wife, so that the king and queen were equally inheritors of the fated Stuart blood.

When the dauphin married a Bavarian princess, Madame welcomed a compatriot into her circle, and appears to have been a staunch friend to that unhappy, consumptive woman. Her friendship indeed was in one instance shown in an almost savage manner. The dauphiness, always ailing, spent the greater part of her time with a favorite German attendant in the small dark rooms opening from her splendid state bedroom. She was indifferent to the ordinary events of Court life, but one thing roused her almost to fury—any slight to her own family. When Mademoiselle de Löwenstein, a lady descended from the morganatic marriage of a Bavarian prince, was married by the Marquis de Dangeau, she was ill-advised enough to sign the register as "Sophie de Bavière." The dauphiness, hearing of this, sent for the book and energetically tore out the leaf. On another occasion two young ladies, in the suite of Madame de Maintenon, gave themselves out to be Countesses Palatine, though their birth was even more equivocal than Madame de Dangeau's. The dauphiness, too much afraid of their protector to take any steps herself, complained to Madame, whose courage never failed. She at once attacked them, threatening to make public certain disagreeable passages in their family history. One of the poor girls, according to Madame's account, took this so much to heart that she died shortly afterward. Madame was not sure of what Madame de Maintenon might persuade the king to do. He, however, contented himself by remarking jestingly that it was not safe to take liberties with her house. Madame replied curtly that she hated all lying.

But her courage was shown in more legitimate ways in support of the dying

dauphiness, for the poor woman declared that she owed her last two years of life to Madame's support and protection. In bewailing her unhappiness she used to say that she herself was responsible for it, as she had done her best to come, but that Madame was much more to be pitied, as she had done so only in obedience to others. What a comment to be made by one who left her home and country in the joyful expectation of becoming Queen of France!

One great interest of Madame's letters is her account of the life and position of the woman who exercised so sinister an influence on her life. We have seen the part that Madame de Maintenon played in the marriage of her son—one scarcely to be forgiven. She came between the king and his sister-in-law, poisoning his mind against her, and destroying a friendship which had been her great support and refuge. It is possible that Madame's intense German pride led her to despise the favorite's obscure origin, even when a more than suspected marriage might have given a plausible excuse for prudent conciliation, but her hatred of hypocrisy and her high courage prevented her from submitting to an influence which the rest of the royal family bore, however galling it might be. When she became, after the death of the dauphiness, first lady of France, her great fear was that Madame de Maintenon might be declared queen, in which case it would have been part of Madame's duty to hand her her gloves at her toilet. She hailed with delight the Duke of Burgundy's marriage, as, though it lessened her rank, it saved her from degradation.

This was, indeed, the only satisfaction she derived from that marriage, as the young bride always treated her with rudeness and neglect. Daughter of the most politic prince in Europe, Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, she had been carefully instructed by her father to conciliate the real source of influence, Madame de Maintenon, and carried out her instructions with consummate skill. The king, besides being her father-in-law, was her great-uncle; so with exquisite tact she always addressed his unacknowledged wife as "ma tante." Those whom Madame de Maintenon

slighted she avoided, hence her treatment of Madame.

Unfortunately Madame was most imprudent in writing about the woman she detested so much. Though aware that most of her letters were opened and read by the ministers, she related in them every scandalous story she could collect about her enemy, giving her generally names which will not bear translation, and enlarging upon every grievance she had against her. By doing so she placed herself in Madame de Maintenon's power at a time when she herself was defenceless. One night at St. Cloud, in the midst of a gay supper, Monsieur suddenly fell into the arms of his son, struck down by a fit of apoplexy. In obedience to repeated messages, the king arrived from Marly, only to see the brother, from whom he had parted in anger, lying unconscious. At the moment of starting from Marly, a crowd of excited courtiers threw themselves into the first carriage that came, regardless of ownership, and hurried on to press inquisitively into the presence of death. When all hope was gone, and the still gasping body was left to pant away its life, a duchess, who had basely married her daughter to one of Monsieur's minions, forced her way among the lower servants surrounding it. After gazing for some time she exclaimed, unconscious of the presence of others, and as though the words were wrung from her by the bitterness of disappointment, "Pardi, here is a daughter well married."

When morning dawned Madame found herself a widow dependent upon the generosity of the king and of those by whom he was guided. At first her one idea was that she might be forced to retire to a convent, and against this she protested with almost ludicrous vehemence. But she found that at any rate her son experienced kindness beyond expectation; and after the long funeral ceremonies, she received an intimation of the king's friendly intentions toward her. She had lived with her husband for thirty years, and says, touchingly, that her long patience had at last gained his respect, so that during the last year or two there had been a closer feeling between them. Though her grief could not be profound, still it helped to dead-

en the mortification of a very bitter moment. The king's ambassador to her was Madame de Maintenon. The interview took place at Versailles, and in the presence of the Duchess of Ventadour, so that Saint Simon's account of it is probably not incorrect, though Madame's own version does not entirely agree with his. It would not, however, be surprising that she should feel unwilling to repeat some of the details, even to her most intimate friends. Madame probably felt that a battle was impending, and, somewhat imprudently, began by complaining bitterly that in a recent and serious illness from which she had just recovered, the king had treated her with neglect too evident not to be intentional. Madame de Maintenon admitted that his majesty had certainly taken this means of showing his deep resentment at certain offences committed by Madame toward him. Madame here protested that she was perfectly ignorant of how she had offended. Whereupon her adversary drew from her pocket certain letters written by Madame to friends in Germany and intercepted at the post-office. These contained many not too delicately worded observations upon his relations with Madame de Maintenon, and then discussed the affairs of the kingdom, both foreign and domestic, describing the general misery as beyond belief. Madame was speechless, and could only take refuge in tears, while she received a lecture upon the enormity of her conduct. There was nothing left to her but to express her regret, and, promising discretion for the future, implore the royal forgiveness.

Then Madame de Maintenon, in her turn attacking, asked Madame why, after being at first on friendly terms with her, she had so entirely changed. The reply was that so far from having been the first to change, Madame had only done so when she found that a sudden coolness on the part of Madame de Maintenon was continued, so as to render further friendship impossible. Madame de Maintenon admitted that she had been the first to withdraw publicly, but declared that she had done so for insuperable reasons. Madame begged to know what these reasons might be; upon which her pitiless antagonist repeated word for word some of the choicest

abuse of her with which Madame had regaled the late dauphiness. We know from Madame's letters that the terms she employed in describing her enemy were chosen rather for their strength than for their delicacy, so that, when she found that she had been betrayed by the weak woman who depended on her for protection, she was again left without a word to say. Madame de Ventadour did her best to cover Madame's discomfiture by pouring out small talk, and, after Madame de Maintenon had coldly enjoyed her triumph for a time, peace was agreed upon, with the assurance that the king would now consider all past unkindness forgotten.

Madame was not however taken into full favor until many years afterward, when the death of the young Duchess of Burgundy deprived the Court of all its life and gayety. The king had regarded that lively young princess with the doting fondness of an old man, and, when her death was followed closely by that of her husband and their little boy, he sank into settled gloom. Madame de Maintenon, too old and too feeble to make any effort to rouse him, was glad to turn to Madame's original and still young mind, and to encourage the renewal of a friendship which had years before been so close. Madame set herself loyally to the task, and was rewarded by becoming almost indispensable to the failing monarch.

The royal family, including the king's legitimated children, was accustomed to assemble in the king's private apartments every evening after his state supper, and their relations were here on a more social footing than the strict Court etiquette permitted at other times. For many years Madame had been ostentatiously excluded, which was no doubt a source of some heart-burning to her, particularly as her daughter-in-law and others greatly her inferiors in rank were admitted. After the Duchess of Burgundy's death she was, however, only too gladly welcomed. The admission was valuable to her in another way. The death of four young members of the royal family in rapid succession was attributed by the unscrupulous Court to her son. The fact that three of these persons stood between him and the succession to the crown supplied a motive

for their death and a ground for suspicion. But in this the king was far from joining, and showed his disbelief by increased favor to Madame. In that age it was customary to ascribe all illness which was ill-understood by the medical profession, and nearly all sudden deaths, to the administration of poison. But the testimony of various writers as to the sanitary condition of Versailles and of Marly at that time shows that there was only too much natural cause for this mortality.

In 1714 Madame lost the aunt for whom she bore such love and respect, and to whom so many of her letters are addressed. She had derived constant support from the Electress Sophia's noble mind and patient dignity; and, though she was herself more than sixty years old, must have missed her sage counsel, coming latterly with the sanctity of age. In the following year her life was entirely changed by the death of the king. She witnessed her son's victory in his struggle for the regency with the Duc du Maine, and then shared in the dispersion of the Court. Death, in calling away the royal creator of that splendid abode, seemed to extend his influence to the palace itself. Versailles, with its gilded apartments, its marble staircases, its stately gardens, shady alleys, and sparkling waters, so lately crowded by all that was brilliant and gay, and ringing with the echoes of a thousand voices, was suddenly left silent and deserted. Henceforth Madame's life was spent in Paris, at the Palais Royal, a residence for which she had always expressed dislike, on account of its unfavorable influence on her health.

In 1719 she lost her favorite grandchild, the widowed Duchess of Berri, of whose shocking depravity she had been quite ignorant.

She thus again became the first lady of the French Court, and had to take part in many tedious ceremonies. She did not, however, relax any vigilance in guarding what she considered due to her position, for we find her complaining to the regent that her receptions were not attended by certain duchesses whose duty it was to be present.

The last great ceremony in which she took part was the coronation of the young king at Rheims, although the

state of her health made it doubtful whether she might not die on the road. She declared that, as she had to die, it mattered very little where her death took place, and, regarding it as a duty to be present, cheerfully undertook the journey. She, however, lived to return to Paris, but died soon afterward, in the seventy-first year of her age. As she was dying, one of her ladies respectfully took her hand to kiss it. "Nay," said Madame, "kiss my face, for where I am going all are equal."

It is impossible in reading her letters not to feel with what skill her character has been drawn by that great court-painter, Saint Simon. His one object has been to note down the truth without shrinking from apparent contradictions, as a weaker hand would have done. He says, in his forcible though inelegant style:

"Madame had in her, in every respect, much more of the man than of the woman. She was high-spirited and courageous—a thorough German—frank, upright, charitable, and good—with grand and noble manners, but petty to the last degree in all that was due to her. She was unsociable, generally shut up in order to write, except during the short hours of her formal receptions. At other times, alone with her ladies. She was hard, brusque, easily conceived dislikes, and was to be feared for the plain speaking in which she occasionally indulged, no matter to whom. She was not deficient in wit, but her wit had no subtlety. She was unbending and wanting in complaisance, with the figure and uncouthness of a Swiss guard. With all this she was capable of tender and inviolable friendship. The Duke of Orleans loved and respected her greatly. He never left her during her illness and had always been exceedingly dutiful, though never submitting to her guidance. He was much grieved at her death. I spent several hours with him at Versailles the day after it, and saw him weeping bitterly."

Saint Simon elsewhere describes her at St. Cloud as passing the whole day in a small room contemplating the pictures of Palatines and other German princes with which she had covered the walls, or writing volumes of letters, of which she made and kept copies.

Her industry in writing was indeed wonderful. Every day in the week was consecrated to particular correspondents. Her letters were no mere ceremonious notes, but were often complete histories of the past week. They contain at times coarseness not to be trans-

lated, but bear ample witness that this was then universal. A biographer of Caroline of Anspach has considered that queen's correspondence with Madame a serious reproach to her. This shows an entire misconception of the period. We find that jokes of the most indelicate nature were practised by the highest persons, that the lampoons current in society were most indecent, and that words were used in ordinary conversation which are now simply inadmissible. It would be impossible to find four women of higher character, or of more unblemished life, than Madame, her aunt Sophia of Hanover, her cousin Charlotte of Prussia, and their kinswoman Caroline of Anspach; yet in their letters to each other they discuss subjects from the mere mention of which we instinctively shrink.

Madame de Sévigné, in her elegant letters, bears high testimony to Madame's character, praising her charming sincerity, her good sense, and resolute spirit. Her sense was shown by her careful avoidance of politics. Madame de Maintenon once taunted her with her want of ambition, urging her to take part in politics, and promising to assist her. But Madame was not to be moved from her resolution. About the time of the dauphin's marriage, the Electress Sophia was anxious that her daughter, afterward Queen of Prussia, should be his wife, and intrusted Madame with the furtherance of this project. Madame gently sounded the king during a drive, but, finding his views adverse, at once gave up all interference. At one time indeed she must have regretted her want of influence, for she suffered greatly during the cruel war waged by the French against the Palatinate, passing many sleepless nights during its progress, and regarding Louvois, under whose advice it was carried on, with passionate hatred. But beyond an involuntary exhibition of joy at any advantage gained by her countrymen, she was obliged to be a silent spectator. Her sympathies were sadly divided between the English Courts at London and at St. Germain. She was too proud of William of Orange to wish him any harm, and too fond of the exiled Stuart princes to abandon all idea of their restoration. In such a difficulty she condemns somewhat un-

sparingly the wicked English nation which had expelled them. When George I. became king, she was driven to invent ingenious solutions, by which he was to become Emperor of Germany, leaving the English throne for its hereditary occupants.

The greatest pleasure of her life was the chase, and, like her grandmother, Elizabeth of Bohemia, she was an intrepid huntress. The many serious accidents sustained by her in this pursuit never in the least damped her courage. It was the constant hunting which made Versailles her favorite residence, and we can imagine that it proved the great possible relief from the trammels and vexations of Court life. Another pursuit in which she took great delight and showed much discrimination was collecting engraved gems and medals. It was she who laid the foundation of the magnificent Orleans collection. In other ways her tastes were extremely simple. She writes that she possessed only two dresses, her rich Court gown and one for ordinary wear.

That she was not without humor is shown by her describing a tall and very mad German prince as "a fool in folio." Anticipating for Paris, on account of its great wickedness, the same fate as the cities of the plain, she declared that she was afraid every time there was a thunderstorm.

Madame's life is interesting as showing what a shield her great force of character proved. A simple, truthful woman, suddenly placed in the midst of a highly artificial and thoroughly corrupt society, she showed herself superior to all its temptations. Wedded to a frivolous and worthless man, who despised the earnest simplicity of her nature, she succeeded in gaining his respect. Surrounding herself, as far as Court jealousies permitted, with honorable women, she commanded their entire devotion. Among those of her household over whom she had no control were bitter and unscrupulous foes. They employed every malicious artifice to injure her, but, beyond causing her much unhappiness, entirely failed in their design. Without personal attractions or influential resources, she compelled the respect of a self-interested Court. Though her lot in life was one singularly unsuited to

her disposition, she made it tolerable by unfailing good sense and dignity.

Her description of the state of French society is of extreme value; though it is nauseous and, we may hope, sometimes exaggerated. Her letters, in throwing

light on some disputed points of history, have a substantial claim on our credence from her acknowledged truthfulness and exceptional means of knowledge.—*Temple Bar.*

CABINET-MAKING.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the chief difficulty of Cabinet-making consists in the fact that half the work is done before you undertake it. The Premier knows too well that some persons must be in; and have even a right to certain offices. One or two chiefs of the party have virtually their choice of portfolios. Then the Premier is tied down by a number of precedents, some of which he can indeed break through, but at the risk of offending those followers who would have profited by them—to say nothing of raising constitutional questions in Parliament and the press. Then there must be a fair division of seats between the members of the two Houses; at all events the Commons must have a full moiety of places. The peers may nowadays be treated with less consideration—a century ago the case was exactly reversed. When Mr. Pitt formed his first administration in 1783, it consisted of six peers and one commoner—himself. He had thus no colleague, properly speaking, on the Treasury Bench. Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy, was his principal lieutenant; being nearly twice the age of his chief, and having been in office before Pitt took his degree at Cambridge. The Cabinet was gradually enlarged, but Pitt was by no means solicitous to add to the number of members of the Lower House with places in it. Dundas got a seat in '91; so did William Granville, who, however, was at the same time created a peer.

That Pitt should undertake a Herculean task was not surprising; but one marvels to think Addington should equally have resolved to be sole Minister in the House of Commons. In 1804, Pitt, having failed in the attempt to form a coalition Cabinet, constructed a purely Tory one, with but a single member of the Lower House in it besides himself. With the advent of the Whigs to power in 1806 there came a change which

marks the beginning of a new era. The First Lord of the Treasury was a peer; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, and the First Lord of the Admiralty were all commoners.

The Tory Ministries which succeeded between 1807 and 1830 made no attempt to reverse the new precedent, and it was Mr. Canning (credited with having invented the name "Conservative") who first enunciated the proposition that the First Minister of the Crown should always be a member of the House of Commons.

Canning's endeavors to form an administration in 1827 illustrate some of the difficulties of the task. He wrote to Wellington to ask him if he would join the new Cabinet. The duke replied by one of the few impertinences of which his grace was ever guilty: "Who was to be the head of the in-coming government?" Canning, of course, answered with some asperity that he was himself to be its head; and the negotiations were at an end.

Canning's list of the Ministry comprised himself as First Minister, with the post of Foreign Secretary; but he was assured that the Premier must take the Treasury or he would upset all existing arrangements. It never seems to have occurred to him to constitute himself at once First Lord of the Treasury and Foreign Secretary; though there seems no reason why the chief of a Ministry should not hold both those offices, even as Mr. Gladstone holds (and many of his predecessors have held before him) the double posts of President of the Cabinet and Finance Minister. The First Lord of the Treasury has, as such, nothing to do with financial affairs, except in so far as he controls every department of the Administration.

Spencer Perceval combined three offices in his own person, viz, those of First

Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The First Lord, by the way, receives £5000 a year; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer the same. If, however, the First Lord is also Chancellor, he receives £7500 per annum.

The only other double tenure of office by a Premier which has to be noted is Lord Beaconsfield's acceptance of the Privy Seal in 1876. He declined to take any additional salary, and gained nothing by the honor except the privilege of walking out of a room before dukes who happened to enjoy no more exalted office. The Privy Seal, being a peer, ranks immediately after the Lord President, that is, before even the Premier Duke and Earl Marshal.

Canning's dictum as to the natural place of the Prime Minister hardly commended itself to the Whigs, or Liberals as they began to be called. Lord Grey was a peer, so was Lord Melbourne who succeeded him; Lord John Russell was a commoner during his first Premiership, but a peer during his second. The semi-Liberal, if not wholly Liberal, Lord Aberdeen was a peer. In 1859 many Liberals wanted to make Lord Granville First Minister; in 1867, when it was thought the Tory Ministry might resign, Lord Halifax was much spoken of as possible First Lord of the Treasury. And there can be little doubt that a peer, or the heir to a peerage, will be the next Liberal Premier.

Of the great posts for which a new Premier finds already designated occupants, the woolsack naturally first suggests itself. If there be an ex-Chancellor of the party in the possession of his faculties, he returns to his old post, and this for several reasons. For one, the Chancellor must, in the nature of things, be an able man, both a good lawyer and a practical politician; and as such not easily to be spared. Again, the Chancellor must be a peer, and it is obviously inexpedient to add to the number of the Lords. So that if an ex-Keeper of the Great Seal is both willing and able to serve again, he is generally welcome to do so. The single exception of recent years occurred in 1868, when Mr. Disraeli succeeded the late Lord Derby in the Premiership, and at the same time dismissed the late Lord Chelmsford from

the office of Chancellor. It is to be noted however that Lord Cairns, appointed to the vacant post, was already a peer.

Should there be no ex-Chancellor of the party available, the choice virtually lies between the Attorney-General and one of the Presidents of the Law Courts. In 1859, Lord Campbell, Chief Justice of England, was named Chancellor; and was succeeded at his death (in 1861) by Sir Richard Bethell, created Lord Westbury. Lord Westbury was compelled to resign by a vote of the House of Commons in 1865, when he was replaced by Lord Cranworth, who, though an ex-Liberal Chancellor, was not re-offered the post in '59, partly because he had never been more than half a Liberal (having first sat on the Woolsack as a member of the Peelite Cabinet), and partly because Lord Campbell had very strong claims on his party, which, in fact, owed him some atonement for their past treatment of him.

On their return to power in '66, the Tories re-appointed Lord Chelmsford (the Chancellor of 1858-9). On Mr. Gladstone's becoming Premier, at the close of '68, he offered the Great Seal to Sir Roundell Palmer, who had been Attorney-General in the late Liberal Administration, but that gentleman declined the post as being opposed to the disendowment (he had no objection to the disestablishment) of the Irish Church. The great prize of the legal profession was accordingly bestowed on Lord Justice Page Wood, but Sir Roundell's prior claim was not forgotten, and he became Chancellor on Lord Hatherley's retirement.

Of the minor legal posts it may be observed that the Solicitor-General's claim to succeed the Attorney-General is rarely contested. In December, '68, Mr. (now Lord) Coleridge, declined at first to serve under Sir Robert Collier, who had been named Attorney-General, on account of Sir R. Palmer's temporary secession from the Liberal ranks. It was whispered that Mr. Coleridge had expected to be made Chancellor *per saltum*; for which course there would have been two precedents, though somewhat remote ones in our rapidly moving age. Erskine, in 1806, and Brougham, in 1830, were raised to the woolsack with-

out having previously served in any intermediate office. However, Mr. Cole-ridge was induced to waive his high pretensions. It should be added that, though an Attorney-General is frequently made Chancellor, the traditions of Westminster Hall allow him no more than a claim to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, as of right.

Lawyers, who are more powerful in England than in any other country (America perhaps excepted), have never been easy to deal with by statesmen forming administrations. Lord Grey had scarcely offered the Great Seal to Brougham before he found himself on the verge of collision with the latter. The Premier wrote to say that he meant to make Lyndhurst (the ex-Chancellor) Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Brougham assented, but took care to inform Grey at the same time, that the appointment properly lay with the Chancellor.

Chancellor Thurlow even claimed to be entitled to advise the sovereign as to the bestowal of peerages. Pitt's comment on the claim was to get rid of Thurlow at the earliest possible opportunity; and no later Chancellors have been so bold.

Another rule of Cabinet-making which has begun to hamper Premiers is this: It is thought expedient that the chiefs of the two great spending departments, viz., the War Office and the Admiralty, should be in the House which votes the supplies. The rule seems a fair enough one in theory; though in the United States neither the Secretary of War, nor the Secretary of the Navy, nor any other Cabinet Minister is a member of Congress. And it has been reserved for Mr. Gladstone to break through this new clause of our unwritten constitution by naming Lord Northbrook First Lord of the Admiralty. Between the resignation of the Duke of Somerset in '66 and the appointment of Lord Northbrook in 1880 there were six First Lords, all commoners, four being Conservatives. Lord Beaconsfield has been studious to maintain the quasi-privilege of the Lower House in this respect. The Whig Lord Russell and the Radical Mr. Gladstone felt themselves entitled to act with greater freedom.

A Secretary of State for War (quite a different personage from the "Secretary-

at-War") was first created in 1794; and the business of the Colonies, which had hitherto been transacted by the Home Department, was soon after transferred to the War Office. In 1854 the Colonial and War Departments were separated. The "Secretaries of State for War" (pure and simple, as the French would say) from that date have been: The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Panmure, Colonel (afterward General) Peel, Sidney Herbert, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Earl de Grey, the Marquis of Hartington, General Peel again, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Colonel Stanley, Mr. Childers. It will be seen that the last seven names in succession are those of commoners.

Neither the War Office nor the Admiralty is, however, a place of the first rank in the Cabinet. The Secretary of State, though his name is now jealously placed before that of Commander-in-Chief in the Army List, is yet somewhat dependent on that functionary, especially when the latter happens to be a Royal Duke. The First Lord of the Admiralty is theoretically but the chairman of a committee; and can do little without the consent of the "Sea Lords." If he happens to be himself a sailor, the case is different; but then he hardly ever is. Algeron, Duke of Northumberland, who held the office in Lord Derby's Cabinet of 1852, was the last head of the Admiralty who had been a sailor. There have been but three others in the century; the Duke of Clarence, "Lord High Admiral in Council," in 1827-8; Charles, Lord Barham, an admiral of some fame, who had the glory of sending Nelson to his last victory (1805-6); and Earl St. Vincent (1801-4). The generation which has laughed at the Pinafore may be reminded that civilians have made just as good First Lords as sailors. At all events a landsman was at the head of the Navy from December, 1794, to February, 1801—a period marked by three glorious victories won by three different commanders against fearful odds. No other First Lord has been able to boast of an administration distinguished by three such days as those of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile. Lord Spencer's predecessor had been John, Earl of Chatham, an in-

different soldier. Under his rule was achieved the memorable triumph of the First of June. Lord Spencer's successor was the hero of St. Vincent aforementioned. He in no way distinguished himself as First Lord, except by declining to grant a medal for the battle of Copenhagen. Jealousy of Nelson was the suspected motive of the refusal.

Some other portfolios are still considered the peculiar property of peers, notably those of President of the Council and Lord Privy Seal. Still there is nothing in the law or the Constitution to prevent either office being held by a commoner; and the former was filled for some months by Lord John Russell, long before his elevation to the peerage. The Lord President is, next to the Chancellor, the first lay subject in the realm; the Lord Privy Seal ranking immediately after him. The relative importance of the posts has considerably changed. Under the Stuarts, and even later, the Lord Privy Seal was virtually the confidential Minister of the Crown, *par excellence*; and the great Marquis of Halifax, as Privy Seal to William III., was considered First Minister. Formal precedence belonged already to the Lord President, but he was then simply a stately official endowed with a large salary. Now the Lord President discharges the double functions of Minister of Education and Minister of Agriculture; and his duties become more onerous year by year. The Lord Privy Seal has nothing left him to do; and the post is now assigned either to an aged politician who is unfitted for hard work, but still competent to advise, or to a young one, not yet entitled to the headship of a department, but who is ready to do all the miscellaneous work of the Administration, *e.g.*, bring in Bills which other Ministers are too busy to attend to. The Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster is bestowed out of precisely the same considerations. The said Chancellor's work is chiefly legal, and performed by a Vice-Chancellor. The Chancellor of the Duchy receives £2000 a year; and enjoys a considerable amount of Church patronage. Mr. Bright is the first Dissenter who has held the office. Lord Dufferin, who occupied it before him, described it as the post of maid-of-all-work, in the Cabinet.

Apropos of salaries, the Lord President and Lord Privy Seal each receive £2000 a year; the Lord Chancellor £10,000, with a retiring pension of £5000, even if he should have been only a day in office. Each Secretary of State receives £5000; the First Lord of the Admiralty, £4500; the Postmaster-General £2500; the Presidents of the Board of Trade and Local Government Board, each £2000; the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, between £4000 and £5000. The Lord-Lieutenant himself has £20,000 a year (besides allowances), and a residence, but has to spend every farthing of it. Some Vice-roys of Ireland in late years are said to have paid yearly as much out of their private means as they received from the Treasury.

A Cabinet Minister is not, as such, entitled to a pension on retiring. But there are four pensions, each of £2000 a year, at the disposal of that exalted class of statesmen, if they have held Cabinet office for two (not necessarily continuous) years. But before accepting such a pension the ex-Minister must make a formal declaration that he cannot keep up the state and dignity of his social position without it. If he returns to office, his pension does not cease, but remains, so to say, in abeyance; not being paid till he is out again. The four holders of Cabinet pensions at this moment are Lord Beaconsfield, Sir George Grey, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Spencer Walpole; two Conservatives and two Liberals.

Of the Secretaries of State, the Foreign is generally in the House of Lords; the Home in the Commons. Both offices date from 1782, when the old division of Secretaries for the "Northern" and "Southern" departments was abolished. The first Foreign Secretary was Fox; and only one in the list—Canning—is not a peer or the son of a peer. There is no rule which describes that the Minister for Foreign Affairs should be a member of the Upper House; but it is usual to select a person of "noble" birth for the office, as foreign powers (notably the Republic of the United States) prefer to deal with *grands seigneurs*. Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Lord Derby all held the seals of Foreign Secretary while mem-

bers of the House of Commons; but then they were representatives of the oldest patrician houses in the country. The Home Secretary has been continuously in the House of Commons since 1841; the last peer who held the office was the first Marquis of Normanby of the present creation (1839-41). This was in the Whig Ministry presided over by Lord Melbourne. The work of this Secretary is enormous; and it is considered advisable that he should have some knowledge of law in addition to the ordinary accomplishments required of a Minister. Since 1846 only barristers have been appointed to the Home Office. Sir Richard Cross is the author of a weighty treatise on the practice of Quarter-Sessions. Sir William Harcourt is one of the first living authorities on international law. It must be remembered that the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary divide between them the duties which in most other countries are assigned to a single official, bearing the style of "Minister of Justice." It is on the Home Secretary that rests one of the most solemn of all responsibilities, that of advising the queen as to whether a sentence of death passed by a court of justice on one of her subjects shall be carried out. The constitutional practice is, curiously enough, to take the opinion of the judge who pronounced the sentence. The queen thus follows the counsel of a man who is counselled by the author of the act which is under examination. Briefly, the appeal in criminal cases lies from the judge to himself, and is thus almost an absurdity.

There is no law, written or unwritten, as to the tenure of the Indian and Colonial portfolios. The power of the one and the other is more limited than the public imagines. The Indian Secretary is indeed the superior of the Viceroy; every new telegraph line between London and Calcutta must necessarily facilitate the transfer of the seat of authority from the capital of India to the capital of England. But the Secretary of State is assisted by a council of fifteen old Anglo-Indian officials; whose authority he may override, but at his peril. And few resolutions are taken in Downing Street on Indian affairs without their having been previously sanctioned by

that other Cabinet which meets at the Indian Office. The Vice-President of the Indian Council at this moment is Sir Henry Rawlinson; and there are five other distinguished military men on the list. For which one may be thankful.

The Colonial Secretary's power entirely depends on the prestige of his office. Canada, Australia, and the Cape are self-governed; and the Secretary of State's functions are limited to the giving of advice and the nomination of governors who must act according to the wishes of the local parliament. But the great proconsulships are rather in the gift of the Premier than the Minister for the Colonies. It was Lord Beaconsfield who named Lord Lorne, Lord Augustus Loftus, and Sir Bartle Frere to their respective vice-royalties or dependencies. Over the "Crown Colonies" (*i.e.*, those despotically governed), the Secretary of State has, of course, boundless authority. A recent Secretary landed one day at Heligoland from a common steamer and abolished the constitution of that interesting country. The liberties of the Heligolandians were forfeited because they could devise no better use for them than to encourage a gambling-house which threatened to rival the Monaco establishment in evil celebrity. Of course the advising (or if the term be preferred, the scolding) power of the Colonial Minister must not be undervalued. We English of the old country sometimes forget the veneration with which the English of our daughter-lands regard us. The Prime Minister of the greatest colony will listen very respectfully to any representations made by the home government, and should he refuse to act on them, his language will yet be that of a loyal subject addressing a sovereign whom he not only reveres but loves.

Perhaps the most painful part of a Premier's task in forming a new Cabinet is how to deal with the last statesman of the party who held the supreme office, should he be living. Melbourne offered Grey the Privy Seal in 1834, and was nearly kicked out of the house for his pains. Peel had no difficulties with Wellington, who, of his own initiative, surrendered the first place to his younger colleague. Melbourne was quietly overlooked in '46, when Lord

John stepped into his place. Lord John's turn came in '68, when Mr. Gladstone gently but earnestly elbowed him out. Lord John, with some wit and not less assurance, described this ejection from the front door as an honor-

able retreat on his part. Unfortunately he spoilt the effect by publishing an elaborately studied snarl at his supplanter some years later.

You must be a Cæsar to fall with dignity.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS!

NEXT morning, however, every one perceived an extraordinary change in the appearance and manner of the girl. Mary Avon had come back to us again, with all the light and life of her face, and the contented gentleness of the soft black eyes. What had wrought the transformation? Certain confidential assurances in the silence of the night that Angus Sutherland, so far from not forgiving her, had insisted that she was not to blame at all? Or the natural reaction after a long strain of anxiety? Or merely the welcome fresh breeze of the morning, with the cheerful, wooded shores, and the white houses shining in the sunlight? Anyhow there was quite a new expression in her face; and we heard the low, sweet laugh again. It is true that, once or twice, as she walked up and down the deck with the Laird, her eyes grew pensive as she looked away along the hills on the southern shores of the loch. That was the direction in which Angus had left in the morning. And these hills were somewhat overcast; it seemed to be raining inland.

Moreover, there was something else to make our breakfast party a glad one. The two men who had rowed our young doctor across the loch at break of day had had the curiosity to pierce inland as far as the village of Clachan; and the scouts had brought back the most glowing accounts of the Promised Land which they had discovered. They had penetrated a fertile and deeply-wooded valley; and they had at length come upon a centre of the highest civilization. There was a post-office. There was a telegraph-office. There was a church, the clock of which struck the hours.

"Just fancy that!" exclaimed our hostess. "A clock that strikes the hours!—and a telegraph office! We might send a telegram to ask whether the country has been invaded anywhere, or whether the Prime Minister has committed suicide."

"I would like to hear about the steam fire-engine," said the Laird, almost to himself.

"However, breeze or no breeze, seals or no seals," she says, with decision, "we must stay over a day here, to have the yacht thoroughly provisioned. We cannot go on skating on the edge of tinned meats. We must have a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables, and fresh milk, and eggs and butter; and then two or three joints are always so serviceable—cold, I mean, for luncheon; and if Fred cannot get any game, at least he must get us some fowls. What do you say, Mary? Shall we walk over to this place, and clear the way for Fred?"

"Oh, no!" says the other lightly; "you and I are going with the seal shooters. They never get near anything; so we cannot be in the way. I assure you sir, we shall be as quiet as mice," she adds, addressing the Laird.

"Ye will come with us, and ye will speak just as much as ye please," said the Laird dogmatically. "What signifies a seal? The crayture is good for nothing! And the idea of you two going away by yourselves into the country! No—no; come away and get ready, Howard. If ye cannot shoot a seal with the two leddies in the boat, ye will never do it without. And the sea breezes, Miss Mary," he added, with an approving air, "are better for ye than the land breezes. Oh, aye; ye are looking just fine this morning."

A short time thereafter he was on

deck, looking around him at the pleasant trees and the blue waters, when Miss Avon joined him, fully equipped for the expedition; and just at this moment they began to hear a sound of music in the stillness of the morning air. And then they perceived a rude old rowing-boat, pulled by a small boy of twelve or so, coming nearer and nearer; while another small boy of about the same age was peacefully reclining in the stern, his head thrown back so that it met the full glare of the morning sun, while he played vigorously but rather inaccurately "The Campbells are coming" on a tin whistle.

"Look at that!" said the Laird, with delight; "is not that perfect happiness? Look at his pride and laziness—having another boy to pull him about, while he shows off on the penny whistle. Dear me, I wish I was that young rascal!"

"He seems happy enough," she said, with a sigh.

"That is because he does not know it," remarked the Laird profoundly.

"If you proved to him that he was happy, it would immediately vanish."

"You cannot be consciously happy; but you may be consciously unhappy—that is rather hard," said she absently.

However, these two philosophers were withdrawn from this occult point by a summons from the Youth, who had already got the rifles and cartridges into the bow of the gig. And, indeed, as we rowed away from the yacht, in the direction of the rocks at the mouth of the loch, Miss Avon seemed determined to prove that, consciously or unconsciously, she was happy enough. She would not even allow that Angus Sutherland could have felt any pang of regret at leaving the White Dove and his friends.

"Poor chap!" said the Laird, with some compassion, as he turned his head and looked away towards those gloomy hills; "it must have been a lonesome journey for him this morning. And he so fond of sailing, too; I'm thinking when he saw what a nice breeze there was, he was rather sorry to go away. I should not wonder if it was with a heavy heart that he went on board the steamer."

"Oh, no, sir! why should you think that?" said Mary Avon quickly and anxiously. "If Dr. Sutherland had

nothing to consider but yachting, he might have been sorry to go away. But think what lies before him; think what calls him! Look at the position he has won for himself already, and what is expected of him! and you would have him throw away his splendid opportunities in yachting? There is not a University in Europe where he is not known; there is not a man of science in Europe who does not expect great things of him; and—and—how proud his father must be of him!"

She spoke eagerly and almost breathlessly; there was a pink flush in her cheek, but it was not from shamefacedness. She seemed desperately anxious to convince the Laird that our Doctor ought to have left the yacht, and must have left the yacht, and could not do anything else but leave the yacht. Meanwhile, her friend and hostess regarded her curiously.

"A man with such capacities as he has," continued the girl warmly, "with such a great future before him, owes it to himself that he should not give way to mere sentiment. The world could not get on at all if people—I mean if the great people, from whom we expect much—were always to be consulting their feelings. Perhaps he was sorry to leave the yacht. He does like sailing; and—and I think he liked to be among friends. But what is that when he knows there is work in the world for him to do? If he was sorry at leaving the yacht, you may depend on it that that had passed away before he stepped on board the steamer. For what was that trifling sentiment compared with the consciousness that he had acted rightly?"

Something about the precision of these phrases—for the girl but rarely gave way to such a fit of earnest talking—seemed to suggest to the silent person who was watching her, that this was not the first time the girl had thought of these things.

"Idle people," said this youthful controversialist, "can afford to indulge in sentiment; but not those who have to do great things in the world. And it is not as if—Dr. Sutherland"—she always faltered the least bit just before pronouncing the name—"were only working for his own fame or his own

wealth. It is for the good of mankind that he is working; and if he has to make this or that sacrifice, he knows that he is doing right. What other reward does a man need to have?"

"I am thinking of the poor old man in Banffshire," said her friend to her thoughtfully. "If Angus goes away to Italy for some years, they may not see each other again."

At this the girl turned strangely pale, and remained silent; but she was unnoticed, for at this moment all attention was attracted toward the seals.

There they were, no doubt, and in large numbers. We could see the occasionally moving forms, scarcely distinguishable from the brown seaweed, on the long projecting points of the low rocks; while here and there one of the animals could be made out, poising himself in a semi-circle—head and tail in the air—like the letter O with the upper four-fifths cut off. But the problem was how to get anywhere within shot. The rocks, or small islands, had no doubt certain eminences in the middle; but they were low and shallow all round. Obviously it was no use bearing straight down on them from our present position; so it was resolved to give them a wide berth, to pull away from the islands altogether, and then approach them from the south, if haply there might in this wise be some possibility of shelter. It was observed that Queen Titania, during these whispered and eager consultations, smiled gravely and was silent. She had been in the Highlands before.

Seals are foolish animals. We were half a mile away from them; and we were going still farther away. The rocking of the water made it impossible for us to try a haphazard shot, even if we had had a rifle that would have carried anything like 800 yards with precision. There was not the least reason for their being alarmed. But all the same, as we silently and slowly paddled away from them—actually away from them—the huge bodies one by one flopped and waddled, and dropped into the water with a splash. In about a minute or so there was not a seal visible through our best binoculars. And Queen Titania calmly smiled.

But, as everybody knows, there are two sides to an island, as to everything

else. So we boldly bore down on the shores nearest us, and resolved, on getting near, on a cautious and silent landing. After many a trial we found a creek where the stern of the gig could be backed into fairly deep water, along a ledge of rock, and then two of us got out. The ladies produced their knitting materials.

With much painful stooping and crawling, we at length reached the middle ridge, and there laid down our rifles to have a preliminary peep round. That stealthy glance revealed the fact that, on the other side also, the seals had been alarmed and had left the rocks; but still they were not far away. We could see here and there a black and glistening head moving among the lapping waters. Of course it would have been madness to have risked our all on a random shot at sea. Hit or miss, the chances were about equal we should not get the seal; so we quietly retired again behind the ridge, and sat down. We could see the gig and its occupants. It seemed to one of us at least that Queen Titania was still amused.

A dead silence: while we idly regard the washed-up stores of sea-shells around us, and patiently await the return of the seals to the rocks. Then a sudden noise that makes one's heart jump: a couple of terns have discovered us, and the irate birds go wheeling and shrieking overhead with screams that would have aroused the Sleeping Beauty and all her household. In their fright and wrath they come nearer and nearer; at times they remain motionless overhead; but ever continues the shrill and piercing shriek. The face of the Youth is awful to see. Again and again he puts up his rifle; and there is no doubt that, if he were to fire, he might accomplish that feat which is more frequently heard of in novels than elsewhere—shooting a bird on the wing with a rifle. But then he is loath to throw away his last chance. With a gesture of despair, he lowers his weapon, and glances toward the gig. Queen Titania has caught his eye, and he hers. She is laughing.

At length we venture to hazard everything. Furtively each rifle is protruded over the ledge of rock; and furtively each head creeps up by the stock, the hand on the trigger-guard. The caution

is unnecessary. There is not a sign of any living thing all around the shores. Even the two sea-swallows, alarmed by our moving, have wheeled away into the distance; we are left in undisturbed possession of the island. Then the Youth clambers up to the top of the rocks and looks around. A skart, perched on a far ledge, immediately takes flight—striking the water with his heavy wings before he can get well on his way; thereafter a dead silence.

"It was the tern that did that," says the Youth moodily, as we return to the gig. "The seals must have known well enough."

"They generally do contrive to know somehow," is the answer of one who is not much disappointed, and who is still less surprised.

But this wicked woman all a-laughing, when we return to the gig!

"Come, children," says she, "we shall barely be back in time for lunch; and we shall be all the longer that Angus is not here to sing his '*Ho, ro, clansmen!*' But the quicker the sooner, as the Highlandman said. Jump in!"

"It was all owing to those sea-swallows," remarks the Youth gloomily.

"Never mind," says she, with great equanimity. "Mary and I knew you would not shoot anything, or we should not have come. Let us hasten back to see what Fred has shot for us with his silver sixpences."

And so we tumble into the gig; and push away, and have a long swinging pull back to the White Dove.

There is still some measure of justice meted out upon the earth. The face of this fiend who has been laughing at us all the morning becomes a trifle more anxious when she draws near the yacht. For there is Master Fred idling up at the bow, instead of being below looking after the vast stores he has got on board; and moreover as we draw near, and as he comes along to the gangway, any one can perceive that our good Frederick d'or is not in a facetious frame of mind.

"Well, Fred, have you got a good supply at last?" she cries, taking hold of the rope, and putting her foot on the step.

Fred mumbles something in reply.

"What have you got?" she says, when she is on deck. "Any game?"

"No, mem."

"Oh, never mind; the fowls will do very well."

Fred is rather silent, until he explains that he could not get any fowls.

"No fowls? What butcher's meat, then?" says she somewhat indignantly.

"None."

"None? Nothing?" says she; and a low titter begins to prevail among the assembled crowd. "Have you not got a joint of any sort?"

Fred is almost unwilling to confess—he is ashamed, angry, disconcerted. At last he blurts out—

"I could get nothing at all, mem, but fower loaves."

At this there was a roar of laughter. What had become of all her fresh milk, and butter, and eggs; her mutton, and fowls, and cutlets; her grouse, and snipe, and hares? We did not care for our privation; we only rejoiced in her discomfiture.

"That is just like a Scotch village," says she savagely; "spending all its money on a church bell, and not able to keep a decent shop open! Do you mean to say you could not get a carrot, or a cabbage, or a pennyworth of milk?"

"No, mem."

"John," she says, in a domineering way, "why *don't* you get the sails up? What is the use of staying in a place like this?"

John comes forward timidly, and stroking his great beard: he half believes in these furious rages of hers.

"Oh, yes, mem, if ye please, mem, I will get the sail set—but—but the tide will be turning soon, mem, and the wind, she will be against us as soon as we get out of the loch; and it will be a long, long time before we get to Crinan. I not well aquent with this place, mem: if we were up in our own part of the Highlands, do you think the people would let the White Dove be so long without the fresh cabbage and the milk? No; I not think that, mem."

"But we are not in our own part of the Highlands," says she querulously; "and do you think we are going to starve? However, I suppose Fred can give us a biscuit. Let us go below."

Our lunch was, in truth, simple enough; but perhaps it was this indirect

appeal to Fred that determined that worthy to surprise us at dinner that evening. First of all, after we had returned from another ineffectual seal hunt, we found he had decorated the dinner-table in an elaborate manner. There was a clean cloth, shining with the starch in it. There was a great dish of scarlet rowans in the middle of the table; and the rowans had a border of white heather—gathered at Loch-na-Chill: the rowans were for lovely color, the heather was for luck. Then, not content with that, he had put all our available silver on the table, including the candlesticks and the snuffer tray, though the sun had not yet sunk behind the Jura hills. But the banquet defies description. The vast basin of steaming kidney soup, the boiled lithe, the fried mackerel, the round of tongue, the corned beef, the tomatoes, the pickles, the sardines, the convolutions of pudding and apricot jam: what Fishmonger or Drysalter or Gunmaker could have wanted more? Nor was there any Apemantus at the feast; there was the smiling and benign countenance of the Laird, who again and again made facetious remarks about the kirk bell of Clachan. Then he said more formally—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to ask ye to drink a toast."

"Oh, uncle!" said the Youth deprecatingly; "we are not at a commissioners' meeting at Strathgovan."

"And I will thank ye to fill your glasses," said the Laird, taking no heed of Young England and his modern want of manners. "I have to ask ye, ladies and gentlemen, to drink the health of one who is an old and valued friend of some of us, who is admired and respected by us all. It would ill become us, now that he has been separated from us but by a day, that we should forget him in his absence. We have come in close contact with him; we have seen his fine qualities of temper and character; and I am sure no one present will contradict me when I say that, great as are his abeelities, they are not more remarkable than his modesty, and his good humor, and his simple, plain, frank ways. With a man of less solid judgment, I might be afraid of certain dangerous tendencies of these times; but our friend has a Scotch head on his shoulders; he may

be dazzled by their newfangled speculations, but not convinced—not convinced. It is a rare thing—I will say it, though I am but a recent acquaintance, and do not know him as well as some now at this hospitable board—to find such powers of intellect united with such a quiet and unassuming manliness. Ladies and gentlemen, I give yet the health of Dr. Angus Sutherland. We regret that he has gone from us; but we know that duty calls, and we honor the man who stands to his guns. It may be that we may see him in these waters once more; it may be that we may not; but whatever may be in store for him or for us, we know he will be worthy of the hopes we build on him, and we drink his health now in his absence, and wish him God-speed!"

"Hear! hear!" cried the Youth, who was greatly amused by this burst of old-fashioned eloquence. But Mary Avon sat white and trembling, and quite forgot to put the glass to her lips. It was her hostess who spoke next, with a laugh.

"I think, sir," said she, "I might give you a hint. If you were to go up on deck and ask the men whether they would like to drink Angus's health, I don't think they would refuse."

"It is a most capital suggestion," said the Laird, rising to take down his wide-awake.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SUSPICIONS.

It was handsomely done on the part of the Laird to pay that tribute to his vanquished and departed enemy. But next morning, as we were getting under weigh, he got a chance of speaking to his hostess alone; and he could not quite forego a little bit of boasting over his superior astuteness and prescience.

"What did I say, ma'am," he asked, with a confident chuckle, "when ye made a communication to me on the subject of our friend who has just left us? Did I not offer to make ye a wager, though I am but little of a gambler? A gold ring, a sixpence, and a silver thimble: did I not offer to wager ye these three articles that your guesses were not quite correct? And what has become of Dr. Sutherland now?"

His hostess is not in this gay humor. She answers with a touch of reserve,

"If I made any mistake, it was about Mary. And I had not right to suspect anything, for she never took me into her confidence; and I do not approve of elderly people prying into the affairs of young people."

"Pry?" says the Laird loftily and graciously. "No, no; no prying. But judgment?—is there any harm in one keeping one's eyes open? And did not I tell ye, ma'am, to be of good heart—that everything would go properly and smoothly?"

"And has it?" she says sharply, and looking up with a glance of indignation.

The Laird, however, is so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he does not notice this protest.

"She is a fine lass, that," he says, with decision. "Did ye ever hear a young girl speak such clear common-sense as she spoke yesterday, about that very Doctor? There is no affected sentiment—there is nothing of your Clarinda and Philander noavel-writing—about that lass: did ye ever hear such good, sound, clear common-sense?"

"I heard her," says his hostess shortly.

By this time we had weighed anchor, and the White Dove was slowly sailing down the loch, before a light northerly breeze. Then Mary Avon came on deck, followed by the attentive Youth. And while everybody on board was eagerly noticing things ahead—the seals on the rocks at the mouth of the loch, the windy gray sea beyond, and the blue mountains of Jura—Mary Avon alone looked backward, to the low lines of hills we were leaving. She sat silent and apart.

The Laird stepped over to her.

"We have just been talking about the Doctor," says he cheerfully. "And we were saying there was plenty of good common-sense in what ye said yesterday about his duties and his prospects. Oh, aye! But then, ye ken, Miss Mary, even the busiest and the wisest of men must have their holiday at times; and I have just been thinking that, if we can get Dr. Sutherland to come with us next year, we will, maybe, surprise him by what ye can do wi' a steam yacht. Why,

during the time we have been lying here, we might have run across to Ireland and back in a steam yacht! It is true there would be less enjoyment for him in the sailing; but still there are compensations."

His hostess has overheard all this. She says, in her gentle way, but with a cold and cruel clearness,

"You know, sir, that is quite impossible. Angus will not be in Scotland for many a day to come."

The girl's face is hidden; apparently she is still gazing back on those slowly receding hills.

"Toots! toots!" says the Laird briskly. "The lad is not a fool. He will make an occasion if he considers it desirable: there is no compulsion that he must remain in Eetaly. I think I would even lay a wager that we will have just the same party, and the Doctor included, on that steam yacht next year, and in this very place: is it a wager, ma'am?"

"I am afraid you must leave us out," she remarks, "at all events. And as for Angus Sutherland, I shall be surprised if ever he sees West Loch Tarbert again."

Why had not Mary Avon spoken? The Laird went a step nearer her, and put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Well, Miss Mary," said he; "what are we to do to show these people their folly and wickedness—eh? I think I will leave it to you."

"Oh, no, sir!" This, or something like this, she was understood to say, in a low voice; but at the same moment she rose quickly, crossed the deck, put a trembling hand on the companion way, and went below. Just as she disappeared, she could not quite conceal her face; and there was a look on it that startled the Laird. Had the girl been stealthily crying all the time she had been looking back at those distant hills?

The Laird was greatly disturbed. He said nothing, for he would not have it understood that anything had happened; but any one could see by his preoccupied manner that he was seriously troubled. He had directed a quick, sharp glance of surprise and inquiry at his hostess; but just then she was stepping aside to get out of the way of Cap-

tain John. The Laird sat down by himself, and remained in a profound silence. He seemed to pay no attention to what was going on.

But there was brisk work enough all over the yacht. For now we had got clear of the long promontory and its islands; and out here in the open there was a pretty heavy sea running, while the wind began to freshen up a bit. There was a squally look about the sea and sky; it was considered prudent to lower the topsail. Now and again there was a heavy shock at the bows, and then a dipping of heads to dodge the flying shreds of spray. In the midst of all this Miss Avon appeared again.

"I thought we should catch it," said she in the blitheliest of tones; and she addressed herself particularly to the Laird. "And it is better to be prepared. But, oh dear me! what a nuisance a waterproof is!"

And indeed the wind was blowing that hooded and caped garment all about her head, so that her dark hair was becoming considerably dishevelled. The Youth came to her assistance; put a cushion and a shawl for her just beside her hostess, under the lee of the weather bulwarks; then she snugly ensconced herself there, and seemed to be very merry and happy indeed.

"Don't you often wish you were a fish, when the weather is wet?" she says gayly to her friend; "so that you might be perfectly indifferent?" And here she cries "Oh!" again, because a drop or two of spray has come flying past the keel of the gig and just caught her on the crown of her waterproof.

Nothing can exceed her talk, her laughter, her cheerfulness. She nestles close to her friend; she is like a spoiled child; she makes fun of the Youth's attempts to steer. And the Laird is regarding her with a grave wonder—perhaps with some dark suspicion—when she lightly addresses herself to him again:

"But what about that strong man, sir? You were going to tell us the story yesterday, when you were interrupted."

It was a cunning device. How could a professed story-teller refuse to rise to the bait? The watchfulness disappeared from the face of the Laird; in its place

a sort of anticipatory laughter began to shine.

"But it was Tom Galbraith heard of that man," said he, in a deprecating way. "Did I not tell ye? Oh, aye! it was Tom Galbraith heard of him when he was in Ross-shire; and it was he told me of the wonderful things that man could do, according to the natives. Did not I tell ye of his rolling an enormous stone up a hill, and of the stone being split into nine pieces; yet not any one man could roll up one of the nine pieces? But I was going to tell ye of his being in Prince's Street, Edinburgh; and a coach and four was coming whirling along; the horses had run away, and no one could stop them. M'Kinlay was walking along the street, when the people called to him to look out, for the four horses were running mad; but the Ross-shire Samson was not afraid. No, no—"

Here a wisp of spray somewhat disconcerted the Laird; but only for a moment. He wiped the salt water from the side of his neck, and continued, with suppressed laughter bubbling up in his eyes.

"The man that told Tom Galbraith," said he, "was a solemn believer, and spoke with reverence. 'M'Kinlay,' says he, 'he will turn to the street, and he will grab at the four horses and the coach, and he will took them up in his two hands—*shist like a mice*.'"

"*Shist like a mice*." The Laird preserved a stern silence. The humor of this story was so desperately occult that he would leave the coarse applause to us. Only there was an odd light in his eyes; and we knew that it was all he could do to prevent his bursting out into a roar of laughter. But Mary Avon laughed—until John of Skye, who had not heard a word, grinned out of pure sympathy.

"He must have been the man," said Miss Avon diffidently—for she did not like to encroach on the Laird's province—"whom Captain John told me about, who could drink whisky so strong that a drop of it would burn a white mark on a tarred rope."

But the Laird was not jealous.

"Very good—very good!" he cried, with extreme delight. "Excellent—a real good one! 'Deed I'll tell that to Tom Galbraith!"

And the high spirits and the facetiousness of these two children continued through lunch. That was rather a wild meal, considering that we were still sailing across the boisterous Sound of Jura, in the teeth of a fresh northerly breeze. However, nothing could exceed the devotion of the Youth, who got scarcely any luncheon at all in his efforts to control the antics of pickle jars and to bolster up bottles. Then when everything was secure, there would be an ominous call overhead, "*Stand by farrard, boys!*" followed by a period of frantic revolution and panic.

"Yes," continued the Laird, when we got on deck again; "a sense of humor is a great power in human affairs. A man in public life without it is like a ship without a helm: he is sure to go and do something redeeklous that a smaller man would have avoided altogether. Aye, my father's sense of humor was often said by people to be quite extraordinar'—quite extarordinar'. I make no pretensions that way ma-self."

Here the Laird waved his hand, as if to deprecate any courteous protest.

"No, no; I have no pretensions that way; but sometimes a bit joke comes in verra well when ye are dealing with solemn and pretentious asses. There is one man in Strathgovan—"

But here the Laird's contempt of this dull person could not find vent in words. He put up both hands, palm outward, and shook them, and shrugged his shoulders.

"A most desperately stupid ass, and as loquacious as a parrot. I mind fine when I was giving my earnest attention to the subject of our police system. I may tell ye, ma'am, that our burgh stretches over a mile each way, and that it has a population of over 8,000 souls, with a vast quantity of valuable property. And up till that time we had but two policemen on duty at the same time during the night. It was my opeenion that that number was quite inadequate; and I stated my opeenion at a meeting of the Commissioners convened for that purpose. Well, would ye believe it, this meddlesome body, Johnny Guthrie, got up on his legs and preached and preached away; and all that he had to tell us was that we could not add to

the number of police without the consent of the Commissioners of Supply and the Home Secretary. Bless me! what bairn is there but knows that? I'll be bound Miss Mary there, though she comes from England, would know as much about public affairs as that?"

"I—I am afraid not, sir," said she.

"No matter—no matter. Live and learn. When ye come to Strathgovan, we'll begin and teach ye. However, as I was sayin', this bletherin' poor crature went on and on, and it was all about the one point, until I got up and, 'Mr. Provost,' says I, 'there are some human beings it would be idle to answer. Their loquacity is a sort of function; they perspire through their tongue—like a doag.' Ye should have seen Johnny Guthrie's face after that!"

And here the Laird laughed and laughed again at Johnny Guthrie's discomfiture.

"But he was a poor bletherin' crature," he continued, with a kind of compassion. "Providence made him what he is: but sometimes I think Johnny tries to make himself even more rideeklous than Providence could fairly and honestly have intended. He attacked me most bitterly because I got a committee appointed to represent to the Postmaster that we should have a later delivery at night. He attacked me most bitterly; and yet I think it was one of the greatest reforms ever introduced into our burgh."

"Oh, indeed, sir?" says his hostess, with earnest attention.

"Yes, indeed. The Postmaster is a most civil, worthy, and respectable man, though it was a sore blow to him when his daughter took to going to the Episcopal Church in Glasgow. However, with his assistance we now get the letters that used to be delivered in the forenoon delivered late the night before; and we have a mail made up at 10 P.M., which is a great convenience. And that man Johnny Guthrie gabbling away as if the French Revolution were coming back on us! I am a Conservative myself, as ye know, ma'am; but I say that we must march with the times. No standing still in these days. However, ye will get Johnny Guthries everywhere; poor bletherin' cratures who have no capacity for taking a large view of pub-

lic affairs—bats and blindworms as it were: I suppose there is a use for them, as it has pleased Providence to create them; but it would puzzle an ordinary person to find it out."

With much of the like wise discourse did the Laird beguile our northward voyage; and apparently he had forgotten that little incident about Mary Avon in the morning. The girl was as much interested as any one; laughed at the "good ones;" was ready to pour her contempt on the Johnny Guthries who opposed the projects of the Laird's statesmanship. And in this manner we fought our way against the stiff northerly breeze, until evening found us off the mouth of Loch Crinan. Here we proposed to run in for the night, so that we should have daylight and a favorable tide to enable us to pass through the Doruis Mohr.

It was a beautiful, quiet evening in this sheltered bay; and after dinner we were all on deck, reading, smoking, and what not. The Laird and Mary Avon were playing chess together. The glow of the sunset was still in the western sky and reflected on the smooth water around us; though Jura and Scarba were of a dark, soft, luminous rose-purple.

Chess is a silent game; the Laird was not surprised that his companion did not speak to him. And so absorbed was he with his knights and bishops that he did not notice that, in the absolute silence of this still evening, one of the men forward was idly whistling to himself the sad air of Lochaber.

Lochaber no more! And Lochaber no more!
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!

It was the old and familiar refrain: Hector of Moidart was probably not thinking of Lochaber at all.

But suddenly the Laird, staring down at the board, perceived some little tiny thing drop on the farther edge from him; and he quickly looked up. The girl was crying. Instantly he put out his great hand and took hers, and said, in a low voice, full of gentleness and a tender sympathy,

"Dear me, lassie, what is the matter?"

But Mary Avon hastily pulled out her handkerchief, and passed it across her eyes, and said hurriedly,

"Oh, I beg your pardon! it is nothing: I—I was thinking of something else. And is it your move or mine, sir?"

The Laird looked at her; but her eyes were cast down. He did not pay so much attention to the game after that.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CERTAINTY.

NEXT morning there is a lively commotion on board. The squally, blustering-looking skies, the glimpses of the white horses out there on the driven green sea, and the fresh northerly breeze that comes in gusts and swirls about the rigging—all tell us that we shall have some hard work before we pierce the Doruis Mohr.

"You won't want for wind to-day, Captain John," says the Youth, who is waiting to give the men a hand at the windlass.

"Deed, no," says John of Skye, with a grim smile. "This is the kind of day that Dr. Sutherland would like, and the White Dove going through the Doruis Mohr, too!"

However, the Laird seems to take no interest in what is going forward. All the morning he has been silent and pre-occupied; occasionally approaching his hostess, but never getting an opportunity of speaking with her alone. At last, when he observes that every one is on deck, and eagerly watching the White Dove getting under weigh, he covertly and quietly touches our Admiral on the arm.

"I would speak to ye below for a moment, ma'am," he says, in a whisper.

And so, unnoticed amid all this bustle, she follows him down into the saloon, wondering not a little. And as soon as he has shut the door he plunges *in medias res*.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I must speak to ye. It is about your friend, Miss Mary; have ye not observed that she is sorely troubled about something—though she puts a brave face on it and will not acknowledge it? Have ye not seen it—have ye not guessed that she is grievously troubled about some matter or other?"

"I have guessed it," said the other.

"Poor lass! poor lass!" said the Laird; and then he added, thoughtfully, "It is no small matter that can affect so light-hearted a creature; that is what I want to ask ye. Do ye know? Have ye guessed? Surely it is something that some of us can help her wi'. Indeed, it just distresses me beyond measure to see that trouble in her face; and when I see her try to conceal it—and to make believe that everything is well with her—I feel as if there was nothing I would not do for the poor lass."

"But I don't think either you or I can help. Young people must manage their affairs for themselves," says his hostess somewhat coldly.

"But what is it?—what is it? What is troubling her?"

Queen Titania regards him for a moment, apparently uncertain as to how far she should go. At last she says:

"Well; I am not revealing any confidence of Mary's; for she has told me nothing about it. But I may as well say at once that when we were in West Loch Tarbert, Dr. Sutherland asked her to be his wife; and she refused him. And now I suppose she is breaking her heart about it."

"Dear me! dear me!" says the Laird, with eyes open wide.

"It is always the way with girls," says the other, with a cruel cynicism. "Whether they say 'Yes' or 'No' they are sure to cry over it. And naturally; for whether they say 'Yes' or 'No' they are sure to have made an irretrievable blunder."

The Laird is slowly recovering from his first shock of surprise.

"But if she did refuse him, surely that is what any one would have expected? There is nothing singular in that."

"Pardon me; I think there is something very singular," she says warmly. "I don't see how any one could have been with these two up in the north, and not perceived that there was an understanding between them. If any girl ever encouraged a man, she did. Why, sir, when you proposed that your nephew should come with us, and make love to Mary, I said 'Yes' because I thought it would be merely a joke! I thought he would please you by consenting, and not harm anybody else. But now it has

turned out quite different; and Angus Sutherland has gone away."

And at this there was a return of the proud and hurt look into her eyes: Angus was her friend; she had not expected this idle boy would have supplanted him.

The Laird was greatly disturbed. The beautiful picture that he had been painting for himself, during this summer idleness of ours—filling in the details with a lingering and loving care—seemed to fade away into impalpable mist; and he was confronted by blank chaos. And this, too, just at the moment when the departure of the doctor appeared to render all his plans doubly secure.

He rose.

"I will think over it, ma'am," he said, slowly. "I am obliged to ye for your information; perhaps I was not as observant as I should have been."

Then she sought to stay him for a moment.

"Don't you think, sir," said she, timidly, "it would be better for neither you nor me to interfere?"

The Laird turned.

"I made a promise to the lass," said he quite simply, "one night we were in Loch Leven, and she and I were walking on the deck, that when she was in trouble I would try to help her; and I will not break my promise through any fear of being called an intermeddler. I will go to the girl myself—when I have the opportunity; and if she prefers to keep her own counsel—if she thinks I am only an old Scotch fool who should be minding my own business—I will not grumble."

And again he was going away, when again she detained him.

"I hope you do not think I spoke harshly of Mary," said she penitentially. "I own that I was a little disappointed. And it seemed so certain. But I am sure she has sufficient reason for whatever she has done—and that she believes she is acting rightly—"

"Of that there is no doubt," said he, promptly. "The girl has just a wonderful clear notion of doing what she ought to do; and nothing would make her flinch." Then he added, after a second, "But I will think over it; and then go to herself. Perhaps she feels lonely, and does not know that there is a home awaiting her at Denny-mains."

So both of them went on deck again ; and found that the White Dove was already sailing away from the Trossachs-like shores of Loch Crinan, and getting farther out into this squally green sea. There were bursts of sunlight flying across the rocks and the white-tipped waves ; but ordinarily the sky was overcast, masses of gray and silvery cloud coming swinging along from the north.

Then the Laird showed himself discreet "before folk." He would not appear to have any designs on Mary Avon's confidences. He talked in a loud and confident fashion to John of Skye, about the weather, and the Doruis Mohr, and Corrievrechan. Finally, he suggested, in a facetious way, that as the younger men had occasionally had their turn at the helm, he might have his now, for the first time.

"If ye please, sir," said Captain John, relinquishing the tiller to him with a smile of thanks, and going forward to have a quiet pipe.

But the Laird seemed a little bit confused by the rope which John had confided to him. In a light breeze, and with his hand on the tiller, he might have done very well ; but this looped rope, to which he had to cling so as to steady himself, seemed puzzling. And almost at the same time the White Dove began to creep up to the wind ; and presently the sails showed an ominous quiver.

"Keep her full, sir !" called John of Skye, turning round.

But instead of that the sails flapped more and more ; there was a rattling of blocks ; two men came tumbling up from the fore-castle, thinking the yacht was being put about.

"Shove your hand from ye, sir !" called out the skipper to the distressed steersman ; and this somewhat infantine direction soon put the vessel on her course again.

In a few minutes thereafter John of Skye put his pipe in his waistcoat pocket.

"We'll let her about now, sir," he called to the Laird.

The two men who happened to be on deck went to the jib-sheets ; John himself leisurely proceeded to stand by the weather fore-sheet. Then, as the Laird seemed still to await further orders, he called out :

"Helm hard down, sir, if ye please !"

But this rope bothered the Laird. He angrily twisted it, let it drop on the deck and then with both hands endeavored to jam the tiller toward the weather bulwarks, which were certainly nearer to him than the lee bulwarks.

"The other way, sir !" Mary Avon cried to him anxiously.

"Bless me ! bless me ! Of course !" he cried in return ; and then he let the tiller go, and just managed to get out of its way as it swung to leeward. And then as the bow sheered round, and the White Dove made away for the mouth of Loch Craignish on the port tack, he soon discovered the use of the weather tiller rope, for the wind was now blowing hard, and the yacht pitching a good deal.

"We are getting on, Miss Mary !" he cried to her, crushing his wideawake down over his forehead. "Have ye not got a bit song for us ? What about the two sailors that pitied all the poor folk in London ?"

She only cast down her eyes, and a faint color suffused her cheeks: our singing-bird had left us.

"Howard, lad !" the Laird called out again, in his facetious manner, "ye are not looking well, man. Is the pitching too much for you ?"

The Youth was certainly not looking very brilliant ; but he managed to conjure up a ghastly smile.

"If I get ill," said he, "I will blame it on the steering."

"Deed, ye will not," said the Laird, who seemed to have been satisfied with his performances. "I am not going to steer this boat through the Doruis Mohr. Here, John, come back to your post !"

John of Skye came promptly aft ; in no case would he have allowed an amateur to pilot the White Dove through this narrow strait with its swirling currents. However, when the proper time came we got through the Doruis Mohr very easily, there being a strong flood-tide to help us ; and the brief respite under the lee of the land allowed the Youth to summon back his color and his cheerfulness.

The Laird had ensconced himself beside Mary Avon ; he had a little circle

of admiring listeners; he was telling us, amid great shouts of laughter, how Homesh had replied to one tourist, who had asked for something to eat, that that was impossible, "bekass ahl the plates was cleaned;" and how Homesh had answered another tourist, who represented that the towel in the lavatory was not as it should be, that "more than fifty or sixty people was using that towel this very day, and not a complaint from any one of them;" and how Homesh, when his assistant stumbled and threw a leg of mutton on to the deck, called out to him in his rage, "Ye young teffle, I will knock the stairs down your head!" We were more and more delighted with Homesh and his apocryphal adventures.

But now other things than Homesh were claiming our attention. Once through the Doruis, we found the wind blowing harder than ever, and a heavy sea running. The day had cleared, and the sun was gleaming on the white crests of the waves; but the air was thick with whirled spray, and the decks were running wet. The White Dove listed over before the heavy wind, so that her scuppers were a foot deep in water; while opening the gangway only relieved the pressure for a second or two; the next moment a wave would surge in on the deck. The jib and fore stay-sail were soaked half mast high. When we were on the port tack the keel of the gig ploughed the crests of those massive and rolling waves. This would, indeed, have been a day for Angus Sutherland.

On one tack we ran right over to Corrievrechan; but we could see no water-spouts or other symptoms of the whirling currents; we could only hear the low roar all along the Scarba coast, and watch the darting of the white foam up the face of the rocks. And then away again on the port tack; with the women clinging desperately to the weather bulwarks, lest perchance they should swiftly glide down the gleaming decks into the hissing water that rolled along the lee scuppers. Despite the fact of their being clad from top to toe in waterproofs, their faces were streaming with the salt water; but they were warm enough, for the sun was blazing hot, and the showers of spray were like showers of gleaming diamonds.

Luncheon was of an extremely panto-

mimic character; until, in the midst of it, we were alarmed by hearing quick tramping overhead, and noise and shouting. The Youth was hastily bidden to leave his pickle jars, and go on deck to see what was happening. In a second or two he returned—somewhat grueful—his hair wild—his face wet.

"They are only taking in the mizzen," says he; "but my cap has been knocked overboard, and I have got about a quart of water down my neck."

"It will do ye good, lad," observed the Laird, in the most heartless manner; "and I will now trouble ye to pass me the marmalade."

Patiently, all day long, we beat up against that inexorable north wind, until, in the afternoon, it veered a point or two to the east, which made an appreciable difference in our rate of progress. Then, the farther the wind veered, the more it became a land wind; and the sea abated considerably; so that long before we could make out Castle Osprey on the face of the hill, we were in fairly calm waters, with a light breeze on our starboard beam. The hot sun had dried the decks; there was a possibility of walking; some went below to prepare for going ashore.

We were returning to the world of telegrams, and letters, and newspapers; we should soon know what the Commissioners of Strathbungo were doing, and whether Johnny Guthrie had been fomenting sedition. But it was not these things that troubled the Laird. He had been somewhat meditative during the afternoon. At last, finding an occasion on which nearly everybody was below but his hostess, he said to her, in a low voice:

"The more I reflect on that matter we spoke of this morning, the more I am driven to a conclusion that I would fain avoid. It would be a sad blow to me. I have built much on the scheme I was telling ye of: perhaps it was but a toy; but old people have a fondness for their toys as well as young people."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," said the other.

"We will soon learn whether I am right," said the old Laird, with a sigh; and then he turned to her and regarded her.

"I doubt whether ye see this girl's

character as clearly as I do," said he. "Gentle, and soft, and delicate as she seems to be, she is of the stuff the martyrs in former days were made of: if she believes a thing to be right, she will do it, at any cost or sacrifice. Do ye mind the first evening I met her at your house—how she sat and talked, and laughed, with her sprained ankle swollen and black all the time, just that she might not interfere with the pleasure of others?"

The Laird paused for a moment or two.

"I have been putting things together," he continued—but he did not seem proud or boastful of his perspicacity: perhaps he would rather have fought against the conclusion forced on him. "When she was up in the north, it seemed to you as if she would have married the young man Sutherland?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"The lass had her bit fortune then," said the Laird thoughtfully. "Not much, as ye say; but it would have been an independence. It would have helped him on in the world; it would have left him free. And she is proud of what he has done, and as ambeetious as himself he should become a great man." Aye."

The Laird seemed very anxious about the varnishing of the gig; he kept smoothing it with his forefinger.

"And when he came to her the other day—it is but a guess of mine, ma'am—she may have said to herself beforehand that she would not be a drag on him, that she would leave him free to become great and famous, that the sentiment of the moment was a trifling thing compared to what the world expected, from Dr. Sutherland. Ye will not forget what she said on that point only the other

day. And she may have sent him away—with her own heart just like to break. I have just been putting one or two possibilities together, ma'am—"

The color had forsaken the cheeks of the woman who stood by his side.

"And—and—if she was so cruel—and, and heartless—and, and monstrous—she ought to be horsewhipped!" she exclaimed, quite breathlessly, and apparently not knowing what she was saying.

But the Laird shook his head.

"Poor lass! poor lass!" he said gently; "she has had her troubles. No doubt the loss of her bit fortune seemed a desperate thing to her; and you know her first anxiety is conteenually for other people—particularly them that have been kind to her—and that she thinks no more of herself than if she haa no feelings at all. Well, ma'am, if what I am guessing at is true—it is only a speculation o' mine, and I am far from sure; but if that is all that has to be put right, I'm thinking it might be put right. We should thank God that we are now and again able to put some small matter straight in the world."

The Laird was more busy than ever with the varnish, and he went nearer the boat. His fingers were nervous, and there was a strange, sad look in his sunken gray eyes.

"Poor lass! if that is all her trouble, it might not be difficult to help her," said he; and then he added slowly—and the woman beside him knew, rather than saw, that the sad gray eyes were somehow wet—"But I had thought to see her living at Denny-mains: it was—it was a sort of toy of my old age."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT.

BY ARTHUR GRANVILLE BRADLEY.

"The stranger that descends Ohio's stream,
Charmed with the beauteous prospects that
arise,
Marks the soft isles that 'neath the glittering
beam
Dance with the wave and mingle with the skies,
Sees also one that now in ruin lies,
Which erst, like faery queen towered o'er the
rest,
In every native charm by culture dressed,
There rose the seat, where once in pride of life,

My eye could mark the queenly river's flow,
In summer's calmness, or in winter's strife,
Swollen with rains or battling with the snow.
Never again my heart such joy shall know.
Havoc and ruin, rampant war, have passed
Over that isle with their destroying blast."

Lines written by Mrs. Blennerhassett at Montreal, 1819.

At some period within the last ten years there appeared in one of the lead-

ing American magazines an article under this heading—"And who was Blennerhassett?" That there was cause for giving a biographical sketch such a title is suggestive that the name is more or less familiar to the ears of the American people, but that the reasons for that familiarity are but little or vaguely known. Such is indeed the case. Romance and misfortune combined have caused to linger on the page of American history a name whose owner had perhaps no other claim to immortality than that of presenting as sad an individual story as the most inveterate lovers of true romance could desire.

As the traveller of to-day, surrounded by all the luxuries of a modern Transatlantic steamboat, glides down the waters of *la belle rivière*, he will find much to interest him, whether his mind prefers to occupy itself with the stirring surroundings of the present, or to revert in fancy to the warlike and often hideous dramas of the last century which have ever rendered these scenes, as the stage upon which they were acted, peculiarly dear to the student of American history.

By the banks of the Monongahela, where the famous Pittsburgh—the Birmingham of America—belches forth into the night its clouds of flame and smoke, and where a dense population, with its rampant communism, sends from time to time a wave of fear surging throughout the whole social fabric of the continent, not much more than a century ago stood Fort Du Quesne—a solitary outpost among the forests—the *ultima Thule* of the soldier of George III.'s younger days, and the military centre of that great debatable land for which the two most powerful nations on earth so long contended. Du Quesne! a name that at that time must have been familiar to all alike—to the frontiersman of Virginia and Pennsylvania, who from behind the great natural ramparts of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies defied the savage and formed the van of civilization, and to the fashionable twaddler of St. James' or Versailles.

It was not far from here, where the Monongahela pours its waters into the Ohio, that the forty-fourth and forty-eighth regiments were cut to pieces by a handful of French and Indians, while the ill-fated Braddock, their leader, mad

with rage and shame, and trying to form his panic-stricken and pipe-clayed redcoats as if they were on the open plains of Flanders, was shot dead by an exasperated Virginia militiaman.

Here too was the ground of Washington's early training, both military and diplomatic; here, through many campaigns, and amid almost continuous disasters and difficulties, he and many other American officers not only gained that experience in war that, on a greater scale, in after years was to stand them in such good stead, but lost, in common with the majority of their countrymen, that profound belief in the invincibility of the king's regulars which paved the way, when the occasion demanded it, to the War of Independence.

Many miles lower down the Ohio river widens, and lying in its midst is a stretch of land several hundred acres in extent that is pointed out to the stranger as "Blennerhassett's Isle." With this spot of earth is inseparably connected the misfortunes of that mysterious man whose name, in spite of all its owner's efforts to the contrary, was forced into the political records of his adopted country.

Harman Blennerhassett, the son of an Irish gentleman of good family, was born in the year 1767, and having been educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Dublin, was, in 1790, called to the Irish bar.

We hear of him at that period as a well-educated, cultured youth of a retiring disposition, possessing to a great extent the polished manners of an age that has passed away. The inheritor, upon the death of his father, which took place about this time, of good estates both real and personal, we find him, in preference to entering upon the duties of his profession, travelling on the Continent of Europe, and occupying himself with the study of modern languages and science. That these would ever have been turned to great account we are inclined to doubt, and in spite of the quaint and fulsome admiration of his American biographers, it is impossible not to picture to one's self an unambitious and somewhat indolent man, whose lines were thrown in easy places, and who, but for the mournful romance of an accidental interview, would possibly have

spent his life, beloved by a wide circle of friends, and an ornament to the society in which he moved; but would have suffered the same oblivion that has overtaken thousands as cultivated, as rich, as meritorious, and as well-born as he.

It is somewhat inconsistent with the rest of Blennerhassett's character, to find him an ardent admirer of republicanism, with decidedly national Irish feelings, and a consequent dislike of the English government. But there the incongruity ceases, for, rather than face the odium of holding opinions opposed to those of most of his class, he chooses the somewhat negative course of removing himself from all possibility of party strife, and forms the resolution, aided by a romantic turn of mind, of emigrating to America, whose institutions he ardently admired.

About this time, while on a visit to his sister in England (Lady Kinsale), he became engaged to a Miss Agnew, daughter of the Governor of the Isle of Man. This young lady he delighted with the glowing sketches of Western forests which fancy was so frequently spreading before his mind, and she eventually succumbed to this pictured Arcadia of the future. That the lady in question had more than her share of accomplishments and good qualities history is unanimous, and that she combined with these that happy knack, so common among English gentlewomen, of adapting herself to all kinds of circumstances, she afterward most undeniably proved.

Filled with rosy visions of the future, in which neither personal aggrandizement nor ambition had any place, and impatiently looking forward to the Arcadian life he was about to enter upon, Blennerhassett, now married, made such preparations for his departure as were calculated to render that life as luxurious as circumstances would admit of. It was evident that a shanty in a clearing was no part of his scheme, but that—as regards things material, at any rate—his ideas affected what writers on early colonial matters are pleased to call the "baronial style." An extensive library was purchased, scientific and astronomical instruments, in which pursuits he specially delighted, were packed on board; great quantities of costly furni-

ture, pictures, and plate—everything, in fact, that a studiously inclined man of that day with refined and luxurious tastes could well require, not to speak of a numerous assortment of agricultural implements, was collected. In the mean while he had disposed of his estates to his cousin, Baron Ventry.

In the winter of 1797 the young couple crossed the Atlantic without mishap, and remained till the opening of spring among friends and acquaintances in the eastern cities. The richness, the beauty, and the fertility of the Ohio valley, as yet but very partially settled, were at that time the talk of all men. It was the "west" of those days, and the region to which people of all classes from the Eastern States, who did not shrink from backwoods life, and wished to improve their fortunes, were resorting. The Blennerhassetts caught the fever, though it is needless to add that the disease with them took a romantic, and not a worldly form. At the opening of spring, bidding adieu to their many friends in the eastern cities and laden with their household gods, they turned their faces westward; and arriving at Pittsburgh, at that time an insignificant village, embarked with their effects in one of the large bateaux—then the sole means of transport on the waters of the Ohio—and floated down to Marietta, a small village settlement in the forests, some hundred miles or so below. We can well imagine the astonishment of the good people of this frontier village at the disembarkation of such a cargo in those early days, when the ordinary luxuries and refinements of life were exclusively confined to the older eastern settlements and cities.

At Marietta, the Blennerhassetts fixed their head-quarters for such time as they should spend in selecting a site for their future home; and it would be as well now to take a glance at the population among whom they had cast their lot. Here, on the eastern shore of the river, lay the State of Virginia—not the Virginia of tradition, with its tobacco plantations and households of slaves, but that elevated and mountainous portion of the State which is now known as West Virginia—settled at that time partly by sons of eastern planters, driven thither by the constant division of property;

partly by Scotch, Irish, and Germans, who had pushed over from the Shenandoah valley; and partly, doubtless, by soldiers of the French and Indian wars, or their sons, who had received grants of land on their dismissal from the service.

Coming from up the river, too, were other kinds of settlers: rigid New England farmers, Quakers and Dutch from Pennsylvania, Harvard graduates, ex-officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war, scattered for the most part along the western bank—in what was some half dozen years later formed into the State of Ohio—but all apparently living in simple backwoods style, necessitating a certain amount of equality unknown in the eastern settlements.

The fertile and romantic island lying some few miles from Marietta, which still bears his ill-fated name, was chosen by Blennerhassett as a spot well calculated to supply that ideal life of which his fancy had so long been enamored; and he finally concluded the purchase of a portion of the island, consisting of about two hundred acres, for the sum of one thousand pounds, which, taking into consideration time, place, and the uncleared nature of the land, was doubtless an excellent bargain for the gentleman from whom he purchased.

The primary expense, however, was little to Blennerhassett, for he immediately began to change the face of that nameless and remote island to an extent that was the daily wonder of the entire country-side. He not only purchased a considerable number of negroes, but hired every able-bodied man in the neighborhood who was able and willing to work. Money had hitherto, as in all frontier countries, been scarce; it now circulated freely within a comparatively small radius. Thousands of pounds were spent in bringing about a transformation which in a few months was the wonder of the whole western country. The backwoods character of the island soon vanished before the magic touch of taste, backed by a lavish expenditure of money. The settlers flocked round this dilettante and aristocratic pioneer: his prominent republicanism and genial manners won all hearts; though the deep-rooted ideas of fraternity and equality in which most of his simple-living neigh-

bors had been reared must have received a severe shock when they watched these splendors rising in their midst. It is scarcely needful for history to tell us that Blennerhassett during all this time was repeatedly the victim of impositions. Human nature has been the same through all ages, and has ever been specially irresistible upon the outposts of Anglo-Saxon civilization in all quarters of the world. We can readily picture the wondering contempt and the cynical smile with which the horny-handed sons of the forest, whose ideas were bounded by things material, would gaze on the operations at the island, and the pleasure, on the other hand, with which those who had migrated from the eastern cities and plantations would regard the gleam of civilization suddenly breaking in their midst.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was even more popular among her new neighbors than her lord. While a skilled linguist, and possessed to a remarkable degree of the accomplishments considered requisite for well-born young ladies of those days, she was both frank and unaffected in her manners, and seems instinctively to have possessed that rare gift—so valuable among such social surroundings—of winning the hearts of all, without exciting that assumption of envy or jealousy by superiority which rankies so grievously in the breast of rural republicanism. To all this we are told she added a face and form of wondrous beauty, and physical powers of endurance that astonished all with whom she came in contact. She would ride miles through the forests on charitable or social errands; and at this moment there lies before us the copy of an old engraving representing her attired in a long riding-habit, which, we are told, was always of scarlet cloth, with an ostrich feather floating from a broad-brimmed hat, and mounted on a blood horse cantering along beneath the tall forest trees, followed by a negro groom in livery.

The mansion upon the island, judging from the old engravings, must have been a spacious one—and for the time and place the interior fittings must have been princely. To imitate as nearly as possible the form and fashion of an English country house seems to have been Blennerhassett's aim, and no expense was

spared. Trees were felled, and their stumps torn up by the roots; the holes were filled up, and the inequalities of the ground levelled off. Terraces were shaped, and lawns laid down, to where long rows of willows dipped their branches into the waters of the Ohio.

Beneath the tasteful hand of the lady of this enchanted castle beds gay with flowers sprang into life: apples and peaches, quinces and apricots, flourished in spacious gardens; the natural trees of the forest, isolated from their companions, and left in groups or single, threw long shadows upon the velvet turf; while beneath them bloomed vast shrubberies brought from distant lands.

Within, according to contemporary chronicles, all was gorgeous. Corniced ceilings and gilded mouldings met the eye everywhere in the lower rooms of the mansion. Massive and costly furniture from England stood on rich carpets and polished oaken floors. Valuable paintings lined the walls, mahogany sideboards groaned beneath massive silver plate, and valuable ornaments were scattered about the house with the effect that only a woman of taste can exercise.

The Blennerhassetts realized their ideal to the full. Several years of peaceful, if somewhat lotus-eating happiness, passed over their heads. Mrs. Blennerhassett was the queen of the Ohio valley, her husband occupied himself between the cultivation and the adornment of his island, and the prosecution of his scientific studies. Astronomy was a passion with him, and an observatory with a powerful telescope was fitted up upon the roof of the house. He must have been, oddly enough, but an indifferent sportsman, as tradition represents his servant holding the gun and Blennerhassett pulling the trigger! Little interest in English affairs seems to have been taken by the happy couple; children were born to them, and they ears rolled placidly and uneventfully by. The battle of Aboukir was fought and won, the Irish troubles were over, and the Union was an accepted fact. Emmet, the father of Blennerhassett's most intimate friend, had died for the cause, and Nelson was waiting to fight the battle of Trafalgar. The golden tints of the autumn of 1805 were shining on the

broad bosom of the Ohio, and its sunny haze was resting on that most festive season of the Western year, when the destroyer came.

One bright afternoon, when Blennerhassett happened to be away at Marietta on business, a little boat moved slowly up to the landing-place of the island, and there stepped from it, accompanied by a lady, a gentleman of striking personal appearance. As if attracted solely by curiosity and by a wish to see the famous island, they strolled over the lawn and through the shrubberies at a respectful distance from the house. Mrs. Blennerhassett, on catching sight of them, in accordance with the hospitable ideas of the country, sent a servant to invite them to the house. The stranger, feigning reluctance, on the score of his visit being only one of curiosity, made a show of refusal, but sent back his card, upon which Mrs. Blennerhassett read the then famous name of Aaron Burr, ex-Vice-President of the United States. Such a visitor could not be permitted to go away, and the crafty statesman thus obtained his first *entrée* to the domestic circle which he was destined to ruin, under the guise of chance, and with his companion (a Mrs. Shaw) spent the whole of that evening at the island, where the charm of his manner and conversation completely won over his hostess. Having made this impression, Burr again embarked and proceeded down the river on the business which then occupied his attention.

To enter fully into the schemes and aspirations of this clever and unscrupulous man would be here impossible; but Blennerhassett's misfortunes being so inseparably connected with his name, it is necessary to state that Burr's object in travelling through the West was to sound the people of those districts as to the feasibility of a private expedition against Mexico, in the event of a war breaking out between that country and the United States, as at the time seemed likely. To enlist the sympathies of the most influential men was of course advisable, and the fame of Blennerhassett had long ago reached the eastern cities. His wealth was supposed to be considerable, his talents were supposed to be great, his co-operation was therefore regarded by Burr as specially desirable.

A few weeks after his visit, the ex-Vice-President wrote a crafty and insinuating letter to Blennerhassett, in which he represented the latter as hiding his talents under a bushel, adding what were perhaps the more powerful arguments of his increasing family, and the stationary or depreciating state of his financial affairs. Burr urged that he was doing nothing toward the improvement of his fortunes or the future advancement of his children, but rather the contrary; and finally suggested vaguely several ways by which he might enrich himself. The wily statesman left his words to work their effect on the mind of his victim in the solitude of his forest home. This strategy was successful; and resulted in frequent communications and a close personal intercourse between the two men. Burr and his daughter, Mrs. Alston (wife of the Governor of South Carolina), paid a long visit at the island, during which the minds of the Blennerhassetts were fired by glowing accounts of princely territories in the remoter regions of the far West. Blennerhassett, unpractical to the core, and probably but imperfectly acquainted with the resources and politics of the country of his adoption, drank in eagerly the poison of Burr's wild and audacious schemes. He grew gradually more and more indifferent to the surroundings which for eight happy years had been his delight, and listened spell-bound while this arch plotter unfolded his secret plans, which were nothing less than a private expedition against Mexico. Blennerhassett was given to understand that this was secretly favored by the Government—a deception practised to assuage any scruples he might have on the score of loyalty. His wife, contrary to what might have been expected, appears to have been carried away by Burr's eloquence, and to have enlisted her entire sympathies in her husband's splendid dreams. The ideal neutrality as regards the world on which their lives had hitherto been based collapsed as it were in a moment. Their beloved sylvan solitudes became as nothing to them. The bright waters of the river that swept past their lawns were now looked upon merely as a means of transport to that distant elysium which Burr had taught them to believe was the object of his

designs; an ill-regulated and feverish eagerness to be up and doing seized upon their minds. The charm of life and home had fled, and they might have lamented in the lines of Wordsworth, written about that very year:

"It is not now as it has been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see
no more!"

About this time took place the annual training of the militia of West Virginia and the Ohio valley; and Burr, by powerful orations, though in guarded terms, won over several hundred youths of the more adventurous description as recruits, not one of whom, so craftily had he gone to work, had any idea of treachery or illegality. To what height the ideas and ambitions of Burr himself had soared is a matter more or less of conjecture, but it is supposed that dreams of Empire itself were constantly in his thoughts; that negotiations were carried on by him with the British fleet is a matter of history. The relations between the United States and Spain were delicate, owing to the refusal of compensation by Spain for spoliation in a former war, and the delayed settlement of the boundaries of Louisiana, purchased from the French three years previously. The declaration of war was prevented only by the fact that Napoleon supported Spain. Mexican agents, however, had been in the Eastern cities, and represented a people ready to receive an invader with open arms. But as the United States Government had no longer any intention of hazarding a war, ordinary prudence demanded peace. The cords with which a common danger and an ultimate triumph had bound together the different sections of the Union twenty years before were now somewhat loosened by diverging interests. No foreign ally was at hand, and three powerful nations could by a false move be converted into enemies—for Great Britain had commenced those aggravations which led to the war of 1812. At such a time Thomas Jefferson, then in the presidential chair, viewed with peculiar anxiety the rumors of independent action and private expeditions that reached him from the West. "Ten thousand men were to rendezvous at New Orleans. A

naval force was to co-operate, and under the command of Burr, who was an experienced soldier, the troops were to push forward for the long-dreamed-of halls of Montezuma." That great preparations were being made upon the Ohio for the descent of the Mississippi by armed forces, and other rumors of a disquieting nature were circulated.

A man named Graham was appointed secretly to investigate the truth of these reports, and was empowered to call out both civil and military aid in the Western provinces if necessary; and a proclamation was issued, calling on all good citizens to aid in the apprehension of such endangerers of the Commonwealth who might be agitating within their knowledge.

What were Blennerhassett's definite ideas of his part in the forthcoming expedition it is difficult to extract. Two things are certain—that he was grossly imposed upon by Burr, and that he had not the most remote notion of placing himself in antagonism to the Government. The screen used to hide the purposes for which the expedition was intended was the settlement of a tract of land of 800,000 acres that had been purchased by Burr and himself upon the Red River. The purchase money was 40,000 dollars, and by parcelling it into hundred-acre farms the presumption was that their individual fortunes would be rapidly augmented. This was probably the real object for which Blennerhassett renounced his present security; his ruin may be traced to the blind confidence and admiration with which he regarded Burr, who, while making use of him under the guise of association in a legal and praiseworthy speculation, was writing cipher dispatches to some of his friends in power whom he thought would fall in with his ambitions, the unexpected revelation of which, however, disclosed his audacious schemes, and was the immediate cause of the proclamation before alluded to.

Preparations had been commenced for the expedition two or three months before. Bateaux and stores, ammunition, arms, and whisky had been contracted for on Blennerhassett's security, and collected in the neighborhood of the island. Burr had gone forward to Kentucky to beat up for recruits, and was

shortly afterward followed by his son-in-law, Governor Alston, of South Carolina, and by Blennerhassett, whose wife remained at the island in charge of affairs.

Rumors continued to circulate as the Government and the people became alarmed. Mrs. Blennerhassett sent to Kentucky for her husband, telling him that his affairs were in danger and urging him to hasten home. On his homeward journey, at the house of Colonel Lewis, of old frontier fame, he met with a friend, Mr. Mercer, in answer to whose anxious cautions he still displayed himself utterly ignorant of any illegal intentions, horrified at the idea of opposing the Government, for which he had such veneration, and sincerely believing that Western colonization was their one object. Burr soon joined him at the island, but stayed only a short time, leaving Blennerhassett to superintend the construction of the boats and collection of the stores, while he himself went back again to Kentucky. Here he was at once arrested on a charge of treasonable practices and a design to attack the Spanish dominions, and thereby endanger the peace of the United States. The arrest, however, was premature, for want of evidence, and Burr was discharged.

In the mean time Mr. Graham, the President's secret agent, had arrived at Marietta. He saw at a glance that Blennerhassett was deceived both as to his partner's character and the object of the expedition on foot. He urged him to abandon it, representing that collections of armed men on the Ohio would be treated as illegal—but to no purpose. The militia of Wood county, Virginia, were then ordered out, with instructions to take possession of all boats and stores of a suspicious character; and for several days the banks of the river were guarded.

Early in December one of Burr's captains, Tyler, of New York, had landed at the island with a small body of men, and found Blennerhassett brooding over the words of Graham, and half disposed to abandon the enterprise. His wife, however, was, strange to say, enthusiastic on the subject, and his fears were overcome. Blennerhassett's friend, Mr. Mercer, also paid him a visit about this

time, with the intention of negotiating for the purchase of the island, but did not feel justified in giving the price that was asked. A day or two later some young men from Belpré, of Blennerhassett's party, attempted to bring down to the island, on the now guarded river, fifteen bateaux that had been prepared and loaded. Fourteen of these were seized by the militia, the remaining one, with the members of the expedition, reaching the island in safety.

Two days after this, Blennerhassett, hearing of the active intentions of the Virginian militia under Colonel Phelps, a personal acquaintance of his own, deemed it prudent to depart with his armament under cover of night, leaving his wife and two little boys to follow. The next morning Colonel Phelps and party arrived, and found Blennerhassett gone, and Mrs. Blennerhassett absent at Marietta, searching for her private boat, which had been seized among the others. Crossing the country, the militia attempted to cut off Blennerhassett and his flotilla at the mouth of the great Kanawha, and arriving there before them, they posted a watch on the river bank. These gentry, however, are related to have spent too jovial an evening with somniferous results. In the mean time Blennerhassett and his party slipped by unobserved. Lower down the river, Burr, with several more boats, joined them, and in spite of the vigilance of the Kentucky militia, which had been ordered out for their arrest, they floated down the river into the Mississippi, and anchored at Bayou Pierre.

The day after Blennerhassett's departure from the island, a party of young men from Pittsburgh, described as the sons of gentlemen, were captured, on their way thither to join him, by the Virginia militia. It is related that they ridiculed these rustic warriors to such an extent that justices of the peace were sent for, by whom these young bloods were arraigned, but finally acquitted of any hostile intentions toward the Government. During the trial, which took place at the island, the discipline of the militia gave way. Blennerhassett's cellars were emptied; drunkenness ensued, which terminated in immense destruction to the premises; fences were torn down and burned, shrubberies trampled

under foot. In the midst of this destruction the unfortunate lady of the mansion returned from her fruitless errand to Marietta, the authorities having refused to deliver up the family boat. One can picture with what despair she looked upon the scene that met her eyes. The paradise that she had framed out of the wild woods, a desolation, the grounds that for years had been her pride and delight, a ruin!

The all-absorbing interests of the expedition seem however to have blunted her mortification; and it was not till after years, when the full measure of her bitter cup had been meted out, that this intrepid woman gave full scope to her regrets. Her situation was distressing; the ice upon the Ohio was fast accumulating, and her husband was already far away with a damaged name. The young men before alluded to came however to the rescue, and fitted up their boat for the lady's reception as well as circumstances would permit, during which time Colonel Phelps returned, horrified and distressed at the ruin wrought in his absence by the undisciplined boors under his command. Every assistance in his power he rendered to Mrs. Blennerhassett and her escort, and on a cold winter morning, with such furniture as she could carry, the boat pushed off from the island, and she looked her last on that happy home that had so long owned her for its mistress.

At Bayou Pierre on the Mississippi, she and her children rejoined her husband, whose situation was growing critical. Even the audacious Burr was dismayed. The President's proclamation and the vigilance of the State forces gathered along the shores of the river rendered further action madness. Blennerhassett was sincerely to be pitied. For Burr he had abandoned everything; and had staked a great part of his remaining fortune. In the dead of night a hole was made in the side of the boat carrying the arms, and they were silently sunk in the waters of the river.

A short distance below Bayou Pierre, Burr and Blennerhassett were visited by the Attorney-General of the Mississippi territories, and placed under arrest, but acquitted for want of evidence. Burr, having good reason to suspect a rearrest, escaped, and travelled for many days

through the then almost pathless woods of the south-west; but owing to the fame of his name, and the universal knowledge of his situation, even though disguised in the coarsest garb, he was rearrested by the rural authorities on the strength of fresh charges, and was carried for several hundred miles to Richmond for trial. Blennerhassett, imagining he had nothing to fear, left Natchez in June for a visit to the island, but was rearrested on his way at Lexington, Kentucky, on instructions issued from Richmond a month previously, and was thrown into prison. He proceeded ultimately under guard to Richmond, where the month of August saw him in company with Burr and five others brought to trial for high treason. His wife in the mean time remained at Natchez writing letters full of hope and courage.

It was a great trial. All the legal luminaries of the State were pitted against each other, among them Henry Clay, Randolph, and Wirt (the biographer of Patrick Henry): an ex-Vice-President of the United States was at the bar, while Blennerhassett occupied the second place in public interest. The termination of the trial was the acquittal of Burr and his whole party.

Blennerhassett, still further embarrassed with the expenses of his defence, was in the depths of despair. Burr, to whom he had loyally adhered through all this time, now left him to his fate, and Alston turned a deaf ear to his appeals. The island was ruined as a home; his effects had been seized by creditors, and the land itself was attached at the suit of one Miller, and used for the cultivation of flax. Two or three years later the mansion itself, which robbed of its attractions had been merely used for the occupation of the tenant, was accidentally set on fire by some of the plantation negroes, and burned to the ground. This must certainly have been the last drop in the cup of these unfortunate people. Blennerhassett had before this embarked the small remainder of his fortune in a cotton plantation in Mississippi—an industry offering at that time great inducements. Here with questionable enthusiasm he devoted himself to his scientific pursuits, while his brave wife rode round the plantation and superintended the overseer and slaves, neglecting at the

same time, we are told, not one of her many household duties.

One more blow was yet to come. In 1812 war with Great Britain was declared, the cotton industry collapsed, and for several cheerless years it was little more than poverty for the Blennerhassetts. In 1819, the acting governor of Canada, who had been in early life a friend of Blennerhassett's, sent a ray of hope to that humble abode in the forest of Mississippi in the shape of an offer of a seat in one of the provincial courts of Montreal. Blennerhassett at once disposed of his cotton plantation and the wreck of the island, and hastened with his family to Canada. But, alas! the governor had been suddenly recalled to England; the appointment had passed out of his hands. The sum Blennerhassett had raised by the sale of the remainder of his property barely sufficed to pay his old debts, and destitution stared him in the face. One last resource remained: he would return to the old country and prosecute a reversionary claim which in his affluent days he had not thought worthy of attention. Through the influence of friends also, he hoped to get a Government appointment which would better enable him to prosecute this claim.

Once more we must picture this unhappy man, after an absence of five-and-twenty years, gazing at the well-known shores which he had left in the enthusiasm of youth, with an ample fortune, an honored name, and every prospect of an unclouded future. This, perhaps the saddest part of the story, is made doubly sad by the presence of the brave and much-enduring lady who had shared in his fall, and the group of children whose future was so gloomy. The lot of the "returned emigrant," more likely in those days than in these, was his. He found his old friends dead, scattered, forgetful, or indifferent, and himself to all intents and purposes an alien on his native shores.

He made one effort, however, and wrote to his old friend Lord Anglesea, then head of the Ordnance Department, applying for a situation, and pressing a patent for an "invention," of what nature we are not told. He was answered by a secretary in the usual official manner, and his patent was referred for presentation to the proper channel.

Removing to Guernsey with his family, Blennerhassett contrived to exist till the year 1831, when he ended his sad career, dying in the arms of his wife, in the sixty-third year of his age.

For eleven long years Mrs. Blennerhassett struggled with both hands and head to support her family, till age creeping upon her she resolved to visit New York and attempt to get some compensation for her property destroyed by United States troops. She arrived in that city in 1842 with an invalid son. Most of the actors in that drama, the recollection of which she wished to revive, had passed away, and the scenes in which it had been acted had long ago been stripped by civilization of the charm that had endeared them to her youth.

Burr had died in a miserable lodging and alone. His daughter, Mrs. Alston, who had shown a noble devotion to him in his hours of trial, had embarked on a sea voyage thirty years before, and had never since been heard of. Emmet, Blennerhassett's old friend, however, still lived, and together with Henry Clay, who in his youth had been an honored guest at the island on the Ohio, beheld

with deep sympathy this lone and poverty-stricken widow—the once lovely Mrs. Blennerhassett.

It is needless to say that these gentlemen took her cause in hand. In the memorial presented by Clay to Congress occur these words: "Mrs. Blennerhassett is now in this city residing in very humble circumstances, bestowing her cares on a son, who, by long poverty and sickness, is reduced to utter imbecility both of body and mind. In her present destitute situation the smallest amount of relief would be thankfully received by her. Her condition is one of absolute want, and she has but a short time left to enjoy any better fortune in this world." The plea would doubtless have been allowed had not death come to the relief of the poor forlorn woman.

Mrs. Blennerhassett breathed her last in a poor lodging in New York, attended only by some Irish sisters of charity, at whose expense her remains were laid in one of the public cemeteries of that vast city, in which, nearly half a century before, she had been welcomed in the first flush of youth and beauty, an honored guest and bride.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SOME THOUGHTS ON SHELLEY.

BY REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

WHEN the sea gave up its dead, all of Shelley's body that was rescued from flood and fire was laid where the rise of the ground ends in a dark nook of the Aurelian wall. So deep is that resting-place in shadow that the violets blossom later there than on "the slope of green access" where, seen from Shelley's grave, the flowers grow over the dust of Adonais. It is well that both were buried in Italy rather than in England, for, though no Italian could have written their poetry, yet it was—in all things else different—of that spirit which Italy awakens in Englishmen who love her, rather than of the purely English spirit. The Italian air, the sentiment of Italy, fled and dreamed through their poems, but most through those of Shelley. It was but fitting, then, that Shelley, whose fame was England's, should be buried

in the city which is the heart of Italy. But he was born far away from this peaceful and melancholy spot, and grew up to manhood under the gray skies of England, until its Universities, its Church, its Society, its Law, and its dominant policy became inhospitable to him, nay, even his own father cast him out. They all had, in the opinion of sober men of that time, good cause to make him a stranger, for he attacked them all, and it would be neither wise nor true, nor grateful to Shelley himself, were he to be put forward as a genius unjustly treated, or as one who deserved or asked for pity. Those who separate themselves from society, and war against its dearest maxims, if they are as resolute in their choice, and as firm in their beliefs as Shelley, count the cost, and do not or rarely complain when the pen-

alty is exacted. He was exiled, and it was no wonder. The opinion of the world did not trouble him, nor was that a wonder. But as this exile is the most prominent fact of his life, its influence is sure to underlie his work. One of the questions that any one who writes of Shelley has to ask, is, How did this exile from the Education, Law, Religion, and Society of his country, and from the soil of his country itself, affect his poetry?

It had a very great influence, partly for good and partly for evil. The good it did is clear. It deepened his individuality and the power which issued from that source. It set him free from the poetic conventions to which his art might have yielded too much obedience in England—a good which the obscurity of Keats also procured for him—it prevented him from being worried too much by the blind worms of criticism, it enabled him to develop himself more freely, and it placed him in contact with a natural scenery fuller and sunnier than he could ever have had in England, in which his love of beauty found so happy and healthy a food that it came to perfect flower.

In Italy also, where impulse even more than reason urges intelligence and inspires genius, lyrical poetry, which is born of impulse, is more natural and easy, though not better, than elsewhere, and the very inmost spirit of Shelley, deeper than his metaphysics or his love of Man and inspiring both, deeper even than any personal passion, was the lyrical longing of his whole body, soul, and spirit—"Oh, that I had wings like a dove; then would I flee away, and be at rest."

But the good this exile did his art was largely counterbalanced by its harm. Shelley's individuality, unchecked by that of others, grew too great, and tended not only to isolate him from men, but to prevent his art from becoming conversant enough with human life. The absence of critical sympathy of a good kind, such as that which flows from one poet to another in a large society, left some of his work, as it left some of Keats', more formless, more intemperate, more impalpable, more careless, more apart from the realities of life, than it ought to have been in the most poeti-

cal of poets since the days of Elizabeth. Even in his lyric work, the impassioned impulse would have failed less often to fulfil its form perfectly; there would not have been so many fragments thrown aside for want of patience or power to complete them, had he been less personal, less subject to individual freakishness, more subject to the unexpressed criticism which floats, as it were, in the air of a large literary society, and constrains the art of the poet into measured act and power. And as to Nature, we should perhaps have had, with his genius, a much wider and less ideal representation of her, had he not been so enthralled by the vastness and homelessness of Swiss, and by the ideality of Italian scenery. Even when he did write in England itself, the recollected love of Switzerland and the Rhine mingled with the impressions he received from the Thames, and produced a scenery, as in certain passages in "Alastor" and the "Revolt of Islam," which is not directly studied from anything in heaven or earth. It is none the worse for that, but it is not Nature, it is Art.

These are general considerations, but there were some more particular results, partly good and partly evil, of this separation of Shelley from the ordinary religious and political views of English society.

A good deal of his poetry became polemical, and polemical, like satiric poetry, is apart from pure art. It attacks evil directly, and the poet, his mind being then fixed not on the beautiful but on the base, writes prosaically. Or it embodies a creed in verse, and, being concerned with doctrine, becomes dull. In both cases the poet misses, as Shelley did, that inspiration of the beautiful which arises from the seeing of truth, not from the seeing of a lie; from the love of true ideas, not from their intellectual perception. The verses, for example, in the "Ode to Liberty," which directly attack kingcraft and priestcraft, however gladly one would see their sentiments in prose, are inferior as poetry to all the rest; and it is the same throughout all Shelley's poetry of direct attack on evil. This polemical element in the "Revolt of Islam," and the endeavor to lay down in it his revolutionary creed, are additional causes of

the wastes of prosaic poetry which make it so unreadable. The very splendor and passion of the passages devoted to Nature and Love contrast so sharply, like burning spaces of sunlight on a gray sea, with wearisome whole, that they lose half their value, and disturb, like so much else, the unity of the poem. The same things seem true of "Rosalind and Helen," and of those political poems which are direct attacks on abuses in England. On the other hand, when Shelley wrote on these evils indirectly inspired by the opposing truths, concerned with their beauty, and borne upward by delight in them, his work entered the realm of art, and his poetry became magnificent. There is no finer example of this than "Prometheus Unbound." The subject is at root the same as that of the "Revolt of Islam," the things opposed are the same, the doctrine is the same, but the whole method of approaching his idea and fulfilling its form is changed, and all the questions are brought into that artistic representation which stirs around them inspiring and enduring emotion.

The good Shelley did in this way was very great. At a time when England, still influenced by its abhorrence of the Reign of Terror, by its fear of France and Napoleon, was most dead to the political ideas that had taken form in 1789, Shelley gave voice, through art, to these ideas, and encouraged that hope of a golden age which, however vague, does so much for human progress. He threw around these things imaginative emotion, and added all its power to the struggle for freedom.

Still greater is the unrecognized work he did in the same way for theology in England. That theology was no better than all theology had become under the influence of the imperial and feudal ideas of Europe. Its notion of God, and of man in relation to God, partly Hebraic, and therefore sacerdotal and sacrificial, partly deeply dyed with asceticism and other elements derived from the Oriental notion of the evil of matter, was further modified by the political views of the Roman Empire, transferred to God by the Roman Church. And when the universal ideas regarding mankind, and a return to nature, were put forth by

France, they clashed instantly with this limited, sacerdotal, ascetic, aristocratic, and feudal theology. The sovereign right of God, because he was omnipotent, to destroy the greater part of his subjects, the right of a caste of priests to impose their doctrines on all, and to exile from religion all who did not agree with them; the view that whatever God was represented to do was right, though it might directly contradict the nature, the conscience, and the heart of Man; these, and other related views had been brought to the bar of humanity, and condemned from the intellectual point of view by a whole tribe of thinkers. But if a veteran theology is to be disarmed and slain, it needs to be brought not only into the arena of thought and argument, but into the arena of poetic emotion. A great part of that latter work was done in England by Shelley. He indirectly made, as time went on, an ever-increasing number of men feel that the will of God could not be in antagonism to the universal ideas concerning Man, that his character could not be in contradiction to the moralities of the heart, and that the destiny he willed for mankind must be as universal and as just and loving as himself. There are more clergymen, and more religious laymen than we imagine, who trace to the emotion Shelley awakened in them when they were young, their wider and better views of God. Many men, also, who were quite careless of religion, yet cared for poetry, were led, and are still led, to think concerning the grounds of a true worship, by the moral enthusiasm which Shelley applied to theology. He made emotion burn around it, and we owe to him a great deal of its nearer advance to the teaching of Christ. But we owe it, not to those portions of his poetry which denounced what was false and evil, but to those which represented and revealed, in delight in its beauty, what was good and true. Had he remained in England I do not think he would have worked on this matter in the ideal way of "Prometheus Unbound," because continual contact with the reigning theology would have driven his easily wrought anger into direct violence. In Italy, in exile, it was different. The polemical temper in which he wrote the "Revolt of Islam"

changed into the poetical temper in which he wrote "Prometheus Unbound."

Connected with this, but not with his exile, is the question, in what way his belief as to a Source of Nature influenced his art. He was not an atheist or a materialist. If he may be said to have occupied any theoretical position, it was that of an Ideal Pantheist; the position which, with regard to Nature, a modern poet who cares for the subject, naturally—whatever may be his personal view—adopts in the realm of his art. Wordsworth, a plain Christian at home, wrote about Nature as a Pantheist: the artist loves to conceive of the Universe, not as dead, but as alive. Into that belief Shelley, in hours of inspiration, continually rose, and his work is seldom more impassioned and beautiful than in the passages where he feels and believes in this manner. The finest example is toward the close of the "Adonais." In his mind, however, the living spirit which, in its living, made the Universe, was not conceived of as Thought, as Wordsworth conceived it, but as Love operating into Beauty; and there is a passage on this idea in the fragment of the "Coliseum," which is as beautiful in prose as that in "Adonais" is in verse. But it is only in higher poetic hours that Shelley seems or cares to realize this belief. In the quieter realms of poetry, in daily life, he confessed no such creed plainly; he had little or no belief in a thinking or loving existence behind the phenomenal universe. It is infinitely improbable, he says, that the cause of mind is similar to mind. Nothing can be more characteristic of him—and he has the same temper in other matters—than that he should have a faith with regard to a Source of Nature, into which he could soar when he pleased, in which he could live for a time, but which he did not choose to live in, to define, or to realize continuously. When, in the "Prometheus Unbound," he is forced, as it were, to realize a central cause, he creates Demogorgon, the dullest of all his impersonations. It is scarcely an impersonation. Once he calls it a "living spirit," but it has neither form nor outline in his mind. He keeps it before him as an "awful Shape."

The truth is, the indefinite was a beloved element of his life. "Lift not the painted veil," he cries, "which those who live call Life." His worst pain was when he thought he had lifted it, and seemed to know the reality. But he did not always believe that he had done so, or he preferred to deny his conclusion. Not as a thinker in prose, but as a poet, he frequently loved the vague with an intensity which raised it almost into an object of worship. The speech of the Third Spirit, in the "Ode to Heaven," is a wonderful instance of what I may call the rapture in indefiniteness. But this rapture had its other side, and when he was depressed by ill-health, the sense of a voiceless, boundless abyss, which forever held its secret, and in which he floated, deepened his depression. The horror of a homeless and centreless heart, which then beset him, is passionately expressed in the "Cenci." Beatrice is speaking:

"Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts if there should be
No God, no Heaven, no Earth, in the void world;
The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world."

But, on the whole, whether it brought him pain or joy, he preferred to be without a fixed belief with regard to a source of Nature. Could he have done otherwise, could he have given continuous substance in his thoughts to the great conception of ideal Pantheism in which Wordsworth rested, Shelley's whole work on Nature and his description of her would have been more direct, palpable, and homely. He would have loved Nature more, and made us love it more.

The result of all this is that a great deal of his poetry of Nature has no ground in thought, and consequently wants power. It is not that he could not have had this foundation and its strength. Both are his when he chooses. But, for the most part, he did not choose. Such was his temperament that he liked better to live with Nature and be without a centre for her. He would be

Dizzy, lost—but unbewailing.

But I am not sure whether the love of the undefined did not, in the first instance, arise out of his love of the constantly changing, and that itself out of

the very character of his intellect, and the temper of his heart. His intellect, incessantly shaken into movement by his imagination, continually threw into new shapes the constant ideas he possessed. His heart, out of which are the issues of imagination, loved deeply a few great conceptions, but wearied almost immediately of any special form in which he embodied them, and changed it for another. In the matter of human love he was discontent with all the earthly images he formed of the ideal he had loved and continued to love in his own soul, and he could not but tend to change the images. In the ordinary life of feeling, the moment any emotion arose in his heart, a hundred others came rushing from every quarter into the original feeling, and mingled with it and changed its outward expression. Sometimes they all clamored for expression, and we see that Shelley often tried to answer their call. It is when he does this that he is most obscure—obscure through abundance of feelings and their forms. His intellect, heart, and imagination were in a kind of Heraclitean flux, perpetually evolving fresh images; and the new, in swift succession, clouding the old; and then, impatient weariness of rest or of any one thing whatever, driving forward within him this incessant movement, he sank, at last and for the time, exhausted—"As summer clouds disburthened of their rain."

There is no need to illustrate this from his poetry. The huddling rush of images, the changeful crowd of thoughts are found on almost every page. It is often only the oneness of the larger underlying emotion or idea which makes the work clear. We strive to grasp a Proteus as we read. In an instant the thought or the feeling Shelley is expressing becomes impalpable, vanishes, reappears in another form, and then in a multitude of other forms, each in turn eluding the grasp of the intellect, until at last we seize the god himself, and know what Shelley meant, or Shelley felt. In all this he resembles, at a great distance, Shakespeare; and has, at that distance, and in this aspect of his art, a strength and a weakness similar to, but not identical with, that which Shakespeare possessed—the strength of changeful activity of imagination, the weakness of being

unable, through eagerness, to omit, to select, to co-ordinate his images. Yet, at his highest, when the full force of genius is urged by full and dominant emotion, what poetry it is! How magnificent is the impassioned unity of the whole in spite of the diversity of the parts! But this lofty height is reached in only a few of Shelley's lyrics, and in a few passages in his longer poems.

At almost every point, the scenery of the sky he drew so fondly images this temper of Shelley's mind, this incessant building and unbuilding, this cloud-changefulness of his imagination.

"I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again."

'That is a picture of Shelley himself at work on a feeling or on a thought. "I change, but I cannot die."

I might illustrate this love of "the changing" from the history of his life, of his affections, of his theories; from his varied nature, and way of work, as the prose thinker and the poet; from the variety of the subjects on which he wrote, and which he half attempted—for he naturally fell into the fragmentary—from the eagerness with which he searched for new thought, new experiences of feeling, new literatures, even from his love of the strange and sometimes of the horrible; from that discontent he had in the doctrines of others, until he had added to them, as he did to Plato's doctrine of Love, something of his own in order to make them new—were there any necessity to enlarge on that which stands so clear. In all these things, what was said of Shelley's movements to and fro in the house at Lerici is true of his movement through the house of thought or of feeling. "Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where." But it remains to be said, that all through this secondary changefulness, he held fast to certain primary ideas of life, of morality, and of his art, which no one who cares for him can fail to discover.

There was, then, in Shelley this love of indefiniteness, and this love of changefulness. Which of the two was the cause of the other I cannot tell, but I am inclined to think that the latter was the

first. It is better, however, to keep them both equally in view in the study of Shelley's art, and they are both well illustrated in his poetry of Nature.

I have said that his love of the indefinite with regard to a source of Nature weakened his work on Nature. His love of changefulness also weakened it by luring the imagination away from a direct sight of the thing into the sight of a multitude of images suggested by the thing.

But in the case of those who have great genius, that which enfeebles one part of their work often gives strength to another, and in three several ways these elements in Shelley's mind made his work on Nature of great value.

1. His love of that which is indefinite and changeful made him enjoy and describe better than any other English poet that scenery of the clouds and sky which is indefinite owing to infinite change of appearance. The incessant forming and unforming of the vapors which he describes in the last verse of "The Cloud," is that which he most cared to paint. Wordsworth often draws, and with great force, the aspect of the sky, and twice with great elaboration in the "Excursion;" but it is only a momentary aspect, and it is mixed up with illustrations taken from the works of men, with the landscape of the earth below where men are moving, with his own feelings about the scene, and with moral or imaginative lessons. Shelley, when he is at work on the sky, troubles it with none of these human matters, and he describes not only the momentary aspect, but also the change and progress of the sunset or the storm. And he does this with the greatest care, and with a characteristic attention to those delicate tones and half-tones of color which resemble the subtle imaginations and feelings he liked to discover in human Nature, and to which he gave form in poetry.

In his very first poem, in "Queen Mab" (Part II.), there is one of these studies of sunset. It is splendidly eclipsed by that in the beginning of "Julian and Maddalo," where the Euganean Hills are lifted away from the earth and made a portion of the scenery of the sky. A special moment of sunset, with the moon and the evening star in a sky reddened with tempest, is given in "Hellas," but here, being in

a drama, it is mingled with the fate of an empire. The dawns are drawn with the same care as the sunsets, but with less passion. There are many of them, but the most beautiful perhaps is that in the beginning of the second act of the "Prometheus." The changes of color, as the light increases in the spaces of pure sky and in the clouds, are watched and described with precise truth; the slow progress of the dawn, during a long time, is noted down line by line, and all the movement of the mists and of the clouds "shepherded by the slow unwilling wind." Nor is that minuteness of observation wanting which is the proof of careful love. Shelley's imaginative study of beauty is revealed in the way the growth of the dawn is set before us by the waxing and waning of the light of the star, as the vapors rise and melt before the morn.

The storms are even better than the sunsets and dawns. The finest is at the beginning of the "Revolt of Islam." It might be a description of one of Turner's storm-skies. The long trains of tremulous mist that precede the tempest, the cleft in the storm-clouds, and seen through it, high above, the space of blue sky fretted with fair clouds, the pallid semicircle of the moon with mist on its upper horn, the flying rack of clouds below the serene spot—all are as Turner saw them; but painting cannot give what Shelley gives—the growth and changes of the storm.

There is another description at the beginning of the eleventh canto of the same poem, in which the vast wall of blue cloud before which gray mists are flying is cloven by the wind, and the sunbeams, like a river of fire flowing between lofty banks, pour through the chasm across the sea, while the shattered vapors which the coming storm has driven forth to make the opening, are tossed, all crimson, into the sky. This is a favorite picture of Shelley's. In the "Vision of the Sea" it is transferred from sunset to sunrise. The fierce wind coming from the west rushes like a flooded river upon the dense clouds which are piled in the east, and rends them asunder, and through the gorge thus cleft

"the beams of the sunrise flow in,
Unimpeded, keen, golden and crystalline,
Banded armies of light and air."

The description is a little overwrought, but criticism has no voice when it thinks that no other poet has ever attempted to render, with the same absolute loss of himself, the successive changes, minute by minute, of such an hour of tempest and of sunrise. We are alone with Nature; I might even say, We see Nature alone with herself. Still greater, more poetic, less sensational, is the approach of the gale in the "Ode to the West Wind," where the wind itself is the river on which the forest of the sky shakes down its foliage of clouds, and these are tossed upward like a Mænad's "uplifted hair," or trail downward, like the "locks" of Typhon, the vanguard of the tempest. In gathered mass behind, the congregated might of vapors is rising to vault the heaven like a sepulchral dome. Nothing can be closer than the absolute truth to the working of the clouds that fly before the main body of a storm, which is here kept in the midst of these daring comparisons of the imagination.

The same delight in the indefinite and changeful aspects of Nature appears in Shelley's power of describing vast landscapes, such as that seen at noontide from the Euganean Hills, or that which the poet in "Alastor" looks upon from the edge of the mountain precipice. Both swim in the kind of light that makes all objects undefined, deep noon, and sunset light.

Kindred to this is Shelley's pleasure in the intricate, changeful, and incessant weaving and unweaving of nature's life in a great forest. In the "Recollec-tion" it is the Pisan Pineta he describes, and that is a painting directly after Nature. But he has his own ideal forest, of which he tells in "Alastor," in "Rosalind and Helen," in the "Triumph of Life," and again and again in the "Prometheus." It is no narrow wood, but a universe of forest; full of all trees and flowers, in which are streams, and pools, and lakes, and lawny glades, and hills, and caverns; and in whose multitudinous scenery Shelley's imagination could lose and find itself without an end. The special love of caverns, with their dim recesses, adds another characteristic touch. These then—the scenery of the sky, of the forest, of the vast plain—are the aspects of

nature Shelley loved the most, and out of the weakness that elsewhere made him too indefinite, and too uncertain through desire of change, for Wordsworth's special kind of descriptive power, arose the force with which he realized them.

2. Again, just because Shelley had no wish to conceive of Nature as involved in one definite thought, he had the power of conceiving the life of separate things in Nature with astonishing individuality. When he wrote of the Cloud, or of Arethusa, or of the Moon, or of the Earth, as distinct existences, he was not led away from their solitary personality by any universal existence in which they were merged, or by the necessity of adding to these any tinge of humanity, any elements of thought or love, such as the Pantheist is almost sure to add. His imagination was free to realize pure Nature, and the power by which he does this, as well as the work done, are quite unique in modern poetry. Theology, with its one Creator of the Universe; Pantheism, with its "one spirit's plastic stress;" Science, with its one Energy, forbid the modern poet, whose mind is settled into any one of these three views, to see anything in Nature as having a separate life of its own. He cannot, as a Greek could do, divide the life of the Air from that of the Earth, of the cloud from that of the stream. But Shelley, able to loosen himself from all these modern conceptions which unite the various universe, could and did, when he pleased, divide and subdivide the life of Nature in the same way as a Greek—and this is the cause why even in the midst of wholly modern imagery and a modern manner, one is conscious of a Greek note in many passages of his poetry of Nature. The following little poem on the Dawn might be conceived by a primitive Aryan. It is a Nature myth:

"The pale stars are gone!
For the sun, their swift shepherd,
To their folds them compelling,
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they
flee
Beyond his blue dwelling
As fawns flee the leopard."

But Shelley's conceptions of the life of these natural things are less human than

even the Homeric Greek or early Indian poet would have made them. They described the work of Nature in terms of human act. Shelley's spirits of the Earth and Moon are utterly apart from our world of thought and from our life. Of this class of poems "The Cloud" is the most perfect example. It describes the life of the Cloud as it might have been a million years before man came on earth. The "sanguine Sunrise" and the "orbed Maiden," the moon, who are the playmates of the cloud, are pure elemental beings.

The same observation is true if we take a poem on a living thing in Nature, like "The Skylark," into which human sentiment is introduced. The sentiment belongs to Shelley, not to the lark. The bird has joy, but it is not our joy. It is "unbodied joy," nor "can we come near it." Wordsworth's Skylark is truer, perhaps, to the every-day life of the bird, and the poet remembers, because he loves his own home, that the singer will return to its nest; but Shelley sees and hears the bird who, in its hour of inspired singing, will not recollect that it has a home. Wordsworth humanizes the whole spirit of "the pilgrim of the sky"—"True to the kindred points of heaven and home." Shelley never brings the bird into contact with us at all. It is left in the sky, singing; it will never leave the sky. It is the archetype of the lark we seem to listen to, and yet we cannot conceive it, we have no power—"What thou art we know not." The flowers in the "Sensitive Plant" have the same apartness from humanity, and are wholly different beings and in a different world from the Daisy or the Celandine of Wordsworth. It is only the Sensitive Plant, and that is Shelley himself, which has an inner sympathy with the Lady of the garden.

Shelley, then, could isolate and perceive distinct existences in Nature as if he were himself one of these existences. It was a strange power, and we naturally cannot love with a human love things so represented. In Wordsworth's poems we touch the human heart of flowers and birds. In Shelley's we touch "Shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses." Yet it is quite possible, though we cannot feel affection for Shelley's Cloud or Bird, that they are both truer to the

actual fact of things than Wordsworth made his birds and clouds. Strip off the imaginative clothing from "The Cloud," and Science will support every word of it. Let the Skylark sing, let the flowers grow, for their own joy alone. In truth, what sympathy have they, what sympathy has Nature with Man? We may not like to think of Nature in this way; we are left quite cold by "The Cloud," and by the spirits of the Earth and Moon in the "Prometheus;" and if we are not left as cold by "The Skylark," it is because we are made to think of our own sorrow, not because we care for the bird. But whether we like or no to see Nature in this fashion, we should be grateful for these unique representations, and to the poet who was able to make them. In this matter also Shelley's want of a central and uniting Thought in Nature made his strength.

The other side of Shelley's relation to Nature is a remarkable contrast to this statement. When he was absorbed in his own being, and writing poems which concerned himself alone, he makes Nature the mere image of his own feelings, the creature of his mood. In his "life alone does Nature live." This was the natural result at these times, of his intellectual rejection of such Pantheism as enabled Wordsworth always to distinguish between himself and the Nature he perceived. The Nature Wordsworth saw we can love well, because it is not ourselves—never a reflection of ourselves. The Nature such as Shelley saw in *Alastor* is not easy to love, because it is ourselves in other form. For this reason also we are not able to love Nature, when thus represented by Shelley, so well as we love her in Wordsworth.

Shelley's love of the undefined and changing is still further illustrated by the fact that we see Nature in his poetry in these three ways—on all of which I have dwelt. We sometimes look on her as the ideal Pantheist beholds her; we look on her again as the mere reflection of the poet's moods; we look on her often as she may be in herself, apart from theories about her, apart from man.

3. Lastly, on this subject, the vagueness and changefulness of Shelley's feeling and view of Nature, except in the

instances mentioned, the dreams and shadows of it in his poetry that incessantly form and dissolve like the upper clouds of the sky, each fleeting while its successor is being born, and few living long enough to be outlined, are the only images we possess in art, save perhaps in music, of the many hours we ourselves pass with Nature when we neither think nor feel, but drift and dream incessantly from one impression to another, enjoying, but never defining our enjoyment, receiving moment by moment, but never caring to say to any single impression, "Stay and keep me company." In this thing also, Shelley's weakness made his power.

This want of definite belief and of its force belongs also to his conception of the ideal state of mankind. He does not see quite clearly what he desires for man, and describes the golden age chiefly by negatives of wrong. At times he rises into a passionate realization of his Utopia, as he rises into Pantheism, but he cannot long remain in it. The high-wrought prophecy, too weak to keep the height it has gained, sinks down again and again into an abyss of seeming hopelessness. The last stanza of the "Ode to Liberty" is the type of many an hour of his life, and of the close of many a poem. But he never let hopelessness or depression master him. Shelley is full of resurrection power, and the fall from the peak of prophecy is more the result of reaction after impassioned excitement, than the result of any unbelief in his hopes for men, or in that on which they are grounded.

These hopes, that belief, had their strong foundation. There was one thing at least that Shelley grasped and realized with force in poetry—the moralities of the heart in their relation to the progress of Mankind; Love and its eternity; mercy, forgiveness, and endurance, as forms of love; joy and freedom, justice and truth as the results of love; the sovereign right of Love to be the ruler of the Universe, and the certainty of its victory—these were the deepest realities, the only absolute certainty, the only centre in Shelley's mind; and whenever, in behalf of the whole Race, he speaks of them, and of the duties and hopes that follow from

them, strength is then instinctive and vital in his imagination. Neither now nor hereafter can men lose this powerful and profound impression. It is Shelley's great contribution to the progress of humanity.

But he could not combine with this large view and this large sympathy with the interests of Man, personal sympathy with personal human life. That is absent from his poetry, and his want of it was confirmed by his exile. Confined to a small circle of which he was the centre, among foreigners, feeling himself repudiated by the society of his own country, and incapable of such quiet association with the lives of men and women as Wordsworth loved and enjoyed, it is no wonder that large spaces of human life are entirely unreflected and unidealized in his poetry. The common human heart was not his theme, nor did he care to write of it. And so far, he is less universal than Wordsworth, and less the great poet. But on the other hand he did two things, in his work on human nature, that Wordsworth could not do. First, he realized in song, so far as it was possible, the impalpable dreams of the poetic temperament, those which, when they arise in happiness, he expresses in the little poem, "On a poet's lips I slept," and others also less joyous—the lonely wanderings of regretful thought, the imagination in its hours of childlike play with images, the moments when we are on the edge where emotion and thought incessantly change into one another, the visions of Nature which we compose but which are not Nature, the sorrows and depressions which have no name and to which we allot no cause, the depths of passionate fancy when we have not only no relation to mankind, but hate to feel that relation. Of all this Wordsworth gives us nothing; and though what he does give us is of more use and worth to us as men who have to do with men, yet Shelley's work in this is dear to our personal life, and has in fact as much to do with one realm of humanity as the sorrow of Michael or the daily life of the dalesmen have with another. English poetry needed the expression of these things; Shelley's expression of them is unique, but I doubt whether he would ever have expressed them in so complete a

way had he not been thrown into isolation.

Secondly, there is an element almost altogether wanting in Wordsworth, the absence of which forbids us to class him as a poet who has touched all the important sides of human life—the element of passionate love. A few of his poems, such as "Barbara," or in another kind, "Laodameia," solemnly glide into it and retreat, but on the whole this, the most universal subject of lyric poetry, was not felt by Wordsworth. It was felt by Shelley, but not quite naturally, not as Burns, or even Byron felt it. Love, in his poetry, sometimes dies into dreams, sometimes likes its imagery better than itself. It is troubled with a philosophy; it seems now and again to be even bored, if I may be allowed the word, by its own ideality. As Shelley soared but rarely into definite Pantheism, so he rose but rarely into definite passion, nor does he often care to realize it. It was frequently his deliberate choice to celebrate the love which did not, "deal with flesh and blood," and as frequently, when he writes directly of love, he prefers to touch the lip of the cup, but not to drink, lest in the reality he should lose the charm of indefiniteness, of ignorance, of pursuit. Of course he was therefore fickle.

For this very reason, however, two realms in this aspect of his art belong to him. Neither of them is the realm of joyous passion, but one is the realm of its ideal approaches, and the other the realm of its ideal regret. No one has expressed so well the hopes, and fears, and fancies, and dreams, which the heart creates for its own pleasure and sorrow, when it plays with love which it realizes within itself, but which it never means to realize without; and this is a realm which is so much lived in by many that they ought to be grateful to Shelley for his expression of it. No one else has done it, and it is perfectly done.

But still more perfect, and perhaps more beautiful than any other work of his, are the poems written in the realm of ideal Regret. Whenever he came close to earthly love, touched it, and then of his own will passed it by, it became, as he looked back upon it, ideal,

and a part of that indefinite world he loved. The ineffable regret of having lost that which one did not choose to take, is most marvellously, most passionately expressed by Shelley. Song after song records it. The music changes from air to air, but the theme is the same, and so is the character of the music. And, like all, the rest of his work, it is unique.

But in this matter a change passed over Shelley before he died. It is impossible not to feel that the poems written for Mrs. Williams, a whole chain of which exist, are different from other love poems. They have the same imaginative qualities as the previous songs, and they belong also to the two realms of which I have written above, but there is a new note in them, the beginning of the unmistakable directness of passion. It is, of course, modified by the circumstances, but there it is. And it is from the threshold of this actual world that he looks back on "Epipsychidion" and feels that it belonged to "a part of him that was already dead." The philosophy which made Emilia the shadow of a spiritual Beauty is conspicuous by its total absence from all these later love poems. Moreover, they are not, like the others, all written in the same atmosphere. The atmosphere of ideal love, however varied its cloud-imagery, is always the same thin ether. But these poems breathe in the changing atmosphere of the Earth, and they one and all possess reality. Every one feels that "Ariel to Miranda," "The Invitation," "The Recollection," have the variety of true passion. But none of them reach the natural joy of Burns, in passionate love. Two exceptions, however, exist, both dating from this time, and both written away from his own life—the "Bridal Song," and the song "To-Night." These seem to prove that, had Shelley lived, we might have had from him vivid, fresh, and natural songs of passion.

Had he lived! Had not the sea been too envious, what might we not have possessed and loved! It were too curious, perhaps, to speculate, but Shelley seems to have been recovering the power of working on subjects beyond himself, in the quiet of those last days at Lerici. He was always capable of rising

again, and the extreme clearness and positive element of his intellect acted, like a sharp physician, on his passion-haunted heart and freed it, when it was out-wearied with its own feeling, from self-slavery.

While still at Pisa, at the beginning of 1822, Shelley set to work on a drama, "Charles I.," the motive of which was to be the ruin of the king through pride and its weakness, the same motive as "Coriolanus." It was to be "the birth of severe and high feelings," but severe feeling was not then the temper of his mind, nor could he at that time lose himself enough to create an external world. He laid the play aside, saying that he had not sufficient interest in English history to continue it. Yet it is plain, even from the fragments we possess, how great was the effort Shelley then made to realize, even more than in the "Cenci," other characters than his own. There is not a trace in it of his own self. It is full of steady power, power more at its ease than in the "Cenci," and it is quite plain that it cannot be said of the artist who did this piece of work that he had exhausted his vein.

It becomes still more clear that Shelley would have done far more for us when we consider the "Triumph of Life," to write which he threw aside "Charles I." It is the gravest poem he ever wrote, and it has a deep interest for this generation. Its personal value as a revelation of his view of life, of the change of some of his views on moral matters and of his retention of youthful theories can scarcely be overestimated, but to analyze it here would take up too much space. It is enough to say here that its interest for humanity is as great as its personal interest. Had he lived then, he would have once more appeared as the Singer of Man, and in the cause of men. But the swift wind and the mysterious sea, the things he loved, slew their lover—a common fate—and we hear no more his singing. His work was done, and its twofold nature, as the Poet of Man, and the Poet of his own lonely heart, may well be imaged by the Sea that received him into its breast, for while its central depths know only solitude, over its surface are always passing to and fro the life and fortunes of Humanity.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

HER LAST LETTER.

BY BLANCHE LINDSAY.

'Tis but a line, a hurried scrawl,
And little seem the words to say,
Yet hold me in reproachful thrall:
"You quarrelled with me yesterday;
'To-morrow you'll be sad."

Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are few,
And yet they pierce my soul with pain;
Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are true;
They haunt me with prophetic strain:
"To-morrow you'll be sad."

We quarrelled, and for what? a word,
A foolish speech that jarred the ear,
And thus in wrath our pulses stirr'd;
Then came her letter: "Dear, my dear,
'To-morrow you'll be sad."

Few words! half mirth, and half regret,
The last her hand should ever write—
Sad words! learned long ago, and yet
Fresh with new pain to ear and sight:
"To-morrow you'll be sad!"

—*Macmillan's Magazine*

GEOLOGY AND HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR GRANT ALLEN.

THE science of human life has been the last to recognize that minute interaction of all the sciences which every other department of knowledge now readily admits. We allow at once that no man can be a good physiologist unless he possesses a previous acquaintance with anatomy and chemistry. The chemist, in turn, must know something of physics, while the physicist cannot move a step until he calls in the mathematician to his aid. Astronomy long appeared to be an isolated study, requiring nothing more than geometrical and arithmetical skill; but spectrum analysis has lately shown us its intimate interdependence upon chemistry and experimental physics. Thus the whole circle of the sciences has become a continuous chain of cycles and epicycles, rather than a simple sequence of unconnected and independent principles.

History, however, still stands to a great extent outside the ever-widening sphere of physical philosophy. It is comparatively seldom that we see an historian like Dr. Curtius acknowledging the interaction of land and people upon one another's character and destiny. More often we find even the modern annalist writing in the spirit of Mr. Freeman, as though men and women formed the only factors in the historical problem, and the great physical powers of nature counted for nothing in the game of human life. Yet a few simple instances will show at once the fallacy of such a view. If the ancestors of the Hellenic people had gone to the central plains of Russia instead of to the island-studded waters of the *Ægean*, could they ever have produced the magnificent Hellenic nationality with which we are familiar? Was not their navigation the direct result of their geographical position on the shores of an inland sea, intersected by jutting peninsulas, and bridged over by a constant succession of islands, each within full sight of its nearest neighbors? Was not their polity predetermined in large measure by the shape of their little mountain valleys, each open to the seaward in front and closed by a natural

barrier of hills in the rear? Could their plastic genius have risen to the height of the Olympian Zeus and the Athene of Pheidias if they had possessed no material for sculpture more tractable than the hard granite of Syene? While we allow that the Aryan blood of the Hellenes had much to do with the differences which mark them off from the Negroid Egyptians, can we doubt that Hellenic civilization would have been very different if the settlers of Attica had happened rather to occupy the valley of the Nile; and that the Egyptians would have become a race of enterprising sailors and foreign merchants if they had chanced to make their homes on the shores of the Cyclades and the Corinthian Gulf?

Or, again, let us look for a moment at Britain. Who can suppose that the destiny of our country has not been profoundly affected by the existence of great coal-fields beneath its surface? Even if we possessed no mineral wealth, it is probable that our geographical position would still have insured us a considerable commercial importance as the carriers of the civilized world. Britain happens to occupy the central point in the hemisphere of greatest land, and this fact, aided by its insular nature, could not fail to make it a great mercantile country as soon as navigation, nursed in the Mediterranean, had advanced sufficiently to embrace the whole ocean coasts of Asia, Africa, and America. But without coal and iron we should have been mere merchants, not manufacturers. London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Southampton might possibly have been not inconsiderable marts for exchanging the products of other countries, and for balancing the trade in raw cotton or sugar from India and America against the textile fabrics and the hardware of France and Belgium. But we should have had no Birmingham, no Manchester, no Sheffield, no Leeds, no Bradford, no Paisley, no Belfast. Our population would not have reached one half its present size. Lancashire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the busy mining district of South Wales would be

as thinly inhabited as Merionethshire and Connemara. The Black Country would be a quiet pastoral and agricultural region like the remainder of Warwick and Stafford. We should have no great towns except on the seaboard and the navigable rivers, and even these would only obtain a fraction of their existing dimensions. Most of our people would be engaged in farming, and there would be no great wealthy class to crowd into Brighton, Scarborough, Cheltenham, Torquay, and the Scottish Highlands.

But this is not all: the difference in our national character would no doubt be very great. Coal has stimulated our inventive faculties and our enterprise, and has given an indirect impetus to science and art. Without it we should have had fewer mechanical improvements, fewer scientific discoveries, fewer railways, fewer colleges and schools. All these things have reacted upon our general level of intelligence and taste, and have enabled us to hold our own among the most advanced European nations. But without coal and iron we should have fallen back to somewhat the same position as that now held by Holland or Scandinavia, allowance being made for a larger territory in the first case, and a thicker population in the second. Our comparatively insignificant numbers would reduce us from the rank of a first-class European Power to that of a nation existing on sufferance. Our army and navy would be smaller; our Parliament less important and less stimulating to high ambitions; our churches, our bar, our medical faculty less advanced in the forefront of thought. Thus we should probably suffer in every respect, producing both absolutely and relatively fewer great men, either as thinkers, administrators, discoverers, inventors, or artists. For when once a nation has fallen behind in the race, the audience addressed becomes smaller, the competition less keen as an incentive to effort, the rewards of success decrease in value, and the general atmosphere of example and rivalry deteriorates in power. Where few books are written, few investigations undertaken, few works of art produced, few and still fewer care to aspire toward a forgotten ideal. Thus, without coal, Britain might have declined

from the 'England of Shakespeare, Milton, and Newton, just as other countries have declined from the Hellas of Pericles and Plato, and the Spain of Cervantes and Velasquez.

The relation between physical conditions and history in its wider acceptation being thus fundamental, it may be well to consider in somewhat greater detail the special reactions of a single tolerably definite portion of the natural environment upon human development. For this purpose we may choose the science of geology. It might seem at first sight that geological facts had very little to do with the course of history. Rocks and clays, lying often far beneath the surface, and comparatively disregarded till a late stage of civilization, would appear far less important in the evolution of mankind than plants and animals, geographical situation and meteorological conditions. But though doubtless of inferior practical interest to these superficial phenomena, the geological constitution of the soil is yet pregnant with innumerable reactions upon the life of human beings who dwell upon its surface. I hope to show in the sequel that the rocks or minerals which lie beneath the thin coating of earth and vegetation have always exerted an immense, though often unsuspected influence upon the history of man. And I shall choose most of my examples from well-known facts of the British Isles, only diverging elsewhere very occasionally for the sake of more striking or more conclusive instances.

To begin with, it must be premised that geological conditions were of comparatively less importance in very primitive times, and have increased in their practical relation to humanity with every additional step in general culture. This is only what we must expect from the nature of the case. Man's connection with his environment has necessarily grown more and more complex as his evolution proceeded. Soil becomes a matter of interest sooner than building stone; potter's clay precedes copper or iron ore as a valuable object; metals of every kind are earlier required than coal. The mere savage needs nothing more from the mineral world than flint for his arrow-head, and ochre for his personal adornment. A little later he requires

bronze for his hatchet, gold and amber for his rude jewelry, clay for his hand-moulded earthenware. A still more advanced race will learn to prize silver for coins, lapis lazuli for gems, brick-earth for Assyrian temples, granite for Egyptian colossi, marble for Hellenic sculpture, and iron for Roman swords. Only at a very late period of development will man begin to be largely affected by the neighborhood of zinc, lead, and mercury, of rock-salt, kaolin, and plumbago, of slate quarries, marl pits, and pipe-clay beds. Last of all will come the economic employment of coal, which in our own island has caused the aggregation of densely massed populations around the great centres of Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, and Birmingham.

How general is the relation in early stages of civilization we can see from the comparatively close similarity between the life and arts of all the lowest savages. How special it becomes in advanced societies we can see when we consider the cases of Bethesda growing up by the side of the Penrhyn slate-quarries; of Broseley, entirely engaged in the manufacture of clay tobacco-pipes; and of Northwich, Middlewich, and Nantwich supporting themselves by mining rock-salt.

Nevertheless, even at the earliest period, geological conditions must have largely influenced human life. Tribes which lived among rugged granite or limestone mountains must have been very differently circumstanced from those which ranged over level tertiary lowlands, or settled on the alluvial deltas of modern rivers. During that primitive epoch which Sir John Lubbock has christened the palæolithic age, when man first dwelt in Britain, we see traces of such primeval differentiation. The naked or skin-clad savages who then hid among the caves of south-eastern England were ignorant of all the metals, as well as of pottery, and only employed rudely chipped weapons of unground flint. The neighboring forests then contained the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, the urus and the musk-ox, while the hippopotamus still basked on the banks of the Ouse and the Thames. But man appears at that period to have been wholly confined to the south-eastern

corner of England, from the coast of Devonshire to that of Lincoln. This district roughly coincides with that in which he could obtain flints for the manufacture of his weapons; and it also comprises the most level portion of Britain, where he might find comparative security and well-stocked hunting-grounds among the low-lying jungles of the eastern counties, the Thames valley, and the tertiary plains of Hampshire. He does not seem at this early age to have ventured among the wild primary hills of Cornwall, Wales, the Pennine chain, and the Scottish Highlands, but rather to have clung about the river fisheries and the flat shores of the south-east. Perhaps the bare, and treeless chalk downs which run from Beer in Devonshire to the Norfolk coast, backed by a forest belt on the oolite in the rear, may have checked his westward advance through the fear of meeting the cave-lions and other savage wild beasts of the pre-glacial period on the open plain.

At a far later date, when man had progressed from the hunting to the pastoral stage, and had learned to fashion weapons of polished stone or bronze, which made him the acknowledged master of the brute creation, it is clear that a great change must have taken place as regards the relation to geological conditions. And in Britain the men of this later period certainly spread over the whole country, gathering most thickly, it would seem, where pasturage was easiest for their herds and flocks. This would naturally be upon those same undulating chalk downs which were doubtless objects of terror to the earlier race. Hence we find the tumuli and other memorials of the Euskarian and Keltic inhabitants—belonging either to the neolithic, the bronze, or the iron age—most thickly clustered around the great monument of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, among the downs about Brighton or Lewes, and on the sides or summits of the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire wolds. In those days and for many centuries after, the Weald of Kent lay as a wild forest belt between the open chalk country to the north and south; while the primary hills, and the river valleys still consisted for the most part of unbroken underbrush and woodland. Even in these early times, however, a commerce based upon geological

differences had already sprung up : for the beautiful jade, employed as material for the finest hatchets, has been recognized as coming from the Kuen Lun mountains of Central Asia, while amber was already imported from the banks of the Baltic. Within Britain itself the Cornish tin-mines probably supplied the metal which mingled with copper to form the bronze implements of all western Europe. An industrial population must even then have gathered with comparatively considerable density above the ores of the Land's End, while the valley of the Thames remained a mere desolate jungle wandered over by a few stray families of savage hunters.

Agriculture must first have developed itself over the whole world on low alluvial ground. Hence we find that all the great early civilizations occupy river valleys—such as those of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Indus, and the Hoang Ho. Here alone can large masses of men obtain subsistence, before navigation and scientific agriculture have reached a considerable stage of evolution. Here, too, the density of the population and the level nature of the soil permit the growth of those vast despotisms under which alone an early society can be organized with any high degree of internal diversity. But just as navigation, nursed on inland and island-studded seas, spread afterward to the wider oceans, so agriculture, nursed on well-watered alluvial plains, spreads afterward to drier, rockier, or more mountainous districts. In the desert uplands of the Punjab, cultivation exists wherever wells can be sunk, even at immense depths, and the industrious Jat peasantry work ceaselessly, day and night by relays, each family raising the precious water to fertilize its own little plot, for a stated number of hours out of the twenty-four. But such industry presupposes a long training in more fertile soils, and a heavy pressure of population on all the earlier occupied alluvial lowlands. So too in Britain, a primitive agriculture would have despaired of raising corn upon the bare sides of the Chiltern hills, and only modern scientific farming has turned the boggy upland expanses of the Cheviots and Lammermoor into flourishing tillage. Accordingly, we might ex-

pect that the growth of agriculture would bring geology and human development into still closer connection within our island.

Geologically, Britain falls into two well-marked divisions—the northwestern primary tract, and the south-eastern secondary and tertiary region. The boundary between them may be roughly marked off by a line running from the mouth of the Tees to the mouth of the Exe. North-westward of this line we have the whole of Scotland, the Pennine region of England, the Welsh mountain system, and the peninsula of Devonshire and Cornwall. South-eastward we have the whole level country of England, comprising the plain of York, the great central plateau, the Fen district and the eastern counties, the valley of the Thames, and the watershed of the south coast.

Now, it is not too much to say, that by far the most fundamental fact in the annals of Britain, since the dawn of written history, is the great revolution which has exactly reversed the relative importance of these two divisions. Yet what are called Histories of England at the present day utterly ignore that revolution. In the Roman period and the middle ages, the most valuable and most populous part of Britain was the secondary and tertiary lowland ; at the present day the most valuable and most populous part is the primary division to the north and west. And what gives this revolution its greatest ethnological interest is the fact that while the secondary tract roughly corresponds with the Teutonic portion of Britain, the primary tract roughly corresponds with the Celtic or semi-Celtic portion.

As early as the time when Caius Cæsar, the Dictator, landed in our island, these two great divisions had already shown their differentiating characteristics. The Britons of the south-eastern country, consisting of open and easily cultivable plains, had advanced to the agricultural stage, and were comparatively dense in their pressure upon the soil, with fixed habitations and considerable towns. The north-western tribes were still pastoral nomads or hunters, dwelling in movable villages, and having mere empty forts on the hill-tops, to which the whole population retreated in

case of invasion. The difference thus expressed continued more or less marked throughout the whole historical period, until the use of coal effected that extraordinary revolution by which primary and industrial Britain has at length asserted its superiority to the level agricultural south-east.

Under the Romans Britain became a corn-producing and grain-exporting agricultural country, like the America of our own day. And just as the valley of the St. Lawrence and the northern Mississippi basin now form the most important wheat-growing part of America, so the valleys of the greater rivers formed the most important part of Roman Britain. The plain of York, formed by the Ouse and other tributaries of the Humber, is the largest low-lying corn-field and meadow land in our country. It consists mainly of triassic strata, overlaid in the lower reaches by a deep bed of alluvium. In the centre of this rich agricultural tract lay the Roman provincial capital of Eboracum. Another wealthy region is the post-tertiary level of the eastern counties; and here the colony of Camalodunum lay surrounded by numerous villas of rich landowners. The tertiary valley of the Thames shows its importance by including the considerable cities of Londinium, Verulamium, and Rhutupiæ. Other Roman towns—Lincoln, Cirencester, Bath, and Dorchester—filled up the rich oolitic and greensand belt of central England; while Winchester overlooked the tertiary vale of the Itchin at Southampton, and took its name of Venta Belgarum from the agricultural lowland at its doors. We may gather from the Roman historians that the occupation of south-eastern Britain was real and thorough. The native population was reduced to serfdom, and the country became a mere feeder of Rome or of the Gallic cities.

Primary Britain, however, seems never to have fallen into so miserable a condition. The Roman supremacy was here probably confined to a mere military occupation, like our own occupation of Kumaon or the Simla hills. Caledonia never fell into their hands, and even in Wales and the Pennine chain we find only military stations, like Isca Silurum or Segontium, not large cities like London, York, and Lincoln. Even where

the Romans thoroughly penetrated the primary region, as in Cornwall or the Forest of Dean, it was always for a geological reason, to secure the mines of tin or iron. This difference, I believe, had almost as much to do as geographical position with the subsequent relations of the Britons to the English invaders. While the servile herd of the Belgians, Icenian, Trinobantian, and Brigantian country, demoralized by Roman centralization, fell easily before the Jutish or Anglian pirates, the more independent mountaineers of Wales, Cumbria, and Strathclyde long resisted the English onslaught, and only at last succumbed as free subject races, instead of being enslaved or exterminated like their eastern fellow-countrymen. The Scottish Highlands not only retained their own independence, but even gave their kings to the Teutonic Lothians. Granite naturally makes freemen, as alluvium naturally makes slaves.

When the English settled in south-eastern Britain, they occupied for the most part the secondary and tertiary plain. But they also pushed northward into the primary region up to the Firth of Forth, as the Romans had done before them. The Teutonic invaders, in other words, took the best agricultural lands for themselves, while the Kelts were driven back into the rugged primary tract of hill and forest. Throughout the middle ages, agriculture and grazing formed the staple English industries. Accordingly, during the early English period, we find all the more important towns occupying the cultivable valleys or gentle plains. Canterbury and Rochester, the two Kentish capitals, stand in the midst of tertiary lowlands; London, the final royal city of the West Saxon kingdom, lies surrounded by a similar tract; the Oxfordshire Dorchester, first home of the Wessex kings, is on the border of the rich vales of Aylesbury and Oxford; Winchester, their later seat, commands the valleys of the Itchin and the Test. Norwich, Bury St. Edmunds, and Ipswich were important centers for the East Anglian drift. Peterborough and Ely rose among the levels of the Nen and the fens of the Ouse. Lincoln, Oxford, and Chippenham stood upon the great central oolitic belt. Cambridge occupied a low-lying corner of the cretaceous sys-

tem. Exeter, Lichfield, and Chester were girt round with the fertile triassic meadow-lands. York still remained the capital of the north, and the metropolis of a kingdom which long retained the foremost position held by the north under Roman rule. These were the great cities of England before the Norman Conquest, and not one of them stands upon a primary formation. All of them, save only London, have now sunk to the position of mere cathedral cities, university towns, or agricultural centres. But Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Bristol, and Cardiff, the great cities of to-day, are all built upon primary rocks; while the only two important modern towns which rest on later strata are Birmingham, on the borders of the Black Country coal-field, and Liverpool, which lives by conveying the cotton of America to the great Lancashire colliery district around Manchester, Rochdale, and Oldham.

In the later middle ages England became a wool-stapling country. Bales of wool were shipped from the Orwell for Flanders and Italy, as they are now shipped from Australia for Leeds and Bradford. This was the first step toward making Britain a commercial country. Before the Norman Conquest it had been an essentially agricultural and self-sufficing community, growing all that it required to meet its own simple needs, and neither exporting nor importing goods to any noticeable extent. But the wool export created a foreign trade. Ports sprang up along the south and east coasts, from Dartmouth, Topsham, and Lyme Regis to the now forgotten haven of Ravenspur on Humber, the precursor of our modern Hull. This trade gave importance to the chalk districts, high sheep-walks now the barest and least inhabited portion of south-eastern England. Not a single town of any pretensions at present occurs in any part of the downs or wolds. But Dorchester, Shaftesbury, Old and New Sarum, Winchester, Lewes, Reading, Wallingford, Cambridge, and Beverley, were all places of great mediæval importance, and all stand within the cretaceous area. Other wool-growing tracts of course possessed a similar value.

A few more special agricultural feat-

ures of the various secondary or tertiary geological formations may here be fitly introduced. The Trias and other "Poikilitic" strata, running across England from the Tyne to the Exe, form beautiful undulating country, comprising much of the best wheat-growing and pasture land, and famous for the production of cheese. In this belt lie the vale of York, the Trent and Severn valleys, the Cheshire plain, and the vales of Exeter and Taunton. An outlier forms the valley of the Eden at Carlisle. The Lias, which follows the Poikilitic series to the south-east, is a good soil for corn and apples, but also produces the most excellent cheese in England, as Mr. Woodward has pointed out. Along the Severn bank it furnishes the double Gloucester, at Melton Mowbray and Leicester it produces Stilton, and in Somersetshire it unites with the triassic red marl to yield the Cheddar. The fruitful vales of Evesham and Gloucester belong to this formation. The Oolite gives us the rock known as Cornbrash, which disintegrates into a splendid wheat-bearing soil, naturally manured by its large quantities of phosphate of lime, the so-called bone-earth. The Oxford clay, on the other hand, is poor and hard to cultivate, so that most of it lies under permanent pasture. It forms the sheep-feeding vale of Blackmore, in Dorset. The Kimmeridge clay, in like manner, does not repay cultivation, and is mostly employed for meadow or woodland. The Wealden, forming the great trough between the North and South Downs, is another of the infertile soils. It remained a great wood, the Andredesweald, or Forest of Anderida, for a long period after the English conquest, and the local names of the district still retain their forestine terminations, of *hurst*, *ley*, *den*, or *field*. Even at the present day the Weald is damp and clayey land, little tilled, and either laid down in pasture or given over to furze and heath. The Gault makes good grazing lands, and the Upper Greensand is in every respect a fertile formation. These two series yield the rich Vale of White Horse, through which the Great Western Railway runs between Swindon and Didcot, as well as the Vale of Aylesbury, whose name has become synonymous with pure milk. The Chalk supplies

us with South Down mutton, said to owe its excellence not so much to the pasture itself, as to a small land-snail, *Helix virgata*, which the sheep devour in great numbers.* The London clay, though stiff, can be made to yield good crops. Drift forms the great East Anglian plain, while the Fen country, the Somersetshire levels, and Holderness consist mainly of alluvium. Thus we see that, little as the mediæval farmer suspected it, the distribution of his corn fields and pasture lands, his orchards and sheep walks, nay, even of the royal forests and the barren heaths, was finally dependent upon underlying geological conditions.

Even in mediæval and agricultural England, however, certain particular spots acquired a special industrial character from the nature of the subjacent strata. The occurrence of fuller's earth in the Stroud valley and near Bath and Bradford gave rise to the west country cloth trade. Salt was pumped from several inland wells in the Trias at Droitwich in Worcestershire, at Northwich, Sandbach, Middlewich, and Nantwich in Cheshire, and at Shirleywich in Staffordshire. The bays in which sea-water had been evaporated to yield salt had been known as "wyches," and the same word was applied to the new wych houses of the interior. Clay suitable for potteries was found in many places, and naturally produced a small trade. But mines were little worked, and building-stone, of which more must be said hereafter, formed almost the only other geological differentiating factor between various districts.

The change to the modern industrial distribution is far too large a subject to be treated otherwise than quite cursorily here; but a few traits of the change may perhaps be sketched with a rapid pen. In Britain mineral wealth is almost universally connected with the primary formations. Our coal more especially has

formed the great central pivot upon which turns the whole manufacturing and commercial system of the country. As soon, however, as the use of steam began to revolutionize our industrial world, the primary tracts of England, Wales and Scotland rose to the highest importance. The population of Britain suddenly found itself turned back upon the Keltic and coal-bearing regions. A slight classification of the various great towns of modern Britain according to the coal-fields in which they stand, or on which they depend, will serve to show the vastness of the revolution.

In or around the Scottish coal-field stand Glasgow, Paisley, and Greencok. Above the Tyne colliery region are Newcastle, North Shields, and Durham, while close at hand lie Sunderland, Stockton, Darlington, Middlesbrough, and the Cleveland iron district. The Lancashire field incloses Manchester, Blackburn, Wigan, Bolton, St. Helens, Burnley, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, and Ashton, with Liverpool for its port, and Preston and Macclesfield upon its outskirts. An outlier contains Stoke-upon-Trent, and Newcastle-under-Lyne. The West Riding coal-field includes Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Barnsley, Sheffield, and Chesterfield, while Huddersfield, Nottingham, and Derby hang upon its border, and Hull supplies it with an eastward outlet. The Staffordshire tract comprises Wolverhampton, Bilston, Dudley, Wednesbury, and Walsall, with Birmingham for its real center. Other carboniferous deposits occur in Coalbrookdale, in the crowded South Wales district, and near Bristol. If all these are put together, it will be seen that they compose almost all the great foci of British life and manufactures at the present day.

On the other hand, what are the great towns in the secondary and tertiary south-eastern tract? London, the main distributing centre, preserved by its navigable river, and its official importance. Southampton, a convenient Indian and South American port. Plymouth and Portsmouth, two government naval stations. Chatham, an artificial creation for purposes of war. Scarborough, Brighton, Cheltenham, Bath, and half a dozen other fashionable lounges for the moneyed classes. All

* These little molluscs themselves abound upon chalky soils, and are found nowhere else, because they require large quantities of calcareous matter to form their banded shells, while other species with more horny coverings live on soils where less lime can be obtained. No snails can inhabit the limeless district of the Lizard in Cornwall. So minute are the interdependencies between every portion of organic and inorganic nature.

these ultimately depend for existence upon the wealth created elsewhere. Leicester is almost the only town in purely Teutonic England which now earns a good livelihood by industries unconnected with the sea or with warlike preparations. Turning to the north, Edinburgh survives by its traditional position as a metropolis and as the centre of the Scottish Church, the Scottish law, and to some extent the Scottish aristocracy, as well as by its possession of a University, and a great cultivated society. But Edinburgh itself stands on a primary site.

The specialties of the modern system are far too numerous to allow even of passing exemplification. Here coal, there iron, in other places lead or tin, forms the source of wealth and the determining cause of human aggregation. The potteries draw men to Staffordshire; finer clays produce the ware of Worcester, Lambeth, or Dunmore. Flags for paving are largely worked in North Wales. Lime from blue lias keeps alive more than one small sea-coast town. Even gold is mined near Dolgelley in Merionethshire. Phosphate of lime is collected as mineral manure. Cutler's greenstone and beds of jasper are found among the Cambrian rocks. Millstones, hearthstones, and fire-clay are other useful economic products. Terra-cotta is made at Watcombe, near Torquay. Epsom salts are manufactured from magnesian limestone on the Tyne. Slates for roofing, plumbago, Cairngorm pebbles afford occupation in other parts to quarrymen and lapidaries. Glass can only be made where flints are obtainable. Whitby derives a small fortune from alum, jet, and the sale of fossils. Guernsey lives largely by exporting its granite as road metal to London. Whetstones supply an industry to Whittle Hill, and slate pencils to Shap in Cumberland. But perhaps the strangest trade of all is that of the gun-flints, still manufactured at Brandon and Norwich to supply the savages of Africa, whither all the old flint locks of Europe were shipped on the invention of percussion-caps.* The water supply everywhere depends upon geological conditions.

* I owe this, with many other facts, to Mr. H. B. Woodward's interesting "Geology of England and Wales."

Even our pleasure resorts and watering-places owe their attractions to similar considerations, as we can see when we examine the igneous masses of the Scotch Highlands, which form the chief heights of the Grampians; or when we remember that the self-same Cambrian rocks recur in the loveliest part of North Wales and in the Westmoreland lake district. So too in Devonshire, the regular tourist track from Ilfracombe to Lynton and Lynmouth lies through the wild Devonian strata, which, interspersed with granite, once more reappear on the other tourist coast-line from Torquay to Land's End. Those who admire Ramsgate and Margate, with their bare treeless downs and white chalk cliffs, may also content themselves with the similar scenery of Dover, Folkstone, Eastbourne, or Brighton; but a different type of mind will prefer the wooded vales at Hastings, where the Weald comes down with its pleasant broken country to the seashore.

One last word may be given to the influence of geology upon Art. We can hardly deny that the whole æsthetic development of Egypt must have been largely affected by its alternation between solid granite and the mud of Nile. So, too, the Parthenon and the Apollo must have owed much to the marble of Paros and Pentelicus. China has doubtless been greatly influenced by the presence of kaolin clay. In Assyria, brick necessarily formed the chief building material; and in Upper India the monasteries and stupas of the Buddhist emperor Asoka are still recognized by their huge sundried bricks. Chryselephantine art could never alone produce high results; marble and alabaster would naturally yield far more elevated works. In Britain we may look for similar effects of the geological environment.

As early as the age when Stonehenge was piled up, building stone was selected for special purposes, since the outer circle of that prehistoric monument consists of the Saracen boulders of the neighboring plain; but the inner pillars are of diabase, and have been brought from some unknown distance. During the middle ages Caen stone was frequently imported for building churches or other important architectural works. Before the Norman Conquest, however, most English build-

ings were of wood, so that "to timber a minster," not to build a church, is the good Early English expression of the Chronicle. In chalk districts, at a later date, broken flints were often employed, and they give a mean appearance to the Abbey ruins and churches at Reading, as well as to most of the older edifices at Brighton. Oxford, however, on the Oolite, is happily built of good native or imported stone. In modern times, London, standing in the midst of the brick-earth, has fallen a victim to the miseries of stucco,* until the Queen Anne revivalists have endeavored to restore an honest red-brick; whereas Edinburgh, surrounded by excellent building stone, has been able to do justice to its magnificent natural situation, and Aberdeen has clad itself in the stern but not unattractive gray and blue of its own solid granite. To the Caen stone, the Bath stone, and the Portland stone we owe half our cathedrals and abbeys, whose delicate tracery could never have been wrought in Rowley rag or Whin Sill basalt. The architecture of granite or hard limestone regions is often massive and imposing,

but it always lacks the beauty of detailed sculpture or intricate handicraft. The marble lattice work of the Tàj or the "prentice's pillar" of Roslyn chapel are only possible in a soft and pliable material.

Thus we see that agriculture and manufactures, art and science, are all largely influenced by geological conditions. Indeed, it would not be too much to assert that, after climate and geographical situation, geology is the greatest differentiating agent of national character. Every people is primarily what it is in virtue of the heredity it derives from the common ancestors of its whole stock; but so far as it differs from other descendants of the same stock, the differences must mainly have been caused by those three great natural agencies, acting and reacting in conjunction with the original hereditary tendencies. The immense complexity of such actions and reactions renders them difficult to trace in detail; but the general principle which they illustrate can hardly be missed by those who read history with a wide and comprehensive glance.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

It may be presumed that most English people are acquainted with the fact (which they have learnt from books of the "Pinnock" or "Maunder" class in their school days) that Sunday and Monday derive their names from the Sun and Moon, and that the other days are named from "the five Saxon divinities," Tiw, Woden, Thunor, Frigu (or Frig), and Sætern (or Sætere). The popular "Guides to Knowledge" invariably quote these names with one or two misspellings, and here their information usually ends. Some of them, however, go on to add the altogether erroneous statement that our Saxon ancestors used to set apart one day to the worship of each of their seven deities in succession. This mixture of fact and fancy is generally accepted by the "mere English reader" as a complete explanation of the matter. A very slight acquaintance with foreign languages, however, is sufficient

to reveal some additional facts, which prove that the ultimate origin of the names of the days is to be sought elsewhere than in Anglo-Saxon heathendom. The French words for the five days from Monday to Friday are Lundi, Mardi, Mercredi, Jeudi, and Vendredi. The corresponding Italian Words are Lunedì, Martedì, Mercoledì, Giovedì, Venerdì; and the Spanish equivalents are, Lunes, Mártes, Miércoles, Juéves, Viércoles. These three sets of names are simply different corruptions—mispronunciations, in fact—of the names by which the days are called in Latin. And the Latin names for the whole seven days (which some English medical men still employ in the headings of their day-books) are, when translated, as follows: The Sun's day, the Moon's day, Mars's day, Mercury's day, Jupiter's day, Venus's day, and Saturn's day.

If this Latin nomenclature be compared with our own, it will be observed that the two run closely parallel. In the Latin system, as in the English, the first

* Parker's cement, manufactured from the septaria of the London clay, is answerable for the outer coating of our West-end houses.

two days are called after the Sun and Moon, and the remaining days bear the names of five Roman deities corresponding with the five Saxon deities of the English week. Now, this coincidence cannot be the result of accident. One of the two systems must clearly be a translation of the other, and it is easy to determine which of the two has the priority. The names given to the days in the Latin week are those of the "seven planets" of ancient astronomy, while the corresponding Saxon names have no such meaning. It is clear, therefore, that the English names of the days are translations of those used by the Romans. We have now to inquire how the Romans came to call the days of the week by the names of the seven planets.

This question is closely connected with another, which must be answered at the same time. In the days of the republic, the Romans were not accustomed to reckon time by weeks at all. They spoke of years and months, of course, just as we do; they also counted by *nundines*, or as we might say, weeks of eight days each; but until about the beginning of the Christian era the use of the seven days' week seems to have been unknown to them. How, then, did the Romans come to make use of this division of time?

To this question I shall have to return an answer which will certainly appear very strange and improbable to those who read it for the first time, but which is, nevertheless, beyond all doubt correct.

The common answer, and at first sight the most plausible answer, to the question, is to say that the Romans learned the weekly division of time from the Christians, or perhaps from the Jews, to whom it was familiar from the recurrence of their seventh-day Sabbath. When the Romans had thus adopted the Jewish week, they naturally found it convenient to find names for the individual days; and the coincidence of number suggested the idea of calling them after the names of the seven planets. This explanation is given in several books of reference of quite recent date,* and, abstractly considered, seems reasonable enough;

especially when we consider how in later times the alchemists called their seven metals by the names of the seven planets, and the inventors of heraldry applied the same names to their seven tinctures. However, this plausible theory must be abandoned, as the evidence leads us to the startling conclusion that even if Judaism or Christianity had never existed, we should probably still have been dividing our time by weeks, and talking of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, or in French, of *Lundi*, *Mardi*, and *Mercredi*, just as we do now. The strangeness of the thing lies in this coincidence—that the use of the week should have been introduced into the Roman world exactly at the time when the sabbath-keeping nation were beginning to exercise a strong influence over Roman opinions and customs. The following is an outline of the arguments by which the apparently improbable theory is proved to be the true one.

If the assignment of the names of the planets to the days of the week had been merely suggested by the coincidence in the number seven, it seems probable that the names would have been taken in some rational order; either in the order of apparent size, or in that of supposed distance from the earth. Now, the order adopted is evidently not that of apparent size, for Mercury and Mars come between the Moon and Jupiter. Nor is it the order of distance. From the writings of Ptolemy we know that that order was as follows, beginning with the most remote: 1. Saturn; 2. Jupiter; 3. Mars; 4. the Sun; 5. Venus; 6. Mercury; 7. the Moon.*

Now on comparing this order with that in which the planetary names occur in the week, we find that a very singular relation exists between the two. The day following Saturn's day is called by the name of the fourth planet in the system; the next day, Monday, bears the name of the seventh planet; the next

where this view is defended by some rather ludicrous arguments.

* The Moon naturally occupies the last place in the list. The arrangement of the other planets (substituting the earth for the sun in the fourth place) corresponds exactly with the true order of their distances from the centre; a proof of the wonderful accuracy (considering the means at their disposal) of the observations of the ancient astronomers.

* See, for instance, the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (art. "Sabbath").

day, Tuesday, that of the third planet ; and so throughout the entire week it will be found that each day is called from the third planet after that of the preceding day. This curious coincidence certainly cannot be the result of accident ; and any theory which will satisfactorily account for it must be accepted as true, however much its consequences may conflict with our preconceived notions on the subject.

The needed light on the matter is to be found in a passage of Dion Cassius, an historian who wrote in the beginning of the third century of the Christian era. This writer speaks of the planetary week as an institution of recent introduction in his time, and gives the following account of its origin. The Egyptian astrologers (that is to say, those of Alexandria, the scientific centre of the ancient world) used for the purposes of their science to assign the hours of the day successively to the seven planets, taking them in the order of their remoteness. Each day took its name from the star which ruled its first hour. The first, eighth, fifteenth, and twenty-second hour of Saturn's day were the hours of Saturn ; the twenty-third hour belonged to Jupiter, the twenty-fourth to Mars, and the first hour of the following day to the Sun. For this reason the day after Saturn's day was named from the Sun ; and a moment's consideration will show that this mode of explanation fully accounts for the order in which the planetary names occur in the Roman week. The key fits the lock so perfectly that there can be no doubt whatever that it is the right one.

It is, therefore, to the ancient astrologers that we must ascribe the introduction of the names of the seven days. When the foreign astrology had been imported into Rome, it naturally soon became a very popular study. Almost every one, in fact, seems to have dabbled in it more or less. Some of the emperors attempted to stamp it out by persecuting edicts, but only succeeded in imparting to it the proverbial attractiveness of forbidden fruit. When everybody had thus learnt to talk familiarly about horoscopes and lucky and unlucky days, it was very natural that the astrological week should come into use as a division of time for the purposes of common life.

So much concerning the way in which the planetary week was introduced into Rome itself. It remains to consider by what means its use was spread through that part of Europe which was inhabited by the nations whom the Romans called barbarians.

With regard to the general outline of the matter there is not much to explain. Every one knows that the Romans were the masters of Europe, much as the English are of India. Nearly everywhere there were stations of the Roman armies, and those armies were recruited largely from the native populations. In some countries there were large and numerous Roman settlements ; and everywhere there would be many among the barbarians who had availed themselves of the advantages of a Roman education.

This Romanizing process did not always go on to the same extent. In the Celtic and Iberian parts of the Continent—in Spain, France, and Portugal—the barbarians became so completely Roman that their modern descendants have forgotten their original languages, and, with the people of modern Italy, speak those various kinds of bad Latin which we call Spanish, French, and Italian. I have already mentioned that in Spain, France, and Italy, the days still bear the original Latin names variously corrupted. The Celts of Britain, unlike their Continental kinsmen, retained the use of their mother tongue ; but they were so far effected by Roman influence as to adopt many Latin words, and the present Welsh names of the days of the week happen rather singularly to be the purest modern form of the original Latin names. In Spain, France, and Italy, the planetary names of Sunday and Saturday have been displaced by others of different origin. When the Romans became Christians, they learnt to call Sunday the Lord's Day—*Dies Dominicus* ; and so in the countries just mentioned, the word is still *Dimanche*, *Domenica*, *Domingo*. The day before Sunday was called instead of Saturn's day, the *Sabbath*—a fact which will seem surprising to those who do not know how modern is the notion which confounds the Christian "Lord's Day" with the Jewish Sabbath. In Spanish the name is *Sábado*, in Italian, *Sabbato* ; and in French, because

the ancestors of the French people pronounced the word *sabbatum* as *sambatum*, the name of Saturday is Samedi.

While in this manner one half of barbarian Europe allowed themselves to become Roman in language, in customs, and even in name, there was another half on whom the influence of Roman culture was far less powerful. This half, in whom we should take an especial interest as it includes our own ancestors, consisted of a large number of tribes, who bore different names, and perhaps spoke dialects too distinct for them readily to understand one another, but who were well aware that they all belonged to one and the same great race. Their name for their race considered as a whole was *Thiodisc*, which means *of our own people*. The modern forms of this word are *Deutsch*, by which the Germans call themselves, and *Dutch*, which we apply to the inhabitants of Holland. Their designation for aliens, for people not of themselves, was *Welsh*—a name which we still give to the descendants of the ancient Britons, and which the Germans apply to the French and Italians. This great race is called by modern writers the Germanic, or more commonly the Teutonic race. The latter name, though open to some objection,* is, perhaps, the most free from misleading associations. However, whichever name we adopt, the main thing to be remembered is that this race included among many others the tribes known as Goths and Anglo-Saxons, and that to it belonged the ancestors (so far as they are revealed by the inheritance of language) of the present inhabitants of England, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland.

The most prominent national characteristics of the ancient Teutons seem to have been a spirit of sturdy independence and an invincible attachment to their ancestral usages; and these qualities are eminently illustrated in their be-

havior with regard to language. It is true that the Goths of the South, whose peculiar opposition, as well as their early conversion to Christianity, rendered them especially open to Romanizing influence, did become ultimately assimilated in language to the Latin-speaking nations whom they conquered. But with their more Northerly kindred it was far otherwise. Although for the sake of intercourse with their fellow-subjects very many of them no doubt learned to speak Latin, or "Welsh" as they would nickname it, yet they seem to have obstinately resolved to speak as little of it as they could. Very rarely indeed did they even borrow a Latin word. When they became acquainted with some new object or institution belonging to the Roman civilization for which they had no native name, they generally preferred to invent one rather than to adopt the foreign title, as the ancient Britons and other Celtic nations usually did.

Although the religion of the Teutonic race differed widely in details from that of the Romans, the two systems were so far similar that both were founded on the worship of the personified powers of nature. This degree of similarity would be quite sufficient to produce in the minds of the Germans the belief that the Roman gods were simply their own gods under new names. When, for instance, a Teuton heard his Roman fellow-soldier talk of Jupiter as the god who was causing the thunder, it would at once occur to him that Jupiter must be the "Welsh" for *Thunor* or *Thōrr*; and this discovery would lead him to make further inquiries in the same direction. He would relate to his Roman friends the legends of *Tiw* and *Woden*, and ask them what they called the gods to whose characters such incidents were appropriate. Through discussions of this sort, or by other similar means, it became very early an accepted belief among the Teutons that each of the principal Roman gods corresponded to a particular one among those of his own countrymen.

Now in course of time the Teutonic peoples became acquainted with the new Roman custom of reckoning time by weeks, and with the Latin names for the seven days.⁶ This custom they found it convenient to imitate in their intercourse among themselves. But, in accord-

* There is no absolute proof that the Teutones of Roman historians were in the modern sense "Teutonic" at all. The supposition that the words *Teuton* and *Deutsch* or *Deutsch* are identical is very precarious. It originates, however, not with modern philologists, as is sometimes stated, but with the mediæval Latin writers, who use *Teuto* as a synonym of *Theotiscus*.

ance with their usual practice, they did not borrow the Latin names of the days, but chose instead to translate them into something which they could understand. That the names had anything to do with the planets they probably did not know; but they knew that Mars and Mercurius were Latin for *Tíw* and *Woden*, and therefore Mars's day and Mercury's day became *Tíw's* day and *Woden's* day.

We have now to inquire what sort of beings or no-beings were those gods of our ancestors whose names we all every day unconsciously take in vain.

The Teutonic religion, like that of the Aryan nations generally, began by being misunderstood poetry. Men of lively imagination and simple minds, when they saw the heavens and the earth in mysterious motion around them—when they saw changes going on of which they could not assign the cause—naturally tried to explain these phenomena by supposing that the sun and stars, the sky, the clouds, and the wind, were living beings, who moved by their own wills. When they described the various appearances of nature in poetic parables, in stories about the loves and quarrels of these superhuman persons, their hearers and their posterity mistook their meaning, and fancied that these stories were a history of some real transactions which took place long ago, instead of being merely a picture of the things that happen every day. Enough, however, was always remembered of the real meaning of these legends for it to be understood that these wonderful beings still lived on unseen, and possessed a mysterious sovereignty over nature. The religious instinct of human nature fixed itself on these awful invisible existences, and found in them the objects of its highest reverence and dread.

To descend to details. The god *Tíw*, who gives his name to Tuesday, was originally the personification of the sky, the being whose varying moods were displayed in the changes of the weather. He was therefore properly the analogue of the Roman *Jupiter*; in fact, the names of *Tíw* and *Jupiter* are etymologically identical. But among the Teutonic nations the Aryan sky-deity had lost much of his original character, and his office had become narrowed to that of a god of battles, corresponding close-

ly with the Roman *Mars*. Some writers have attempted to account for the change in the character of the god by supposing that *Tíw* was especially invoked by the Germans in connection with warlike enterprises because the atmospheric conditions were so important an element in their chances of victory. The more reasonable explanation, however, is that the warlike legends belonging naturally to the heaven-god, such as are found in the story of *Jupiter* himself, happened among the Teutons to be developed into disproportionate prominence, so as to obscure the other features of his character.

As the Saxon *t* is regularly represented in High German by *z*, the Old High German name of Tuesday was *Ziestic*. The present German word, *Dienstag*, is often supposed to be a corruption of this. Such a corruption, however, appears to be phonetically impossible; and it is more satisfactory to regard *Dienstag* as a mispronunciation of *Dingstag* (modern Dutch *Dingsdag*), the day of the "Thing," or judicial assembly.

In some High German dialects the third day of the week bears the name of *Eritag*, *Erichtag*, *Ertag*. This name Kemble has ingeniously attempted to explain by a reference to the Anglo-Saxon deity, *Eár* (compare the Greek *Arês*), who seems to have been either identical with, or at least similar in office to, *Tíw* or *Tyr*, and therefore equally suited with him to represent the Roman *Mars*.

It is at first sight startling that *Woden* or *Odin* (*Odinn*) should have been selected as the nearest Teutonic equivalent for the Roman *Mercury*. Certainly on a superficial view no two deities could well be more unlike than the awful All Father of the German mythology and the light and airy personage whose character is fitly indicated by the astrological use of the word "mercurial." The points of resemblance, however, are not difficult to discover. The ancient Roman *Mercurius*, as the etymology of the name implies, had been merely the guardian deity of commerce; but in later times his personality had been absorbed in that of the Greek god *Hermês*, who was primarily the spirit of the morning breeze. He was the god of rapid movement and wide wanderings, the god of cunning stratagem and manifold disguises, and

the god of eloquence and wisdom. All these characteristics he had in common with Woden: and further, although the two myths are utterly different in spirit, it was Woden, as it was *Hermès*, who received the souls of the departed. The name Woden or Odin is usually connected with a verb meaning to wander; and it is possible that the primitive basis of his character is a personification of the winds, and of the cognate ideas of breath and soul. It must be remembered that we owe our knowledge of this deity principally to the Scandinavian poetry of the eighth and the following centuries; while the identification of him with Mercury is recognized by Tacitus, and therefore cannot have originated later than the first century. It is consequently possible that some portion of the striking dissimilarity between Mercury and Woden may be due to the development which the Teutonic legends had undergone in the intervening period. The German Mercury of Tacitus, however, was already the chief of the gods, and was sometimes propitiated with human sacrifice: two points which show that an enormous difference existed even then between his character and that of the classical deity, however much that difference may have been exaggerated by the sombre imagination of the Northern poets.

The modern Swedes and Danes agree with the English in retaining the name of Odin's day for the fourth day of the week. Among the other Teutonic peoples this name has given place to that of Mid-week (German *Mittwoch*).

The god who gives his name to Thursday is the invisible somebody who causes the thunder. The Anglo-Saxons called him quite plainly *Thunor*; and we may safely assume that, so long as the name remained in this transparently intelligible form, the legendary history of the god was very scanty. When the Scandinavians contracted the word into *Thor* (*Thórr*), the way was laid open for mythopœic fancy; and thus arose the well-known stories of the frolicsome giant Thor, who went about with his mighty hammer battering iron gates and shivering rocks in sunder, and whose eyes flashed fire as he laughed the awful laughter which shook the mountains and the sky. As the most striking characteristic

of Jupiter, in popular apprehension, was his wielding of the thunder, his identification with Thor requires no explanation. The contraction of *Thunresdæg* into Thursday seems to have been produced by the influence of the Scandinavian *Thórsdagr*, as the shortened form does not appear in any Anglo-Saxon document earlier than the period of Danish rule in England.

The Anglo-Saxon name of Friday was *Frigedæg*. The nominative case of Frige would necessarily be either *Frig* or *Frigu*; but the name of the goddess is not met with, as such, in any Saxon writing. The word *frigu*, however, occurs in poetry in the sense of "love," and it is therefore probable that this is the correct form of the name of the goddess. The Teutonic mythology is best known to us in its Scandinavian form, and it is usually stated in books that Friday is the day of Freyja. This, however, is a mistake, and the true Norse equivalent of Frige is Frigg, the wife of Odin, and not the inferior goddess Freyja. It has, indeed, been supposed that Freyja ("the mistress") was originally a mere name of Frigg, but in the Norse theogony, as we have it, the two are distinct personages. The early English historians, Roger of Wendover and William of Malmesbury, say that Friday took its name from the wife of Woden; and it is remarkable that *Friggjarstiarna* is the Icelandic name of the planet Venus. The old Norse word for Friday, *Frjádagr* or *Frjádagr*, has no meaning in that language, and is interesting as proving that the Scandinavians derived the word from a Low German source—either from the English or the Old Saxons.

The name of *Sætern*, or *Sætere*, which is connected with the last day of the week, is a mere adaptation of the Latin *Saturnus*. From the Anglo-Saxon "Dialogue between Solomon and Saturn," and from other indications, it appears that this Roman divinity had somehow found a place in Teutonic legend—possibly owing in part to a confusion between him and a native god of like-sounding name, of whom no very distinct traces exist. The name of "Saturn's day" among the Teutonic nations, is peculiar to the English and the Dutch, who have it as *Zaturdag*. This fact may perhaps afford a slight presumption in

favor of the conjecture that the translation of the names of the days originated in the Low German branch of the race. The Teutonic names for Saturday are various. The High Germans, like the ancestors of the French people, called it the Sabbath-day (*Sambastac* now *Sams-tag*). It is worth notice that in the Anglo-Saxon gospels, the word Sabbath is sometimes rendered by *Sæternesdag* and *Saterdag*. The Scandinavian name was *Laugardagr* (modern Swedish *Lördag*), the day of the bath. An English monastic chronicler (the author of the "*Historia Eliensis*"), who mentions, as a proof of the extraordinary foppiness of the Danish invaders, that they combed their hair every day, goes on to say that it was also their custom to bathe every Saturday (*sabbatis balneare*). It has been stated, though I believe not on any early authority, that the horrible massacre of the Danes, known in English history as "St. Brice's day," took place on a Saturday, and that their victims were surprised while engaged in their weekly ablutions. Another old Teutonic name for Saturday is said* to have been *Nornen-tag*, the day of the Norns—a word which sometimes denotes the "weird sisters" of German mythology, and is sometimes applied to merely human sorceresses. It can scarcely be by mere accidental coincidence that this name reminds us so strongly of the mediæval superstition of the "witches' sabbath."

The fact that all the Teutonic nations agreed in adopting an identical translation of the Roman names of the days is worthy of note as a corrective to exaggerated views of the nomad barbarism of their early condition. Considering how the Teutons were spread over Europe, and how they were separated by their diversity of dialects, we can scarcely fail to see in the freedom of mutual communication among them, which this fact implies, an indication of a somewhat higher level of civilization than many writers have recognized. The late Charles Kingsley, for instance, speaks as if the barbarians who conquered Rome had found their way to the imperial city

by a sort of accident, or by a blind and mysterious instinct. Other writers, less excusably, have represented that the Saxons, when they came to Britain, were unacquainted with the art of writing and with the Christian religion. The fact is that our ancestors brought with them from the Continent not only their modification of the Runes, but also their adaptation of the Roman alphabet; and the universal diffusion among the Teutonic tribes of such words as "church" for *ecclesia*, and "house" for the holy Eucharist, and of such a peculiar corruption of a Latin word as "bishop" from *episcopus*, clearly shows that, however the religion of the Empire was despised by them, they were at any rate familiar with its external institutions.

We have seen that, either in their original or the translated form, the planetary names of the days are now in use in nearly all the languages of Christian Europe. There are, however, two or three exceptions. In modern Iceland, and in Portugal, the heathenish names have been discarded, from a religious scruple, and the days are now designated only by numbers. Among the Slavonic nations, whose conversion to Christianity was late, the names of the days are derivatives of the numerals, except that of Sunday, which signifies Resurrection (*Voskresenië*).

So much for the European history of the Alexandrian astrological week. It has also an Asiatic history, which is not a little curious. Many inquirers have been greatly puzzled by the discovery that in the modern languages of India the days of the week are called by names which, in their original Sanscrit form, are exactly coincident in meaning with those prevailing in Europe. As there is a vulgar notion that everything Sanscrit is of immeasurable antiquity, it is not surprising that the theory should often have been propounded that the planetary week is an Indian invention, or even that it was a primitive possession of the undivided Aryan race. Professor Max Müller, however, has shown that these Sanscrit names were invented under Greek influence at some period later than the Christian era. The Indian Planetary week, therefore, like that of Europe, derives its origin from the astrologers of Alexandria.

* Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, s.v. *Saterdag*. Of course *Nornen-tag* can only be a modernized form, but the statement presumably rests on some good authority.

In conclusion, I trust the reader will agree with me that there are few facts in the history of language by which what has been called "the romance of philology" is better exemplified than by the story which tells how these seven words, originally part of the abstruse vocabulary of an occult science, have come to find a place among the commonest words of daily life in the languages of half the population of the world.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

CLIFF ROSES.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

PALE little sister of rich red roses,
Wild little sister of garden queens,
Art thou content that thy flower uncloses
Here where the land to the ocean leans?

They, where the lawns are soft and shaded,
Hold their court amid eyes that gaze;
Thou by the lone sea liv'st, and faded
Fall thy leaves in the salt sea sprays.

Smitten of every storm that blusters,
Crushed by the mimic avalanche,
Bravely still thy delicate clusters
Laugh from thicket and thorny branch.

Naught may we know of all thou knowest,
All that the soft wind brings to thee?
Under the cliff-top where thou growest
Sail the ships to the open sea;

Art not thou and thy flowers clinging
Ghosts of many a sad farewell,
Fluttering home from the ships, and bringing
Tidings for loving hearts to tell?

Or art thou, rather, a blithe fore-comer,
Blown by winds from the homeward ships,
A kiss, turned flower in the breath of summer,
A word that has quickened from eager lips?

Nay, though sweet as the longed-for hour,
Fair as the face that we yearn to see,
Nothing thou art but a simple flower,
Growing where God has planted thee.

—*The Spectator*.

THE PINCH OF WEALTH.

MR. PAYN says, in this month's *Nineteenth Century*,* that it is not easy to find the "pinch of poverty," though he admits its existence, and allows that the true "grip" of poverty is very visible

* Reprinted in the July number of the *ECLECTIC*.

indeed; but it is much more difficult to find the pinch of wealth. The prosperous always say, with grave shakes of the head, that "money brings little happiness;" yet they seem to enjoy its possession, are proud of it in various ways, according to character, use it freely as a power, and will not surrender it without

the very toughest fighting. A complete surrender of wealth, of the difference between subsistence and competence or riches, is, except in a very few cases of religious conviction, the rarest of all forms of self-sacrifice. So different, indeed, is the disconsolate talk of the well-to-do from their actual condition, that the world suspects them of a little hypocrisy, or of an intention to avert envy by declaring, what is unquestionably false, the equality of all earthly conditions. "Dives is sad with wealth," sighs the man with too little, "but how I wish I had a touch of his complaint!" A few men, indeed, have boldly declared the regrets of wealth to be pretences, and have asserted, with Macaulay, that every guinea they acquire gives them distinct and appreciable pleasure. He was the most generous of mankind, but he liked money, and avowed his liking, as he would have avowed a liking for pleasant bindings for his books. There was solid truth in Macaulay's idea, particularly as to earned money; but he put his truth, as usual, a good deal too broadly, nothing being ever quite so little complex as he imagined everything to be. Very few men indeed part with wealth voluntarily, because very few have the courage to deprive themselves of any faculty or power they may hereafter want; and very few are without that pride in it which any distinction tends to raise; but we believe the constant depreciation of its value in which the well-off indulge, is not a hypocrisy. They see, or many of them see, failures in the effect of their wealth upon themselves, and even directly bad consequences springing from it, which quite justify their shakes of the head, though they are slow to explain even to themselves why the apples taste so ashy.

We believe that rich men—we do not mean very rich men, though we include them, so much as the well-off, the classes which need not work to fulfil their desires—suffer the pinch of wealth distinctly enough, if they are thoughtful men, to recognize it for themselves at at least three separate points, the first trouble being nearly universal. This is impatience of the close limits placed upon what wealth can do. Money can secure so much, and gives in many directions such freedom to the will and

so much of concrete reality to the fancy, that the man who possesses it frets when he perceives that his power will in other directions do so little. He feels like a potentate who is stopped by some obstacle quite trifling, but quite immovable; or a magician whose Genius cannot obey him, except to secure ends which he is not just then seeking to obtain. Money, for example, will purchase alleviations from pain, skilled attendance, good advice, and soft beds, but it will not purchase the dismissal of the pain itself. If you have a cancer, millions are no help. A millionaire may have toothache, and in toothache feels, on account of the money which places all dentists at his command an additional pang. "Here am I, who can buy all the help there is, and of what use is that to my pain?" The sense that the money will aid volition in so many ways deepens the pain, when it is of the kind in which money is powerless, as it is in almost all serious questions of health. The Marquis of Steyne is not the less aggrieved by his liability to madness because he is so very rich, but the more aggrieved, as a man is who knows his own strength to be unusual, and finds it just insufficient. That habitual complaint of the rich, that money will not buy affection or happiness, or even immunity from pain, has in it something of irritation as well as of pathos, and springs often from an inclination to contend, as of one who is unjustly deprived of something. The workers have need to be solicitous about health, but it is the rich who coddle themselves; and the reason is not so much the passion for comfort, as the additional sense of the value of health, which their inability to buy it with money brings home to them more clearly than to other men. A rich man who wanted water, say in a shipwreck, and could not get it, would feel in his riches, if he thought of them at all, an addition to the pain of his despair; and there are wants nearly as urgent as water toward which money gives just as little aid. A fretfulness born of tantalization—what a pity there is no short word for that idea!—is one extra pain of the rich, and must have as depressing an effect as we know the consciousness of mental powers with no opportunity for their exercise usually has. The Red who is Red because the world gives him

no chance, burns with a chagrin which the very rich must often feel.

This is one pinch of wealth ; and there is another much more frequently quoted—the additional difficulty which wealth creates in achieving complete success in anything. This is constantly described as a consequence of idleness or of dislike to necessary drudgery, but that is an imperfect or even unjust description. Nothing prevents a rich man from occupying himself, and he will probably drudge quite as much as the poorer man would without the whip, but the absence of desire for the gain to be earned makes the labor seem positively heavier. A strength has been taken away. We can illustrate this by a comparison which everybody can test. A rich man of artistic leanings will not toil in the schools like a poor one, a rich agriculturalist will not give hours and years to economies which make agriculture successful, a rich author will not display the patient research of his professional rival ; but the rich politician will work like a slave or a barrister with large practice and no savings. The rich politician is no more laborious than the rich artist by nature, but his reward comes in a shape he desires ; and the rich artist's does not, or at least not in the same degree. The politician desires two things—the success of his work and power, and however rich he may be, has a double stimulus ; but the artist desires the success of his work and money, and, if he is rich, fully tastes only the first reward. The comparative feebleness of the stimulus which makes the rich man's work so tasteless is increased by that absence of fixed conditions, which follows on wealth, the presence of other possibilities which distract the will, till energy is impaired by half-conscious hesitations. One road, and but one, is open to the poor artist, and he advances on it rapidly. One road is open to the rich artist, and a dozen tempting lanes, the attractions of which he pauses to consider so often, that he seems, in comparison with his rival, to crawl. An increase of indecision comes to the rich from their riches as to what to do with themselves, which is supposed to be idleness, though it is not, and which becomes a distinct and separate pain. We all know the effect of an *embarras des*

richesses in the shape of plans, and for the rich that is never absent. For all but a very few, compulsion, when it does not come from an individual, will smooth life.

And this brings us to the third "pinch of wealth," which we see and hear reason to believe is the most severe of all. We have no doubt whatever that, in this generation more especially, the well-to-do have more difficulty, much more difficulty, in bringing up their children than the strugglers have. Formerly, this was not so much the case, because the necessity for strong discipline was so thoroughly acknowledged that it was maintained almost without an effort, and the habit of obedience was enforced by practically irresistible authority. But the specialty of to-day is to concede freedom in all directions, and especially freedom to children and those who are subordinate. Discipline in any strong form is, among large classes and over great tracts of the world, nearly dead. The bad effect of that change—we do not mean the change from severity to kindness, but the change from studious government to comparative inattention—is very great, but is partly concealed by the fact that poverty acts as a disciplining atmosphere. It fixes conditions rigidly. The girl must learn to do her own dressmaking, or go untidy. The boy must go to work, or, there will not be enough, and to that particular work, for only the rich have much choice of occupations. Economy is imperative, for the money is not there, and no training in self-sacrifice acts daily, hourly, momentarily, like compulsory economy. The will is compressed by the facts of life, and becomes at once strong and pliable, like leather. With the rich, that discipline is absent, and cannot, as Mr. Payn has pointed out in an amusing story, be artificially produced ; and the young have only conscious "training," in the athlete's sense, from direct authority, which, as we said, it is the tendency of the age to relax. The result is not only that the passions, especially the passion of self-will, grow too strong, though that is so clear as to have become a truism ; but that among both good and bad a certain bonelessness of character is apparant, a certain indisposition to endure, or to form strong purposes as to

the work of life, a certain want not so much of energy as of decision and pertinacity. The children of the strugglers very often fail utterly, either from inherent defects of character or from insuperable obstacles of position; but more of them win than the children of the well-off, and taken as a body, they have stronger and finer characters. As their children grow up, the well-to-do find them more burdensome, more difficult to manage, more troublesome to "settle," than the poorer do; are more anxious for their future, and more displeased with their defects of character and conduct, which, indeed, from the absence of the pressure of circumstance,

are much greater. With the very rich, anxiety about their children, crosses of different kinds inflicted by them, and their frequent total failures, make up, we believe, a definite and separate source of pain; and even with the well-off, greatly increase the burden of life, just at the time when burdens are most anxiously avoided. A man has not gained much in the struggle of life whose children are profligate, babyish, characterless, or given up to selfishness; and that is far more often the lot of the rich than of the poor, and constitutes at least one true "pinch of wealth."—*The Spectator*.

MR. GLADSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the subject of our portrait this month, was born in Liverpool, England, on the 29th of December, 1809. He is of Scotch descent on both sides, and his family name, which can be traced back to the sixteenth century, gradually underwent a transformation from Gledstones to Gladstones, Gladstones, and Gladstone. His father, Sir John Gladstone, was a prosperous merchant of Liverpool, who was knighted by Sir Robert Peel in 1846, and who was wealthy enough to provide amply during his lifetime for each of his seven sons.

William Ewart, the fourth son, was educated first at Eton and afterward at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1831 as "double first-class" (first-class both in classics and in mathematics). Leaving Oxford he travelled for a short time on the Continent, and in December, 1832, when barely twenty-three years of age, entered Parliament as member for Newark, a nomination borough of the Duke of Newcastle. His early speeches made so good an impression upon the House that he speedily came to be regarded as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories" (as Macaulay called him); and in 1834 he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel a Junior Lord of the Treasury. The next year he was promoted to the post of Under-Secretary for the Colonies, but

had only filled the office for two months when the Ministry of which he was a member was overthrown. Though in Opposition from 1835 to 1841, his reputation and influence steadily increased, both in the House of Commons and in the country; and when Sir Robert Peel returned to power in 1841, Mr. Gladstone was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In this position he explained and defended in Parliament the commercial policy of the Government, and the revision of the British tariff of 1842 was almost entirely his work. In 1843 he became President of the Board of Trade, but two years later retired from office on the introduction of a measure for the increase of the Maynooth grant, which was directly opposed in principle to the opinions which he had expressed in an essay on "The State in its Relations with the Church" (published in 1838). Toward the end of 1845, on the reconstruction of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies, and vigorously supported Peel in the Free Trade policy which the latter was about to initiate; but he was out of Parliament during the session when the act for the repeal of the Corn Duties was debated and passed, having resigned his seat for Newark, owing to differences of opinion with the Duke of Newcastle.

At the general election of 1847 Mr.



Engraved for the Ediscue by J. J. Cade, New York.

HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

Gladstone was chosen to represent the University of Oxford; and the speeches which he made during the next few sessions showed how widely he had diverged from the stern, unbending Toryism with which his political career began, and how steadily his opinions were tending toward Liberalism. In the ministerial crisis of 1852 he was invited to enter Lord Derby's Cabinet, but declined, and on the overthrow of that ministry in December of the same year, accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Coalition Ministry of Lord Aberdeen. While holding this office he introduced his Budgets in a series of addresses which were pronounced by Lord John Russell "to contain the ablest expositions of the true principles of finance ever delivered by an English statesman." The conduct of the Crimean War having provoked much hostile criticism, Lord Aberdeen resigned, in February, 1855, and was succeeded in the Premiership by Lord Palmerston. Mr. Gladstone retained his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but soon resigned, together with the other Peelite members of the Cabinet, in consequence of Lord Palmerston's refusing to oppose a motion of inquiry into the conduct of the war. On the overthrow of Lord Palmerston's government in 1858, Lord Derby again offered a seat in his Cabinet to Mr. Gladstone; but the latter's break with Toryism was now complete, and he declined Lord Derby's overtures, though he accepted an appointment as Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary to the Ionian Islands, which were then under the protectorate of England.

In 1859, on the return of Lord Palmerston to office, Mr. Gladstone again became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and resumed those Budgets and Budget speeches which have gained him the reputation of being the first financier of the age. At the general election of 1865 he was rejected by the University of Oxford, on account of the advancing liberality of his opinions, but was returned for South Lancashire; and the same year, on the death of Lord Palmerston, he became Leader of the House of Commons. In 1866, having been defeated on a measure for Parliamentary Reform, he and his colleagues resigned, and were succeeded by a ministry formed by

Lord Derby, but soon headed by Mr. Disraeli.

At this time the Liberal party was almost completely disorganized by warring factions; but its ranks were drawn together and fired with enthusiasm by a series of resolutions which Mr. Gladstone introduced in 1868 looking to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. They were carried through the House in spite of the opposition of the Ministry, and on an appeal to the country a Parliament was returned with a Liberal majority of nearly 120. Mr. Disraeli at once resigned, and Mr. Gladstone having succeeded him as Premier (in December, 1868), there began what has been called "the Golden Age of Liberalism." Besides numerous minor measures of a salutary character, the Irish Church Bill was passed at the session of 1869, the Irish Land Act in 1870, the Purchase of Commissions in the Army was abolished in 1871, and the Treaty of Washington settled the matters in dispute between the United States and Great Britain.

At the session of 1873 Mr. Gladstone introduced a bill for the reform of University Education in Ireland, and this being defeated, chiefly through defections in the ranks of his nominal supporters, he promptly resigned. Mr. Disraeli, however, refused to form a ministry which would be confronted from the beginning by a hostile majority in the House, so Mr. Gladstone was reluctantly compelled to resume office. Repeated defeats followed, and at length, in January, 1874, Mr. Gladstone, finding the situation intolerable, unexpectedly dissolved Parliament and appealed to the country. The result was a crushing defeat of the Liberals, in consequence of which Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership to Mr. Disraeli. Shortly afterward he also resigned his position as Leader of the Liberal party, and though remaining in the House of Commons, gave comparatively little attention for a time to politics. But on the reopening of "the Eastern Question," in 1877, he was so aroused by the Bulgarian atrocities and by the attitude of the British Government that he began a campaign with pen and voice against the Disraeli Ministry which electrified the country and culminated, in the general

elections of April, 1880, in an overwhelming Liberal victory. The verdict of the country was of such a character that no other Prime Minister than Mr. Gladstone was possible, and on the retirement of Mr. Disraeli, "the first of living Englishmen" resumed his proper place at the head of the English Government.

In spite of his arduous and exacting labors as a statesman, Mr. Gladstone has found time to make important contributions to literature. He has always written copiously for the periodicals of the day, and his published books comprise

"The State in its Relations with the Church" (1838); "Church Principles Considered" (1840); "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" (1858); "Essays on Ecce Homo" and "A Chapter of Autobiography" (1868); "Juventus Mundi: the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age" (1869); "Bulgarian Atrocities" (1876); "The Vatican Decrees" and "Vaticanism" (1877); "A Primer of Homer" (1879); and "Gleanings from Past Years" (1879). The latter is a collection of his miscellaneous articles and addresses, excluding those on classical and controversial topics.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CRITICAL ESSAYS AND LITERARY NOTES. By Bayard Taylor. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.

A certain pathetic interest attaches to this volume as the last which we shall ever receive probably from one of the busiest and most prolific pens of our generation. Its contents are not new, indeed, and with several of the most entertaining papers which it comprises, the public is already familiar; yet most of the matter included in it was the product of the closing years of Mr. Taylor's life, and a large part of it, having been contributed anonymously to the columns of daily journals, will have for the great majority of readers all the interest of novelty. The other articles appeared at varying dates in several of the magazines and reviews, and their intrinsic value entitled them to a rescue from the oblivion which in the course of time so surely overtakes even the best of magazine literature.

In arranging the volume the editor (Mrs. Marie Hansen-Taylor) has divided its contents into two parts, the first of which includes all the longer papers, and comprises critical essays on Tennyson, Victor Hugo, Hebel, whom Mr. Taylor calls the German Burns, Friedrich Rückert, and the author of "Saul," together with a charming chapter of personal reminiscences of Thackeray, whom Mr. Taylor knew well. There also appear in this division two papers on "Autumn Days in Weimar," and "Weimar in June," which have been included, as the editor explains, because they possess "a decidedly literary interest, since they give evidence of the researches and studies of the author for that combined 'Life of Goethe and Schiller,' which, as it unfortunately was written only on the tablets of his brain, had to perish with him. It will not escape the observant

reader how large an amount of gleanings from the yet unexhausted harvest of personal reminiscences and local tradition there was stored away for future use in the author's mind. Gaining a clear insight into his great theme and contemplated task, he became imbued in those days with conclusive light, and whilst he vainly hoped, from year to year, to present to the world the plan which he had conceived and matured, his wonderful memory grasped it and retained it in its fulness to the very last."

This passage from so authoritative a source seems to negative a hope which has been entertained ever since Mr. Taylor's death that he left some portion of his life of the great German poets in so advanced a state as to admit of publication. If, as Mrs. Taylor says, it was written only on the tablets of his brain, and thus perished with him, the loss to literature is unquestionably very great; for probably no living man is so well qualified to do the subject justice.

The second part of the volume, entitled "Notes on Books and Events," consists of a selection from the editorial and critical articles which Mr. Taylor contributed to the *New York Tribune*, when, as a working member of the staff of that journal, he was called upon to deal with the current topics of the hour. They carry the traces of their origin, and many of them would hardly have been regarded by Mr. Taylor himself as worthy of reproduction in book form. Yet even the slightest of them are not without interest; and a few of the longer pieces are alone important enough to render the book a valuable addition to the library of an American student. Among these latter we may mention the two papers on Fitz-Greene Halleck, the two on William Cullen Bryant, the two on Edmund Clarence Stedman, and

the brief "Notes" on Richard Henry Dana, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Aldrich, Lathrop, Gilder, and Lanier.

The volume is issued in uniform style with the "Studies in German Literature" published last autumn.

REMINISCENCES OF REV. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D.D. By Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

Of all the books that have been published about Dr. Channing, more particularly in connection with his centenary, which occurred this year, there is none, we think, that brings the reader so close to the great preacher and theologian—none that gives so intimate a view of his private life and personal character—as these "Reminiscences." Miss Peabody was a cousin of Dr. Channing's wife, and at various times during the last twenty years of his life was brought into very intimate relations with him, acting often as his copyist or amanuensis, and discussing with him the great questions that were then agitating the social and religious world. Her veneration for him was unbounded, and, looking upon his utterances as in the strictest sense oracular, she took the trouble to write them down while the impression was still vivid, and her recollection of them distinct. It is from journals thus composed, and from letters written at the same period, aided by those more subtle impressions which linger only in one's memory of a great man, that the volume of "Reminiscences" has been made up; and the greater portion of it carries internal evidence that it is faithful, accurate, life-like portraiture.

This is the more important because all previous writing about Dr. Channing has been peculiarly deficient in the personal element. Mr. William Henry Channing's voluminous "Memoir" is a most painstaking and praiseworthy work, and from it and from his various published writings it is comparatively easy to obtain a sufficiently exact idea of Dr. Channing's characteristic qualities as a writer and as a theologian. But of the personality behind that penetrating thought and polished style, our glimpses have hitherto been in the highest degree fugitive and vague; and there can be little doubt that the popularity if not the influence of Dr. Channing have been distinctly impaired by this fact—for, after all, his life and character were the best commentary upon his doctrines.

What Miss Peabody has attempted to do is to bring "the living, breathing, suffering, and rejoicing man whom I knew to the common heart, so that my readers shall go to his own printed pages with minds awakened to the practical meaning with which every sentence is loaded;" and she has succeeded so well that

no future student of Dr. Channing will feel that he has mastered the subject until he has saturated himself, so to speak, with her work.

POEMS FROM SHELLEY. Selected and Arranged by Stopford A. Brooke. Golden Treasury Series. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

In his preface to this exquisite little volume, Mr. Brooke explains that its object is not to represent Shelley fully, but to present, in a brief compass, enough of his poetry to induce those who are ignorant of it to read the whole. He thinks that such an aim as this is the only valid reason and excuse for selections from a poet, because a poet can only be judged and estimated fairly when everything he wished to be published has been fairly studied. "We can no more comprehend him in the right way by reading only his finest poems, supposing we could choose them, than we can receive a true impression of the character of the scenery of a country by visiting a selection of its most beautiful places."

At the same time, if selections from any poet are justifiable, Mr. Brooke thinks that Shelley is more open to selection than many of the other poets; first, because nearly all his poems are short; second, because they are especially lyrical, and lyrics are the best material for selections; and third, because there is one spirit—the spirit of youth—which fills and brings into unity all his poems. "We are not troubled," he says, "in reading these Selections, by such a change in the whole nature of the poet as age made in Wordsworth. Owing to this unity of spirit, I have been able to place together, without fear of their jarring with one another, poems written at different periods of Shelley's life on the same or kindred themes. To group such poems together is the method followed in this book, and its fitness seems to be supported by the fact that Shelley, being very fond of his ideas, and also of the forms he gave them, repeated them continually. The impression made by one poem is therefore strengthened by another on the same subject. Shelley is his own best illustrator."

The less special portions of Mr. Brooke's admirable prefatory essay are reprinted elsewhere under the title of "Some Thoughts on Shelley," and it will be long before the reader finds a pleasanter or more informing piece of criticism. As to the "Selections" it may be said that they comprise nearly all of what is distinctly best among Shelley's short poems, and of the longer ones include "Alastor," "Julian and Maddalo," "The Witch of Atlas," and "Adonais." This is by no means all that is good in Shelley's work; but it is enough to make the reader seek more, and to

vindicate Mr. Brooke's opinion that Shelley is "the most poetical of poets since the days of Elizabeth."

A THOUSAND FLASHES OF FRENCH WIT, WISDOM, AND WICKEDNESS. Collected and Translated by J. De Finod. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book of "elegant extracts" on a somewhat novel plan comprises selections from about three hundred and thirty different authors, nearly all of them so brief as to be little more than epigrams or aphorisms. Most of them are as fresh as they are piquant, and show that the author has really gleaned for himself and not contented himself with gathering sheaves from other men's gleanings. The arrangement is very promiscuous, no classification into groups or subjects being attempted; the author expressing the fear that if he placed the wisdom at the beginning and the wickedness at the end of the book, the reader would begin reading retrogressively, which would be contrary to all established principles. No clew to its character being afforded, each new paragraph adds to its other qualities the piquancy of surprise; and, as the author observes, the thinker, the sceptic, the misanthrope, the sentimentalist, the melancholic, and the mirthful will find ample food for their different appetites, all within the space of a few pages.

Quite as good, by the way, as anything else in the book is the Preface, which discloses the author's nationality quite as effectively as a more categorical announcement could do. Its amenity of tone and graceful lightness of touch would have been impossible to any one but a Frenchman; and it predisposes the reader favorably toward a kind of compilation which in general is far from attractive.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Few readers, we imagine, will be indisposed to agree with us when we say that "The Undiscovered Country" is much the strongest novel that Mr. Howells has written. It lacks the dainty charm of some of his previous stories, and it deals with a subject which has been almost hopelessly vulgarized by association in the public mind with the performances of charlatans and quacks; but it shows that the author is able to penetrate below the scintillating surface of society, which he has hitherto been content to depict with a certain genial humor, and to take firm hold upon the deeper problems of human life. Dr. Boynton, the self-deluded enthusiast, belongs to a much higher order of invention and portraiture than the somewhat conventional young men of society to whom Mr. Howells has been wont to introduce us, and even Ford, the dabbler in literature and

science, belongs to a fresher and more virile type than that to which his creator has accustomed us. The heroine, on the other hand, is somewhat dethroned from her usual pre-eminence of interest; but the very subtlety of the charm which she exercises upon us enhances the success of the delineation. As to Spiritualism and Shakerism, which furnish the theme and setting of the novel, the reader will find that they have seldom been dealt with more instructively; though the author's view-point, of course, is that if the artist rather than of the expositor or critic.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. CALMANN LÉVY is preparing for publication the correspondence of George Sand.

A COMMISSION has been appointed by the Turkish Government to prepare a catalogue of the MSS. in the principal libraries of Constantinople.

THE Royal Academy of Berlin have granted 1500 marks toward the edition of the Targum of Onkelos undertaken by Dr. A. Berliner.

MR. FURNIVALL's edition of Shakespeare in old spelling, from the quartos and first folio, will be published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons in eight volumes. The New Shakespeare Society will most probably take five hundred copies of the books for its members, as part of the Society's issues.

AMONG the latest purchases for the Egerton Library of Manuscripts in the British Museum is a rare copy of the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, small folio, on paper, written in the year 1379, formerly in the possession of Sir Anthony Panizzi. The volume has been copiously annotated by various hands and at different periods.

THE Mérimée letters addressed to Sir Anthony Panizzi will be issued very shortly by Calmann Lévy, of Paris, in two octavo volumes. Mr. L. Fagan has withdrawn certain portions, but considerable light is thrown by the letters on the political history of the late empire, and still more on the life of the late Prince Imperial and the domestic life at St. Cloud.

COLONEL WARREN has in the press a work called "The Temple or The Tomb," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Bentley & Son. He gives the history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and proves, from historical evidence and arguments from his own and other recent discoveries, that the church has always stood upon its present site, and that the temple was where tradition and the unani-

mous consent of Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians have always placed it—on the highest part of Mount Moriah.

THE will of Ludmilla Assing, the niece of Varnhagen von Ense, has now been opened. According to its provisions the whole of Varnhagen's collections, books, sketches, MSS., etc., are bequeathed to the Royal Library at Berlin, upon the condition that they shall all be exhibited under the title of the Varnhagen Collection. Should the library refuse to accept these terms the collection is to become the property of the library at Zurich.

BESIDES the new edition of Croker's Boswell which is promised, another is preparing by Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, in which the text of Boswell will be scrupulously followed, and in it also will be incorporated the best notes of the various editors from Malone to Croker, together with the results of the researches of more recent students of Boswell. This edition has been placed under the care of the Rev. Alexander Napier, the editor of Barrow's works.

THERE were 20,172 students at the twenty universities of Germany during the winter semester 1879-80, an average of more than 1000 apiece. The numbers, however, were distributed as follows: Berlin, 3608; Leipzig, 3227; Munich, 1806; Breslau, 1309; Halle, 1098; Tübingen, 994; Göttingen, 965; Bonn, 881; Würzburg, 848; Strassburg, 752; Königsberg, 737; Marburg, 552; Greifswald, 531; Heidelberg, 502; Erlangen, 481; Jena, 451; Freiburg (im Breisgau), 391; Giessen, 353; Kiel, 242, and Rostock, 198. Among the 20,172 students, 8624 belonged to the philosophical faculty, 5132 to the juristic, 3761 to the medical, and 2655 to the theological.

THE London Philological Society resolved at its anniversary meeting to take part in the movement for spelling reform. On the recommendation of its outgoing president, Dr. Murray, the editor of its dictionary, it adopted Mr. H. Sweet's proposal that a list should be drawn up of all words whose forms had been falsified by mistaken analogy or false etymology—like *could* made *could*, and *rhyme* made *rhyme*—and all words containing needless letters, like *head*, *sovereign*, *give*, and that the Society should recommend a revised spelling of these words. Mr. Henry Sweet undertook to draw up this list of words and revised spellings, and lay it before an extra meeting of the society late in June or early in July.

A RUSSIAN poet died at Moscow on the 6th of this month, at the early age of thirty-nine, whose brief career was of more than ordinary interest. Ivan Zacharovich Surikof was the son of a needy peasant on one of Count Sher-

emetief's estates in the Yaroslaf government. At the age of seven the boy was taken by his father to Moscow, and there employed in a small greengrocer's shop. He had received but little education, but he had a love for books which gained him the friendship of a clerk in a government office, a man of literary tastes, who helped him to carry on his studies. He devoured all the books which came in his way, especially the works of Russia's best poets, Pushkin, Lermontof, Koltsf, and others, and after a time he began to write verse himself. At the age of twenty-one he became a contributor to a journal, and by 1871 he had published poems enough to enable him to bring out a collected edition. Two other editions of his poems were subsequently published. Mean time he had set up a small shop in Moscow for the sale of old iron. In it he spent the whole day, and in it his best poems were written. Like Koltsf and Nikitin, the best of Russia's poets of the people, he died of consumption.—*The Athenæum*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—We understand that the trustees of the British Museum have resolved upon permanently adopting the Siemens system of lighting by electricity which has been in temporary use in the reading-room for some months. In order to provide greater security against any sparks of carbon that might fall, a glass tray has been placed under the lamps. The great increase in the number of hours during which readers have been enabled to avail themselves of the privileges of the museum has given great satisfaction and been widely appreciated.

EFFECT OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.—Mr. C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., has supplemented his communication to the Royal Society on the effect of electric light on the growth of plants, by a demonstration of its effect in the ripening of fruit. He exhibited two pots of strawberries, which were started under precisely the same conditions: one had been exposed to daylight only in the usual way, and showed a bunch of green berries; while the other, which, in addition to daylight, had been under electric light during the night, bore a cluster of large, ripe, well-flavored strawberries. Thus, as Mr. Siemens remarks, "the electric light is very efficacious in promoting the formation of the saccharine and aromatic matter upon which the ripening of fruit depends; and if experience should confirm this result, the horticulturist will have the means of making himself practically independent of solar light in producing a high quality of fruit at all seasons of the year."

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—The opening out of the St. Gothard Tunnel, the meeting of the two excavating parties within a few inches of the true direction, the behavior of air-currents in the long alley, with other attendant circumstances, are beginning to lose the charm of novelty, and are passing into the matter-of-course category. A tunnel through Vesuvius or under the Channel would perhaps revive the interest in long subterranean borings; but the projected piercing of the Aarberg, the Simplon, or Mont Blanc will be mere feats of hewing and blasting. Meanwhile the question, How to provide proper ventilation? waits for solution. The air of tunnels is notoriously disagreeable. This objection it is thought may be overcome; and a means for keeping the Gothard Tunnel free from hot stifling fumes and pungent steam is talked about. It is to make use of dynamo-electric machines for the passage through the mountain, instead of the ordinary locomotives. The locomotives would bring the trains to the entrance of the tunnel, and being there detached, the dynamo-electric machine would be hooked on, and haul the train to the opposite entrance, where a locomotive would be waiting to take the train on. Of water-power at each end, to be had for nothing, there is no lack. This would drive the turbines employed in driving the electric machines and producing currents powerful enough for the work required. This seems, therefore, to be a fine opportunity to develop all that is advantageous in the use of dynamo-electric machines on a large scale, and to show that they do not vitiate the air of a tunnel.

FORESTRY AND METEOROLOGY.—Forestry is a subject much studied in France. One of the Under Secretaries of State is Director of Forests, with control of a large body of foresters. It has been arranged that these men shall make notes of such natural history phenomena as fall within their observation, to be delivered to the central Meteorological Office at Paris. It has been said of meteorologists by an eminent Frenchman, that they too often neglect observations of animal or vegetable physiology; and he recommends that "the dates of the arrival and departure of migratory birds, the leafing and flowering of plants, and the ripening of corn, should be noted in each district. And, in the interests of agriculture, there should be careful registration of the date of sowing and harvesting the principal crops, and of cutting the hay near the observatories. This would soon give for each department facts of considerable practical importance; for it would be possible to predict more than a month beforehand, within two or three days, the date of the harvest and furnish agriculturists with other data of equal utility." Long series of obser-

vations of plants would yield evidence as regards slow changes of climate; an interesting question in pure science. The employment of hundreds of foresters as observers is a good step toward gathering in the results indicated in the foregoing suggestions.

EARTHQUAKE CYCLES.—A French physicist, after study of the records of earthquakes from the beginning of the last century, finds that the disturbances are most frequent when Jupiter and Saturn are in certain positions; and from this he predicts that the number of earthquakes will be large in 1886, 1891, 1898, 1900, and onward to 1930 where his calculations stop for the present. In one sense it may be regarded as fortunate that the world must wait six years before the prediction can be verified.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—An almost perfect house has been lately disinterred at Pompeii. It is probably the best preserved of all the Roman dwellings hitherto discovered. There are two atria and a very spacious peristyle, in the middle of which there is an ornamental fountain. There is also a complete bath, which must assist in clearing up some of the doubtful points concerning the arrangement of Roman baths. The paintings in the interior of the house seem to have been executed with considerable taste, and they are in good preservation. Those on the first floor, representing for the most part marine animals, are especially interesting. The *fréscos* also which are contained in the wings of the building are excellent representations of scenes from animal life. They are so admirably preserved that they cannot fail to shed much light on the condition of painting among the Romans at the time, although they also give evidence of the influence of Greek art.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.—Shell-mounds containing relics of the primeval tribes of Japan have been found at Omori, near Tokio. A full description of the mounds and of the articles collected has been published by the Science Department of the University of Tokio, with ample illustration in eighteen plates, wherein ethnologists may find examples for comparison with the relics discovered in other countries. A kind of wheat which was cultivated in Egypt in the ancient days has been found in the lake-dwellings of Switzerland, also the seeds of a species of flax; from which the conclusion has been drawn that the lake-dwellers were of African origin.

CRANIAL CAPACITY.—Mr. Gillman, of Detroit, in writing on "The Ancient Men of the Great Lakes," makes a few remarks about skulls, which anthropologists generally would do well to remember. "Cranial capacity," he says, "must not be implicitly regarded as

of physiological import. Otherwise we should have the anomaly of the civilized, refined Peruvian with a skull the cubic contents of which are nearly identical with those of the Australians and Hottentots, and are largely exceeded by those of the brutal North American Indian. Unless the *quality* of the brain can be represented at the same time as the quantity, brain measurement cannot be assumed as an indication of the intellectual position of races any more than of individuals."

AFTER IMAGES OF MOTION.—Herr Zehfuss has lately given (*Wied. Ann.*, 4) some personal experiences of the phenomenon of "after images of motion" (about which Plateau and Oppe have before written). These after images may be had, *e.g.*, in a train, if one look at a point on the horizon for a little, then turn to look at (say) a horizontal fibre in the wood of the carriage, or close one's eyes. Motions then seem to be still perceived; in the latter case, *e.g.*, a stream of sparks seem to be moving to the right (or if the point originally looked at have been between the observer and the horizon, there is a stream of sparks above going to the right and one below to the left). Herr Zehfuss offers a physiological explanation, in preference to the psychical ones proposed by Plateau and Oppe. Each individual nerve rod, he supposes, has special blood-vessels, which, when the original image of a moved object goes to the right, directs the course of the blood to that side, just as in ordinary light the decomposed blood is promptly replaced by fresh. By this preponderant direction of blood to the right a heaping up occurs in each retinal element on the right, which gives rise to return currents as soon as the outer cause has ceased to act. As the blood flows back there arise, in consequence of the specific excitability of the rods, those spark-streams, which are projected as elementary motions to the right.—*Nature*.

NEW TREATMENT OF CANCER.—*The London Lancet* gives some particulars of investigations at Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, by Dr. John Clay, touching a new method of treating cancer. A study of the pathology of cancer led him to the opinion that a carbo-hydrate of some kind might prove beneficial, and for several reasons he decided that Chian turpentine might prove the most suitable. Mr. Clay reports several cases in which remarkable benefit evidently resulted, with every prospect of permanent cure. The new remedy was administered in pills as follows: Chian turpentine, six grains; flowers of sulphur, four grains; to be made into two pills, to be taken every four hours. In a case where the turpentine could not be digested in pills, it was made into an emulsion. An ethereal solution of Chian tur-

pentine was prepared by dissolving one ounce of the turpentine in two ounces of pure sulphuric ether (anæsthetic). Of this solution, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; solution of tragacanth, 4 oz.; syrup, 1 oz.; flowers of sulphur, 40 grains; water, 16 oz.; 1 oz. three times daily. The maximum dose of the Chian turpentine, which can be safely and continuously given is twenty-five grains daily. It is advisable to discontinue the remedy for a few days after ten or twelve weeks' constant administration, and then to resume it as before.

Commenting on the effects of the new medicine, Dr. Clay says: "The turpentine appears to act upon the periphery of the growth with great vigor, causing the speedy disappearance of what is usually termed the cancerous infiltration, and thereby arresting the further development of the tumor. It produces equally efficient results on the whole mass, seemingly destroying its vitality, but more slowly. It appears to dissolve all the cancer cells, leaving the vessel to become subsequently atrophied, and the firmer structures gradually to gain a comparatively normal condition. It is a most efficient anodyne, causing an entire cessation of pain in a few days, and far more effectually than any sedative that I have ever given. In the cases I have described no sedative was employed in any instance, although in some cases where great pain had existed previously to commencing the treatment, large doses had been given. Whether this arrest of pain arises from the death of the tumor, or is due to there being no longer irritation of the sentiment nerves (in consequence of tension being withdrawn by the removal of the cells), the fact is the same."

HOW LIGHTNING STRIKES.—Professor Colladon, of Geneva, has made some interesting observations on the course of lightning when it strikes trees and houses. He holds that the great discharges which injure trees and houses seldom or never happen while the lightning has an unobstructed course, which it has along the thin upper branches of trees, where birds and their nests are often left quite uninjured by its descent. But it is where the electric current reaches the thick stem that the tree becomes a worse and worse conductor, and it is here, therefore, that the tree is what is called *struck*, *i.e.*, here that the electricity, failing to find an unobstructed channel to the earth, accumulates in masses, and gives out shocks which rend the tree. And the same is true of houses whose lightning-conductors stop short of the ground. Professor Colladon has also shown that the close neighborhood of a pool of water is a great attraction to the electric current, and that the electricity often passes down a house or tree till it is near enough to

dart straight across to the water; and he thinks that where possible, lightning-conductors should end in a spring or pool of water. Professor Colladon believes that lightning descends rather in a shower, through a multitude of vines, for instance, in the same vineyard, than in a single main stream. It divides itself among all the upper branches of a tree, and is received from hundreds of atmospheric points at once, instead of, as has been usually supposed, from one. Electricity is a rain, a number of tributaries from a wide surface, not a single torrent.

REST AND REPAIR.—It may be safely assumed that those have been mistaken who supposed that physiological rest consists in inaction, and that repair goes on during quiescence. Nutrition—and, therefore, repair—is the concomitant of exercise. Appetite is one thing, the power to digest food another. A man may feel ravenous, and consume large quantities of material containing the elements of nutriment, but be unable to appropriate the supply furnished, or, in other words, to nourish himself. It is so with rest. Mere inaction may be secured without *rest*, and idleness without the restoration of energy. The faculty of recovery and recuperation after exercise is in direct proportion to the vitality of the organ rested. This faculty is not to be called into action by inactivity! It follows that relief and recovery from the effects of what is improperly called "overwork" cannot be obtained by simply "going away for change" or by indulgence in idleness. A new form of exercise is necessary, and the mode of action chosen must be one that supplies moderate exercise to the very part of the system which it is required to "rest" and restore! Health-seekers often err in trying to recover their powers by simple diversion of energy. It is a popular error to suppose that when the brain is overworked the muscular system should be exercised by way of counteraction. The part itself must be worked so as to stimulate the faculty of nutrition; but it should be set to fresh work, which will incite the same powers to act in a new direction.—*Lancet*.

VARIETIES.

SWALLOW SUPERSTITIONS.—The swallow has almost always been honored as the harbinger of spring, and Athenæus relates that the Rhodians had a solemn song to welcome it in. Anacreon has a well-known ode. Dr. Foster mentions that the swallow's return was kept as a holiday for the children in Greece. "Swallows coming out of time" has given rise to the well-quoted expression, "One swallow does not make a summer," which seems to

have originated with Aristotle. In Perigord the swallow is considered as the "Messenger of Life." Shakespeare, in "A Winter's Tale," alludes to the time of the swallow's appearance in the following passage:

"—daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty."

And again, its departure in "Timon of Athens,"

"The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we
your lordship."

Tennyson also notes the bird's approach and migration in "The May Queen":

"And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er
the wave."

Respecting the problem of the swallow's migration, Cruden says it is believed to breed twice a year, once in each of the countries it inhabits annually. "When the swallows homeward fly," it still remains a mystery how they disappear during the cold season, which has caused many speculations and beliefs from accidental occurrences. They have been found in a dormant state in caves, clinging to the roof, and somet mes, even in the water, and under the ice, but only in isolated instances, and experiments have always failed to satisfactorily prove their capability of remaining in such a state. Spalanzani believed that they retired under the water. That they sleep under the ice during the winter is an opinion held in Sweden.—*Victoria Magazine*.

THE DECAY OF LITERATURE.—America is undoubtedly the literary promise-land of the future. It has done nothing up to this. Its condition has forbidden it to achieve anything, but great triumphs may be anticipated from it. Crossing the Atlantic, what do we find in the other great branch of the English-speaking race? Religious publications head the list by a long way. They have nothing to do with this subject save in so far as they are in the line of the sublime. All forms of the Christian and Jewish creed are sublime. Looking at the other walks of literature, we find the death sentence of the sublime written everywhere. With the exception of Mr. Browning, here and there we have no poet or dramatist who attempts it. Poetry has fallen into the hands of poetasters. We have elegant trifles and beautiful form in many volumes of second-rate contemporary verse. There never was a time when the science of poetry was understood until now. Our critics can tell you with mathematical certainty the number of poems as distinguished from pieces of verse every well-known man has written. But we are not producing any great poetry, and none of the sublime. It is the age of elegant poetic incentive, of exquisite culture, but it is too dainty. We do not rise

much above a poem to a shoe, or an ode to a ringlet, perfumed with one of Mr. Rimmel's best admired distillations. We have a few poets who are continually trying to find out who or what the deuce they are, and what they meant by being born, and so on; but then these men are for the eclectic and not the herd of sensible people. We have three men who have done noble work, Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne; but, speaking broadly, we find the sublime nowhere. It is true you cannot force genius as you force asparagus; and these remarks are not intended to indict the age with having no poetic faculty or aspiration. Abundance of poetry of a new and beautiful kind does exist, but it is not of the lofty kind born to the men of old.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE STREETS OF PEKING.—There are perhaps few cities in the world laid out upon a finer plan than the northern capital of China. The streets are in many instances as wide as Regent Street, and cut each other generally at right angles. They are lined with shops, a large number of which are extremely handsome, their entire *façade* being richly carved and gilded from top to bottom. Instead of the hanging boards which in other Chinese cities announce to the passer-by the nature of the goods retailed, the shops here have tall upright posts, sometimes rising from the roof, sometimes standing on the ground, overlaid with gilding and bright colors. Other varieties of decorative art abound on all sides, some of the shops being painted to represent a most elaborate mosaic, the design and execution being rich and beautiful in the extreme. Everybody has seen an ornamental screen or centre table, inlaid with exquisite patterns and every shade of tint. Imagine this workmanship transferred in all its wealth and splendor to the front of an ordinary shop, where in Europe there would be nothing but stone or brick, and you will have some idea of the decorations which attract the eye and gratify the taste in the crowded thoroughfares of this strange town. The paths are sunk in some places two or three feet below the level of the roads, along which pass, in an almost unbroken stream, strings of camels, mules and carts. In the latter vehicles are frequently to be seen brilliantly tricked-out ladies, with their cheeks and eyes bedaubed with coarse magenta paint; mandarins—only the very highest of whom are permitted the privilege of sedans—and occasionally a living Buddha, in the form of some Lama priest of rank, dressed from head to foot in gleaming yellow silk. The practice of rouging the face is very extensively adopted in Peking, not only by women, but by boys as well, who also adorn themselves with large silver ear-rings. One

of the gayest sights to be seen here is a funeral. The coffin is carried under a huge catafalque of scarlet and gold color, heavily embroidered; canopies with a deep valance of the same cheerful appearance impart a festive air to the procession, and the howling survivors, whose cries rise above the lugubrious moaning of the so-called musical instruments, console themselves with a few pipes of tobacco between their intervals of grief. Now, to judge from the above description, one might easily conclude that Peking was a very wonderful and gorgeous place. We see in imagination the African magician, in huge spectacles, and armed with his mystic apparatus for casting horoscopes, whispering his words of guile into the ear of Aladdin, who, rouged and ringed, lolls about the corners of the streets, while, in a jolting Peking cart, Princess Badroulbador goes to her evening bath. But this would be a very great mistake. Hitherto we have only looked at one side of the glowing oriental scene. Side by side with the flaunting golden shops are squalid, filthy houses, rotting slowly and uncared for. Heaps of filth stand seething here and there; the thoroughfares, broad and straight as they are, which we have spoken of hitherto for convenience' sake as *streets*, are a mere irregular collection of bogs and ditches, along which we walk, now through piles of dust, now beside stagnant puddles, noisome, putrid, and green. In dry weather, Peking is a gigantic dust bin; during the rain it is a whirling cesspool. A few hours of such rain as we have here, and the paths—which, as I have said, are sunk to a considerable depth below the road—are transformed into torrents, in which men are drowned every year. A case is on record in which, some years ago, two foreign missionaries on horseback had a very narrow escape of losing their lives by falling into an open drain. The Chinese regard this inability on the part of foreigners to appreciate the beauties and luxuries of this capital, as a cogent proof of our barbarism. It certainly argues the lack, on our part, of a certain education; but whether the acquisition of such education be desirable, or even necessary, is a matter very much open to doubt.—*Shanghai Courier*.

HOW OLD IS GLASS?—The oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date is a little moulded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed as more than 2000 years B.C., glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film or

varnish of glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads possibly of the first dynasty. Of later glass there are numerous examples, such as a bead found at Thebes, which as the name of Queen Hatasoo or Hasep, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story preferred by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians, is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found discs of glass in the excavations of Mycenæ, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass-blower was known long before is certain from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obliterated scenes in a chamber of the tomb of Thy at Sakkara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologists, to give it a date in years.—*Daisy*.

WHY IS THE SKY BLUE?—How does the blueness of an unclouded sky originate? We may best explain it by means of an experimental illustration. Upon a sheet of black glass or a surface of black japanned metal place a drop of milk, diluted, if necessary—which will seldom be the case—with a drop of water. The milk is a cloudy medium; its minute particles reflect certain rays of very short wavelength—those toward the more refrangible or blue end of the spectrum; therefore, by reflected light, a drop of milk on a dark background appears blue. So, through a delicate skin, and a series of translucent but not transparent membranes, the light reflected where the dark background of a vein filled with venous blood exists, is blue. So, also, the translucent, but not absolutely transparent tissue of the iris of the eye often reflects a blue light, there being in this instance also a background of a black pigment, but no real blue coloring matter whatever. The blueness of the sky has a similar origin. Against the dark background of infinite space, a translucent medium is placed; this medium is the atmosphere. It is never transparent, countless millions of minute particles, chiefly of water, being suspended in it. When these particles are of a certain degree of minuteness and uniformity, they arrest the free passage of white light; this they do by a peculiar kind of "interference." Each minute foreign particle of water gives rise to two reflections, one on each surface—one external

on the anterior surface; one internal, on the posterior. These reflected rays, passing from air into water, and from water into air, suffer different retardations, and, on emergence, cause the usual phenomenon of interference, namely, the production of color. When the particles thus affecting the incident light are sufficiently minute and sufficiently numerous, the proportion of reflected green, blue, and violet rays, which together give the color sensation of blue, predominates greatly over the red, orange, and yellow rays, with their longer undulations. Thus, the reflected light of the open sky is blue; but let the thickness of the reflecting layer, or the number of the reflecting particles increase, and the blueness of the light decreases, for the solar light, which has been deprived by the kind of reflection just described of a great proportion of its more refrangible rays of short vibration, has become yellowish, or orange-tinted, and is no longer capable of furnishing an excess of blue rays. From this cause we see that while the light of the zenith is a distinct blue, it becomes gradually of a less pronounced tint toward the horizon, where it would be white if other conditions did not there produce other modifications of the reflected light. This exquisite gradation of tone in the sky is often missed by unobservant painters, who think that the same mixing of some blue pigment will do to represent the color of the whole sky shown in their pictures.—*Technical Educator*.

UNEQUAL SOULS.

WHERE eddying shocks of air and whirling light
Beat all their broken waves to mist, and fall
About the unseen, impenetrable wall
That girdles Heaven round, there strains in flight
One tempest-baffled soul, whose eager sight
Searches the upper sky, whose pinions small
Quiver to answer some imagined call,
But cannot free them from the wind and night.

And far away along the spiral track
Whereup, having passed their mortal period,
Flash perfect souls to lose themselves in God,
One stops, and cries for freedom, looking back
To her whose chaining love forbids him rise,
With ineffectual flight and darkening eyes.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

VIRGINITY.

LIKE sunlight on a windy mountain-side:
Or, on a height, snow-bathed in summer air:
Or like a drifting cloud, serene and fair:
Or a white leaping fountain's royal pride
That scatters radiant gems on every side—
The nameless charm of beauty that these wear,
Undimmed by sorrow, never worn by care,
Is the sole dower of my girlish bride.
This clings to her, this sits upon her brow,
Perfumes her lips, shoots from her earnest eye,
Clothes her slight form, and gloves her warm white hand;
Methinks it makes an angel of her now,
As in the free air fearless doth she stand.
It has no name but pure Virginity.—EDWARD ROSE.

PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

USE OF THE TELEPHONE.

THE practical uses of the telephone are being constantly extended. It now appears as the means by which an important improvement in British journalism has just been made by the *London Times*, namely, the reporting of the late after-midnight debates in the House of Commons. It seems that the many prominent public men—those whose speeches in Parliament are most widely read—are in the habit of speaking at very late hours. Owing to this fact, and to the further fact that the leading morning trains start an hour earlier than formerly, it has always been difficult, and sometimes impossible, for the great morning dailies to give a satisfactory report of what was said in the House the night of going to press. It has been hardly practicable to give a full report of a speech made after one o'clock, and only a mere abstract of what was said or done after two o'clock was possible. The reports of late speeches, necessarily imperfect, have given rise to complaints on the part of members of Parliament, and even to suggestions that some more satisfactory means of publishing the Parliamentary debates be provided. To overcome these difficulties the *London Times* has called the telephone to its aid. It has made telephonic communication between its office and the House of Commons, in each of which is placed one of Edison's loud-speaking telephones. Instead of writing out his notes and transmitting them by telegraph or otherwise—a proceeding which has heretofore consumed a good deal of precious time—the reporter, or, if he is busy, some other person, reads the report in the telephone-receiver placed in a room adjoining the gallery. At the receiver at the other end in the printing-office is the compositor. The disk of the telephone is placed above and behind him. Two tubes with trumpet-shaped ends, are so arranged that one end of each is at the telephone disk and the other ends at the ears of the compositor. In this way all distracting noises are shut off. There is speaking and bell communication with a system of signals between the compositor and the reporter so as to secure a perfect understanding and harmony of operation. As the reporter in Parliament reads, the compositor in the printing-office sets the type. Still greater rapidity is secured by the use of the machine by which the type are brought down and placed in position by manipulating keys resembling those of a piano. With this

machine it is stated that a printer, working from dictation, can set up nearly 200 lines an hour, or about 100 lines an hour from manuscript, whereas, from 40 to 50 lines an hour are said to be the limit of type-setting by hand. By the use of the telephone and the type-setting machine, the Parliamentary debates are now brought down by the *Times* from one half to three quarters of an hour later than they were reported a few weeks ago, and it is believed that a higher degree of accuracy is attained. The method is regarded as a great practical success even now, and it will doubtless be much improved in the course of time.
—*New York Times*.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.—The produce of the South African mines is enormous, and the quality of the stones, which is frequently marred by a somewhat tawny complexion, is reported to be improving. Indeed, a twin "drop" from the Vaal River, skilfully mounted by Mr. Streeter, was declared by experts to be of Indian extraction. Vast profits have, of course, been realized. One gentleman's "claim" is said to have cleared in two years £45,000. The New Rush Mine alone yields £3000 a day. In 1875, when the diggers had been at work only four years, gems to the value of £3,500,000 had been extracted from it. The packets of diamonds sent by post-bag from Kimberley to Cape Town in 1876, weighed 773 pounds, and were worth £1,414,590. Nor does there seem to be any present prospect of the supply coming to an end. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that only a very small portion of the diamantiferous regions of South Africa has yet been explored.
—*Fraser's Magazine*.

HINTS AS TO COMPOSITION.—As a general rule, the student will do well to banish for the present all thought of ornament or elegance, and to aim only at expressing himself plainly and clearly. The best ornament is always that which comes unsought. Let him not beat about the bush, but go straight to the point. Let him remember that what is written is meant to be read; that time is short; and that—other things being equal—the fewer words the better. . . . Repetition is a far less serious fault than obscurity. Young writers are often unduly afraid of repeating the same word, and require to be reminded that it is always better to use the right word over again, than to replace it by a wrong one—and a word

which is liable to be misunderstood is a wrong one. A frank repetition of a word has even sometimes a kind of charm—as bearing the stamp of *truth*, the foundation of all excellence of style. . . . Many conventional expressions, partly common-place and partly vulgar, should be carefully avoided. Among these may be mentioned—"individual" for *person*, "residence" for *house*, "locality" for *place*, "parties" or "individuals" for *person*, or *men* and *women*, to "commence" to do anything, for to *begin*, to "go in" for any pursuit or study, "first-class" or "first-rate" for *excellent* (still lower are such phrases as "A 1," "top of the tree," etc.), to "transmogrify" for to *transform*.—*Manual of English Composition, Hall.*

THE NEW CENSUS.—The results of the new census will surprise the average reader in many particulars. The order of population remains as it was in 1870, with rare exceptions. Chicago has attained the fourth place among American cities, numbering 475,000 to 375,000 in St. Louis. Boston has outstripped Baltimore with 360,000 and 350,000 respectively, while Cincinnati, which retains the eighth place, lags behind with 250,000. The greatest surprise is in the growth of Cleveland and Milwaukee, amounting to 70 and 80 per cent, placing them respectively at 158,000 and 130,000. Buffalo and Washington average 150,000, while Louisville has rapidly climbed up to 145,000. Detroit and Providence have passed the 100,000 limit, and take rank as seventeenth and eighteenth among our great cities. Among the lesser cities, our readers will probably be surprised to learn that Kansas City has reached 65,000; Indianapolis, 77,000; Minneapolis, 45,000; St. Paul, 42,000; Reading, Pa., 43,000; Lowell, Mass., 61,000; Denver, 34,000; Wheeling, 32,000; Wilmington, 42,000; Quincy, Ill., 30,000; St. Joseph, Mo., 35,000; Chester, Pa., 23,000; Pawtucket, R. I., 20,000; Camden, N. J., 37,000; Waterbury, Ct., 22,000; Meriden, 19,000; Peoria, Ill., 28,000; Springfield, Mass., 31,500; Springfield, Ill., 19,000; Dayton, Ohio, 39,000; and Elmira, N. Y., 21,500. The returns of other cities, not yet received, will probably afford equal surprises. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that New York has exceeded 1,200,000, Philadelphia attains nearly 850,000, and Brooklyn more than holds her relative rank with 560,000 inhabitants.

INCOME OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND FAMILY.—The Scotch are famous for their thrifty habits, and the Duke of Argyll is the thriftiest Scotchman of them all. He inherited from his uncle an estate so hampered with jointures and debts that he was the poorest

Duke in Great Britain, but by saving and sparing and living quietly he now enjoys a fine income, and lays away a good part of it. His experience has taught him the value of money, and he has placed one of his sons in Coutt's banking-house; another married a Manchester lady of wealth, and is in a stock-broking house which does a good deal of business for the Rothschilds; his eldest son married a royal princess with a dowry of one hundred and fifty thousand and an allowance from Parliament of thirty thousand a year; another son is in Parliament; another in the navy; a daughter is married to the Duke of Northumberland, with over a million a year; and the duke himself draws an amount of public pay sufficient to cover the expenses of his Kensington house.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ELECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Memories of My Exile. By LOUIS KOSSUTH. Translated from the Hungarian, by FERENCZ JAUSZ. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 446. Price, \$2.

The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews. Translated and Critically Examined by MICHAEL HEILPRIN. Volume II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 213. Price, \$2.

Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. Dr. Heidenhoff's Process. By EDWARD BELLAMY. Price, 25 cents. *Two Russian Idylls* (Marcella, Esfira.) Price, 30 cents. *Strange Stories.* By ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Price, 30 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper.

An Outline of the Public Life and Services of Thomas F. Bayard, Senator. With extracts from his Speeches and the Debates of Congress. By EDWARD SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 303. Price, \$1.25.

Christy Carew. A Novel. By MAY LAFFAN. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 411. Price, \$1.

The Sisters. A Romance. By DR. GEORG EBERS. From the German, by CLARA BELL. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 16mo, paper, pp. 352. Price, 40 cents.

Columbia. A National Poem: Acrostic on the American Union. With Sonnets. By W. P. CHILTON. New York: The Authors' Publishing Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 64.

Mansions of the Skies: An Acrostic Poem on the Lord's Prayer. By W. P. CHILTON, JR. New York: John Ross & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 27.

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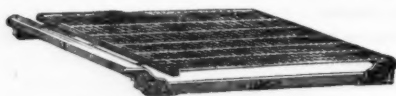


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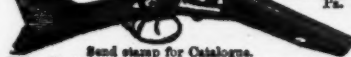
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